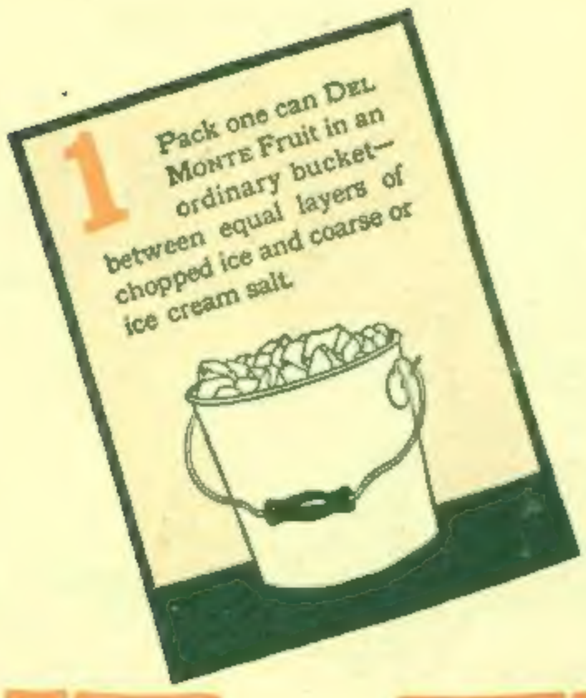
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 199, Number 3

JULY 17, 1926

5cts.



2 Let stand 3 hours. Take out can. Dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top as shown below.

3 Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit — ready for tempting, convenient service in many new and unusual hot-weather dainties.

SPECIAL NOTE—
Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer—less salt or shorter freezing.

ONE-TWO-THREE AND IT'S DONE

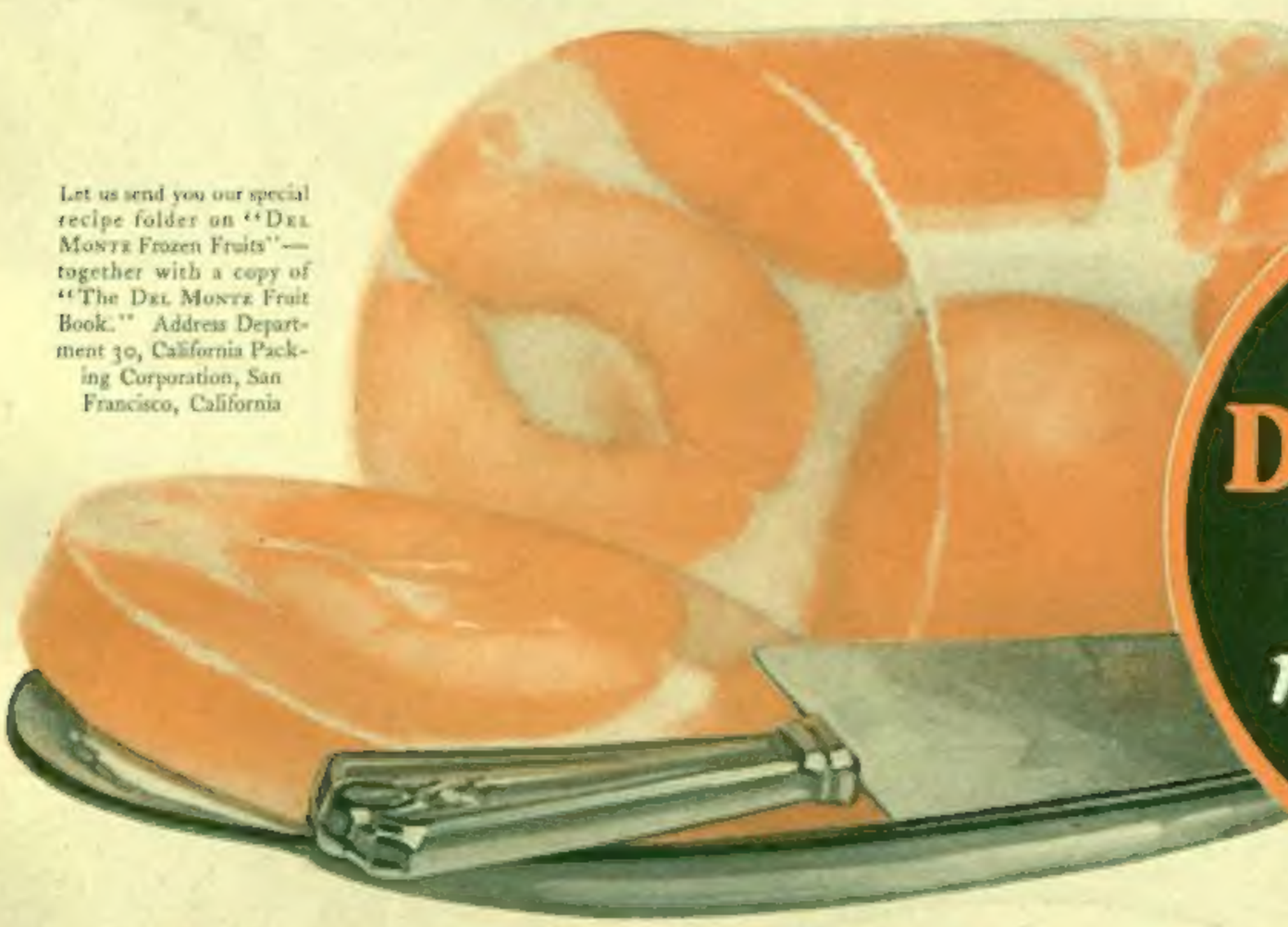
DEL MONTE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE SLICED PEACHES - PEACH HALVES

- or many other DEL MONTE varieties—each makes one of the finest fruit ices you ever tasted!

Only one precaution! Be sure it is a DEL MONTE Fruit you freeze this way. There are various grades of canned fruits on the market, but only the right quality will freeze satisfactorily.

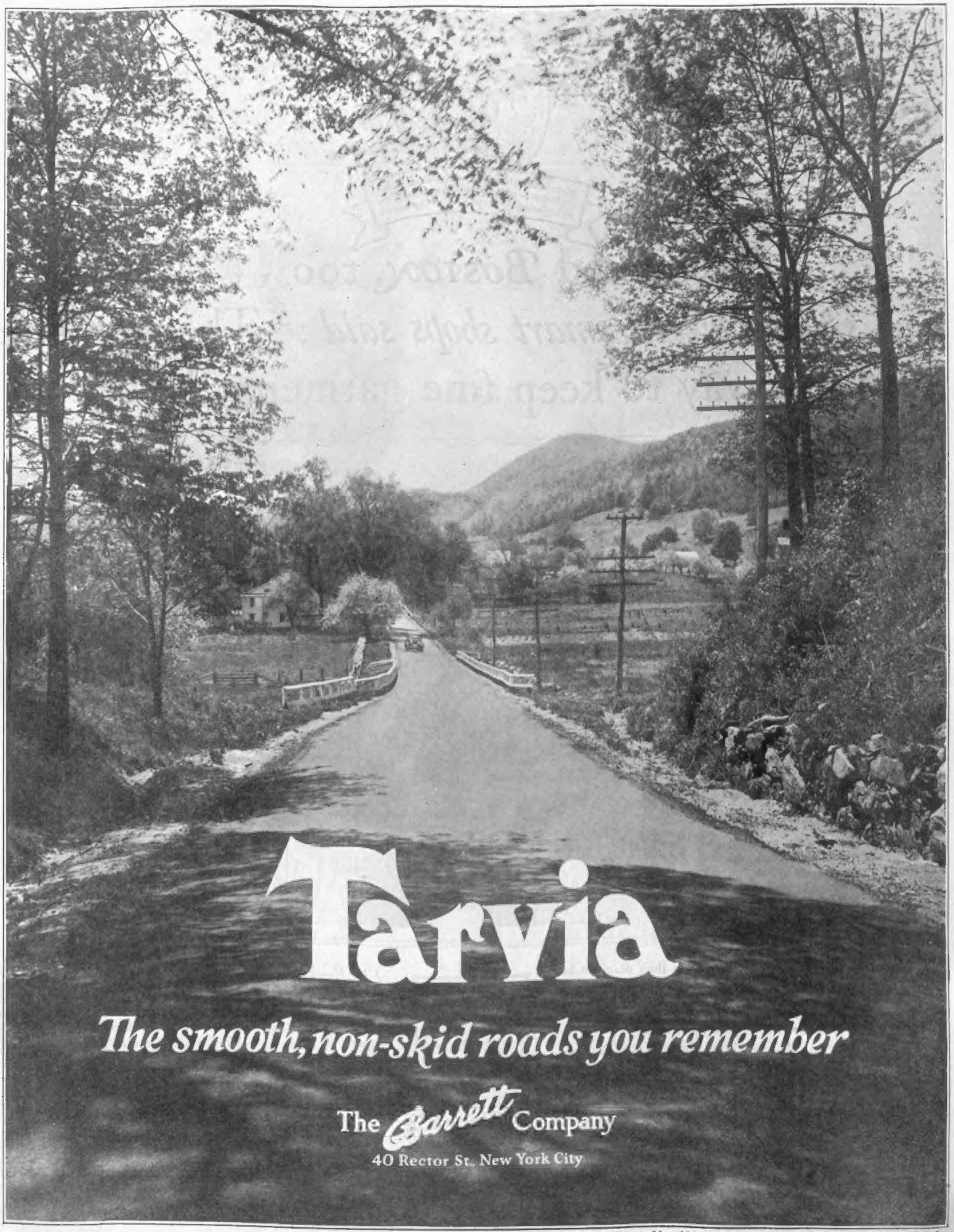
If you say DEL MONTE you are sure of results in advance. The fruit is always of the same consistency—the syrup always rich enough to freeze perfectly—and most important of all, sweet enough to taste right without other addition, just as it comes frozen from the can.

Let us send you our special recipe folder on "DEL MONTE Frozen Fruits"—together with a copy of "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Address Department 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California



freeze **DEL MONTE FRUITS** *right in the can*

For really cool refreshment any hot day



Route No. 128, near New Milford, Connecticut. Tarvia.

No one can really know America without knowing Boston—its traditions, its historic buildings, its fascinating shops and its charming women.

She asked *Boston*, too . . . . *and salespeople in smart shops said*: "There is one SURE way to keep fine garments lovely"

SUMMER folk flitting from cottages in Maine often stop in Boston to shop.

Here they find lovely scarves of homespun and cashmere. Here on Boylston and Tremont Streets alone are more blouses than you would find in a day's shopping in another city—for tailored wear is popular in Boston.

Characteristic of New England thrift is the exquisite quality which will wear gracefully through one season into the next. Characteristic, too, is the advice which the salespeople give you about caring for these fine garments—

"For safe cleansing, to keep colors and fabrics fresh—use Ivory Soap," is the recommendation of salespeople in Boston's finest shops, just as it is elsewhere—in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia. This fact was recently discovered by a young woman when she questioned them about the safest way to cleanse hosiery and sweaters and all kinds of feminine wearing apparel.

In many cases, the salespeople had not been instructed to make official recommendations. But in their desire to be of genuine service and to give advice which their own experience and that of their customers had proved to be sound, they recommended Ivory with absolute confidence. "Ivory," they said, "is as harmless as pure water itself."

"You would do well if you always laundered your sheer hosiery in pure Ivory and lukewarm water," was said in one exclusive specialty shop. "Anything stronger than Ivory is likely to start the color in very sheer hose or any very fine fabrics."

"For fine blouses, use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. They are equally good—really, the best thing you can use for delicate colors." (Department store.)

"*There is nothing better than Ivory.* It is the purest soap you can find and it is safe for fine silks. As a matter of fact, it is the one soap I can use on my face—it never irritates my skin." (Large department store.)

A conclusive test for a soap for delicate garments

To choose a soap for fine garments, ask yourself: "Would I use this soap on my face?"

Ivory, of course, is so pure and mild that women have used it for generations for their complexions and doctors recommend it for babies' soft skin. So, in flake form or cake form, it is safe for any fabric or color that can stand the touch of pure water.

RAYON, the lustrous new fabric, so serviceable when dry, is, strangely enough, little more than half as strong when wet. So for rayon you need the gentlest possible cleanser—lukewarm suds of pure Ivory.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE—This booklet of tested suggestions

"What is silk? How and when to wash it. How to prevent streaks, 'bubbling,' yellowing. How to make silk stockings wear *twice* as long. How to keep woolens soft and fluffy." A charming booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," gives tested suggestions on these and many other subjects. It is free. Send a postcard to Section 25-GF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, O.

Cake *Flakes*

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% Pure ~ IT FLOATS

© 1926, P. & G. Co.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1926, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 17, 1926 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 3

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

"In Pretty Good Shape," He Told Himself Approvingly. "Built to Last, This Old House Was." And He Went Wandering Among His Memories

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

WALTER OVERLOOK had an apartment on Eighty-sixth Street, with an English butler, a French chef and a Japanese valet. His valet woke him at a quarter before eight o'clock and had slippers ready for his feet when he stepped out of bed, and a dressing gown for his arms. In the bathroom he could hear the shower already running, and when he came back, pleasantly tingling with hot water, cold water and coarse towel, the little Jap had other garments ready. Overlook dressed almost indifferently, his thoughts already forward to the business of the day. In the breakfast room the butler uncovered his eggs, poured his coffee, unfolded his newspaper. At the door below his Irish chauffeur had the town car, and Overlook relaxed in the sheltered rear seat while the man picked his dexterous way downtown. He had given the valet a nod, the butler something like a bow; to the chauffeur he spoke his first articulate word of the day. At the entrance to the towering building where his office was, he dismissed the man briefly.

"Four o'clock," he said, and the Irishman touched his cap and drove away.

His office was antiseptic; an Oriental rug upon the floor, three chairs, a table with mathematical arrangements of books and magazines, a desk with a glass top, a dictating machine upon a little stand, a ticker in the corner, two or three careful pictures upon the walls. He touched the third button and a young woman came in; a young woman rigid and inhuman beneath her enamel. Overlook was already seated; he looked up.

"Mr. Harmon at 10:45," she said. "Mr. Holmes, Mr. Cash, Mr. Sigbert at 1:30. Mr. Jenks at a quarter of four."

Overlook's mouth moved in a faint grimace. "Cancel Mr. Jenks," he directed. An annoying man, Jenks; he was forever urging Overlook to go off fishing with him somewhere. Overlook was not in a fishing mood this day, nor like to be.

The young woman had registered his instructions; she now opened the leather folder under her arm and took from it a sheaf of letters, flat and ready for his eye. These she divided into two piles, laid them there before him. One pile was thick, but there were only two or three letters in the other. Overlook examined these first. The uppermost was from Randolph, somewhere in Montana: "If you ever take one look at this country you'll stay, Walter. I can show you some things ——" He laid it aside. The next was from Sims, in Düsseldorf. The cafés, said Sims, were very gay. Overlook lifted the third, and the young woman spoke coldly.

"I was not sure where to put that one," she explained. "It seemed hardly business."

Overlook glanced at it; his eyes ran it through. A letter scrawled in pencil, on cheap, lined paper, by an uncertain hand:

"*Dear Sir:* Yes the hay is in. There was a stout crop, only not in your meadow. It's all alders, and popple in the south end. It won't hardly pay for cutting, but I put it in the barn.

"The roof needs some shingles.

"We've had a dry summer and a frost in July.

"Yours sincerely, POT RIDDLE."

Overlook read this to the end; and then, more slowly, he read it through a second time. The young woman shifted her position slightly, as though to suggest that this

was no hour for dreaming; nevertheless, Overlook's eyes were clouded. He leaned back in his chair, staring at the penciled sheet. But he did not see it; he was seeing a morning a good many years ago.

A meadow, long and narrow, with a road along one flank and a road across one end; and a deep, gentle stream, running moderately straight, along its other border. At the southern end the forest, second growth—poplar and birch and young hemlock and spruce and pine; and a boy grubbing out poplar seedlings and alder sprouts in the southern end of the meadow and along the stream side.

The hay had been cut a fortnight before; and the ground, thus shorn, was baked dry by the summer sun; above it heat waves shimmered; there was a heavy yet a stimulating fragrance in the air. The boy was barefooted, and he moved cautiously in the stubble. The stumps of grass did not disturb him; but here and there the mower had cut off alder sprouts, and their ends were painful. His grubbing hoe was none too sharp, but he did not greatly care. If he were not at this work, there would be other tasks for him to do; so he worked indolently yet continuously, looking north along the meadow now and then toward the low white house beyond the road. Once he saw, up beyond the house, a great hawk soaring in wide circles across the valley, hunting on tireless wing; and he paused in his labors to watch the hawk, until a man came out of the kitchen door of the distant house and made a compelling gesture toward him. Then he went to work again.

The man was his father; and from the house half a mile away his father could see the whole breadth of the meadow, except here and there in the small bends of the stream, where the trees along the water formed a screen. The boy remembered this; and he worked his way into one of these bends, out of sight. There was a deep pool here. He heard something splashing in the pool; and he crept up on hands and knees to peer over the high bank, and saw another boy in the water, half submerged, paddling like a dog.

The boy on the bank grinned, and reached down under the sod and got a handful of earth, full of loose gravel, and flung it spatteringly down upon the other boy. The other boy's fat back was freckled with it; his round face turned upward in swift and pained astonishment.

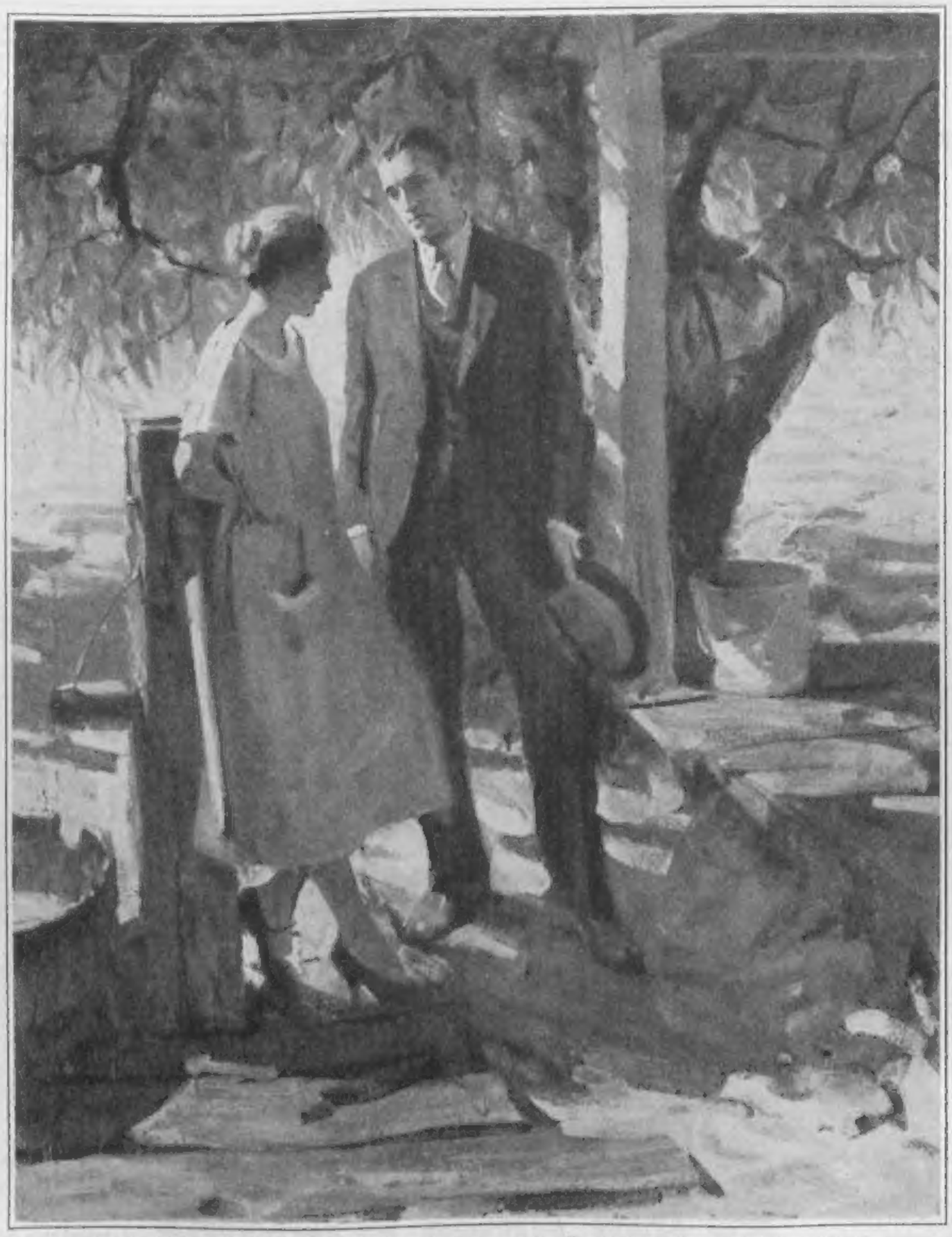
When he saw who had flung the dirt, however, he held no malice; only called softly, "Hello, Walt. Come on in! It's just as warm!"

The boy on the bank stood up and made two contortions and his garments fell from him; he slid cautiously down into the water. It was deep and pleasantly cool; and upon the sandy bottom there was a little slime, pleasant between the toes. One needed only to avoid the submerged stubs here and there. The two disported together, ducking and snorting and splashing, forgetting after a while to subdue their voices. So by and by a man appeared upon the farther bank and stood there grimly for a moment before they perceived him, and then he stripped a switch from the alder at his side. This sound the fat boy heard, and looked, and saw, and in a curious silent panic sprinted out of the water toward his clothes. The switch drew a red welt across the back of his fat legs as he ran; and the other boy fled up the dirt bank to his own side of the stream, and was in his clothes and grubbing again almost instantly.

The fat boy who got the whipping was Pot Riddle.

Overlook roused himself and began to dictate, and finished; and the young woman folded her notebook and moved toward the door. He spoke to her in a thoughtful tone.

"Never mind canceling Mr. Jenks' appointment," he said. "I'll see him if I can."



He Still Hesitated, Wishing to Hold Her, Unwilling to Go. "Remember When We Went to School Up at the Corner?" He Asked

And she nodded and disappeared. She had taken the other letters with her; but he kept Pot Riddle's by him. He had had letters from Pot before, during the fifteen years or so since he left the valley. Not many of them, but a few. A dozen years ago Pot had first written, to say that the elder Riddle was dead: "I'll go ahead and look after the place for you the same as he did, if you want," Pot assured Overlook, and Overlook authorized him to do so.

Once or twice since, Pot had written him for money—small sums—thirty-two dollars and ten cents for taxes; ten dollars and fourteen cents; twenty-two and a half dollars. Usually the hay Pot cut on the old farm was sufficient to pay its upkeep. There was never any surplus, and Overlook had sometimes thought he might as well sell the place and forget it. But it had a way of coming back to his thoughts more and more frequently these later years. This year, for the first time, something had prompted him to write to Pot and ask whether the hay had been cut. This letter was Pot's reply.

He put it in his pocket and addressed himself to the business of the day; addressed, that is to say, the surface of his thoughts, his outward actions and demeanor. He was, somehow, not much interested; he had done and said the same things so often before. An absurdly monotonous business, this trafficking in money after it ceased to be money to a man. In the first years there had been the desperate and sweating thrill of the gamble and the exultant satisfaction of watching three digits grow to four, to five, to six. Now, even while he talked to Holmes and Cash and Sigbert about the affair which would increase the six to seven, his inner thoughts were playing with this amusing way of stating the case.

"Seven digits in fifteen years," he meditated whimsically. "A digit every two years. Seven now; and eight two years from now; and then nine."

But a little later, when the attention which their talk demanded was relaxed, another aspect of the matter struck him. "But I had ten digits when I started out. Born with them. Twenty, in fact." And he wondered whether he would give one of these digits with which he had been born for one of those he had so painfully acquired.

"What do you say?" Cash demanded; and Overlook realized that this was the second time Cash had put the question, and he forced himself to be attentive once more, to be crisp and efficient and decisive.

But before they were done he began to be sleepy; and when they rose to go he said casually, "I'm going to take a rest after this—take a few weeks off. Haven't had a vacation in fifteen years."

Holmes asked doubtfully, "How about the Intercity Traction? That's going to blow up this summer."

"Someone else can have it," Overlook told him. "I'm going fishing."

"I say," Cash suggested, "why not go out to Colorado and have a look at that dam site? Good rest for you, and good business too."

But Overlook shook his head, sent them away, had a curious sense of freedom. In a little while now Jenks would be here.

He had always, till today, found Jenks rather a bore, a waster of time; but today he listened with an inattentive pleasure to the other's rhapsodies. Now and then one of the man's phrases penetrated, registered with him:

"The finest trout brook in Maine. . . . The only place I know where you can take landlocked salmon on the fly. . . . A pond full of trout. . . . A strike on every cast. . . . Good food."

Overlook at last put a decisive question. "Can a man sit in a boat in the shade and go to sleep?" he asked gently, and Jenks laughed at him.

"Sure, if you want to. The salmon won't drag you out of the boat, even there."

So Overlook agreed to go.

II

JENKS went ahead, some final matters delaying Overlook a day or two. But he was impatient; and when the efficient young woman asked where the office could get in touch with him he grinned at her—it was the first time he had ever grinned at her—and said, "You can't get in touch with me. I'll be back one of these days—by and by."

Rand was his office manager. "If so-and-so happens," he asked anxiously, "what shall I do?"

"Let it happen," Overlook told him, and he grinned at Rand.

"If so-and-so happened," Rand insisted, "it might be critical."

"I'll tell you," said Overlook in a confidential tone, "I never saw a digit yet was worth two years." And he went away.

This was why Rand, consulting the young woman, said doubtfully, "He's been working pretty hard. What do you think? Did that mean anything?"

She was a very efficient young woman. "I have Mr. Jenks' address," she reminded Rand. "We can get Mr. Overlook there." And Rand was reassured by this reminder that Overlook could not escape from them.

Overlook chose to go by car, leaving the Irish chauffeur behind; and he made an early start, the Jap and the Irishman loading bags and cases into the tonneau while he breakfasted. He drove swiftly, with an automatic skill; and it was not yet late afternoon when he threaded his way through Boston and pushed on and was soothed by the rise and fall of the straight and lovely turnpike, without a curve for a score or so of miles. Newburyport and Portsmouth, and then—while dusk fell—the writhing and contorted road to Biddeford and Saco, and into Portland for a late dinner and bed.

In the morning he slept luxuriously till almost ten o'clock, and went on again along the bay shore by the Foreside road, and at Brunswick he turned up the valley of the Kennebec.

There was, from Brunswick onward, something in his nostrils, something dancing before his eyes. The gently rolling countryside had nevertheless its rugged contours, drawn in miniature where an alder run cut sharply into a hillside, or a ledge jutted out above the road; and these bold profiles were like things he had seen and lost long before. When he came into Augusta and a traffic officer halted him at the intersection of two streets, he relaxed under the wheel of the big car with something like a sigh, as though it were a relief to be free for a moment from the long strain of rapid driving, mile on mile.

But though his body slumped and slackened, his eyes were busy; he looked at the passing cars, at the people on the sidewalks, at the names on the store windows; and this scrutiny of his, random yet intent, came to rest at last upon a signboard set across the way ahead of him.

"East Harbor," he read, half aloud; and he saw below the words a broad arrow, pointing toward the right. He leaned forward more alertly, staring at these painted words, his elbow bent across the steering wheel. His lips twisted, smiling faintly, and his eyes were filled with a memory.

A broad and spacious wharf, set high on piles above the water of a lovely harbor. Behind, rising steeply up the hillside where the town lay, white houses bright among the green of the trees, and behind the hill above the town, the glowing western sky where clouds banked to hide the sun, while at the same time they transmuted its radiance into gold. A white steamer, her paddles splashing, slipped alongside the wharf, and ropes were thrown and lines were hauled to the mooring bitts; and there was a great deal of confusion and shouting, and people laughing and calling to and fro.

All these people, as Overlook remembered now the scene, knew one another; they addressed one another by their first names, and intimately: "Going to the city, Bill?" "Gone long, Jim?" "Take up on that line, Charlie." "All right, Joe; let 'em come." And "Good-by!" And "Good-by!"

He looked back at the moment now with the eyes of a spectator, and his attention was all fastened upon the figure of a boy, a young man, a youth perhaps twenty years old. This youngster wore a suit of store clothes curiously rigid, as though starched; he moved within them stiffly, and the high collar irked his neck. The clothes had the stigma of newness upon them, and so had the cocked felt hat the boy wore. He carried a suitcase, and one watching him might have guessed that it was not very heavy. But the thing which struck Overlook's memory now most poignantly was that in this throng of friends and acquaintances the boy moved solitary and alone. No one called good-by to him; no one even laughed at him. And Overlook grinned to himself ruefully, remembering.

The boy had pretended to himself, that day, that he felt no qualms; that he was content to stand alone, conspicuous by this loneliness. But on the boat, Overlook remembered, he had made his way to the public cabin below decks and chosen a bunk on which to sleep, and put his suitcase there; and he sat on the edge of the bunk for a long time, grateful for the half darkness and the isolation, till a faint discomfort from the vibration of the boat made him seek, by instinct, the open air.

When he came on deck the shore was unfamiliar to his eyes; the town was fallen far behind. And he had never seen East Harbor since that day. Probably little changed, he told himself now; and he smiled at the thought, a little wistfully.

"Sorry, officer," he explained a moment later. The traffic man, impatient because Overlook ignored his signals to advance, had come striding toward the car, shouting, "Well, what you grinning at? Move on!"

"Sorry, officer," said Overlook, in a friendly way; and he pulled across the intersecting street. But a little way beyond he saw a filling station, and he drew in to the curb and stopped. The car attracted attention. It was long and low, yet massive, too, with the top folded into an envelope in the rear and the tonneau half filled with his dunnage. Two boys stopped to inspect it with explosive admiration, and then a young man came out of the filling station to serve him—a lean young man with a smudgy face.

"Fill her up, will you?" Overlook suggested pleasantly; and the young man nodded and proceeded to remove the cap upon the gas tank and insert the nozzle of the hose.

While he turned the crank, Overlook sat, considering; and when the lean young man returned with his change Overlook pointed back to the signboard at the intersecting ways.

"That the East Harbor road?" he asked.

"Yes," the other replied.

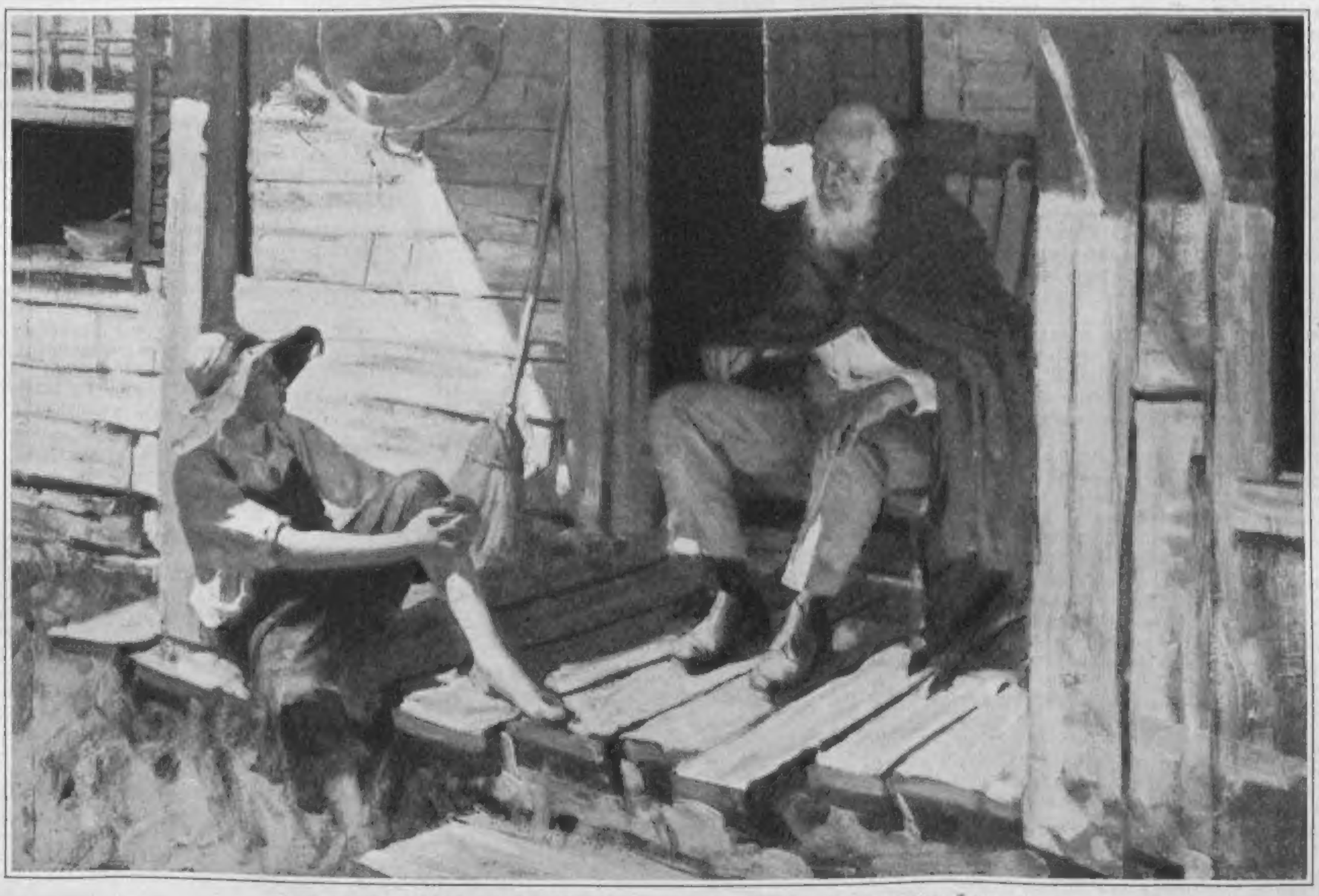
"How is it? Over as far as the Sheepscot?"

"Pretty good, some places," the garage man assured him. "Had a dry summer. They're working on the road over in Palermo, that's all. Sheepscot ain't been so good this year. Not the trout there that there usually is."

Overlook laughed abstractedly. "I wasn't thinking of fishing it," he explained. "Used to live over there—fifteen years ago. I thought I might drive over and have a look at the place. Think I could get back tonight?"

"Sure," the other promised. "Nothing to hinder."

(Continued on Page 134)



His Grandfather Told Him, He Remembered, That the House Was Fifty Years Old That October Day

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

April 30, '26.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT: Well, I guess you were getting kinder uneasy not hearing from me for last day or so. Well, after swearing I was American and getting Passports back from Kellogg in Washington, I said to myself I am all set, now bring on your Europe. Then everybody all at once commenced asking me, "Did you get you Vesays?" I said no I never ate them, and dident care to take any along. Finally I had to tell one friend that I dident know whether I had them or not until I knew what they were.

Come to find out, a Vesay is nothing but getting your Passport signed by the Consul of the Nation where you want to go. But somebody in Europe called it a Vesay. I guess maby in their lingo it means signed, so naturally all Americans must speak of it as a Vesay. You could no more get an American that had ever been to Europe to say, "Did you get your Passport O. K. by the Consul?" than you could persuade him to jump out of the window. Oh, no, that is the one word he has learned in Europe and you certainly are not going to deprive him of the pleasure of speaking to you in a foreign tongue. He will go out of his way 10 times in his conversation just to get to say Vesay.

I would like to have you take that up, Mr. President, with some department in Washington and pass a law to have every American shot that don't speak to you as long as possible in our own language. It's bad enough to pay $10.00 for the Vesay without having your own people try out the word on you. You see, you pay $10.00 to get out of here; then you pay another $10.00 to get into the next place. I went to England's Consul and they Vesayed me out of 10 merry old iron men.

You see, the thing is a kind of a skin game. You pay the $10.00 over here. You don't know whether the Country you have paid the $10.00 to is worth that much to you or not. There is an awful lot of Countries that if they would let you wait till the boat pulled up there, and then you looked at them, you would decide right away, "This Joint ain't worth $10.00 to land in. Drive me on somewhere else."

Well, after England had got $10.00 of their debt money from me, I was what I thought all set, when someone said, "You are going to France, ain't you? Well, you might want to land in Cherbourg first, so go get your French Vesays."

By that time I was speaking the American Tourist language as good as they were. I knew what "Vesay" meant. So I went to the other end of New York to get an O. K. by the French. The Taxi bill was $4.80. That right there is a problem. It takes a pretty good country to be worth $4.80 nowadays.

Well, I will say one thing for the French—they dident monkey around. You handed them the $10.00 before you did the Passport. They dident seem to be particularly interested whether you got in their Country or not, but they sho did have an eye peeled for the 10 Bucks.

No wonder so many nations are dividing up into little ones over there. Just think! They would Vesay you out of at least two thousand just to see all the Balkans. Some of those Nations, if they can get 10 visiting guests, can pay off their National Debt. I am supposed to get Germany's and Italy's and Spain's Vesays, but they are not going to get my 10 till I have to give it up. I am hoping that through the foreign rate of exchange I may be able to get a slight reduction on seeing some of them.

Being not what is proclaimed as a 100 per cent American, I went over on an American Boat. The 100 per centers all go on English or French, such as Hotel Men and Rotarary Associations. It was to sail at 11:30 at night the last day of April. Oh, there was an awful lot of Jewish people on the boat. It looked like an old-time Follies audience. But there wasent a single Vesay for Palestine. I was the only one on the boat going there.

Will You Kindly Find Out for Me Who is the Fellow That Said a Big Boat Dident Rock?

The Steamship officials said there was an extra-big sailing list. At twelve o'clock on May 1st, just 30 minutes after we sailed, the summer rates go into effect, and it costs you at least a third more. I being your Representative, I thought it would look bad not to take advantage of anything in the Economy line. Because it is only by our personal example that we can get people to follow our simple mode of living.

Oh, yes, I like to forgot—the boat was the Leviathan, the biggest and finest boat afloat, Manned by a real American crew. Every head officer is an American, without dialect. In 1914 I had been on this same boat on its first trip back across when it was the Vaterland and all the German officials had come over and back on it. And to show the difference as to how it was handled then and now, we backed out of the Hoboken docks at noon, in broad daylight, and went right on across the Hudson River and come pretty near knocking down the whole of Manhattan Isle; then sunk a tug on the way out. Well, this time we pulled out at midnight, and you wouldent know the thing was moving. Everybody received Flowers and Fruit and Candy. We are just steaming down the bay. If you sent anything it hasent been sent to my stateroom yet. But there is a lot of Bundles and baskets up there yet that havent been delivered, and I will give you the benefit of the doubt till I find out otherwise. I will send this back by the Pilot. Hope it reaches you in time to offset the Cabinet meeting.

Yours devotedly,

COL. WILLIAM ROGERS.

P. S. Have you done anything for the Farmers yet?

RADIOGRAM.

SOMEWHERE IN THE
MIDDLE OF ENGLAND'S OCEAN.

Date —— What's time to a guy in the middle of an ocean.

My Dear President: Will you kindly find out for me through our intelligence Department who is the fellow that said a big Boat dident rock? Hold him till I return.

Yours feeble but still devotedly,

WILLROGER.

That's code name for Will Rogers.

Latitude 7. Longitude 11.
Day of week still unknown.

My Dear Mr. President: I havent been able to do much physical investigation in your behalf, but between trips to the side and back to my chair I have been thinking of your best interests all the time. I have started my european tasks by calming the elements somewhat. I told the ocean that I would take it up with Congress and if nessasary appoint a Senate investigation if it continued its bucking and snorting around all over the place; so today it's as meek and docile as a Republican Convention.

I was just on the verg of having Captain Hartley go ahead with a small boat and spread some Oil in our path, as I had heard that was an antidote for calm oceans. One day the U. S. Line, from a food standpoint certainly cleaned up. Nobody on the boat could say Dining hall, much less reach it. I heard quite a good deal of complaints as to why you can't travel on the European plan, and if there was no way to get a rebate. These are just little things, and perhaps I shouldent bother you with them.

But there has been a lot of little things come up on this trip and it has been so universal that I thought you should know of it and perhaps call an international conference if necessary.

Oh, yes, on this boat is a commission sent by you to go to Geneva to hold a preliminary Disarmament Conference. I have met all of them. They don't suspicion that I am going for you too, and I never let on. I just sit tight and listened. The Commission was headed by Mr. Gibson, our Minister to Switzerland. I dident know we were sending Missionaries to switzerland. Then I met him and found out he wasent a real Minister, but that it is a Title in between an Ambassador and a Consul.

Well, there was three of them from the Diplomatic end, three from the Army, headed by General Nolan and Major Strong, and three from the Navy. Aviation—we dident send any over, because in case something broke out at home we might need both of them. Well, they were all a fine bunch. There was two fine Rear Admirals—Admiral Hilary Jones and Admiral Andy Long. On account of it being rough we dident see much of them. But when it cleared off everybody thought we had stopped somewhere and picked two new customers. Then we had as the third member of the naval forces your old Skipper Captain Andrews of the old Republican Tug Mayflower. He was amazed at the size of the ocean, said he thought the old Potomac was big down around the mouth, but that this had it beat.

That was a splendid idea of yours, Mr. President, giveing those fellows some sea service like this; and even if the conference don't get anywhere, which it perhaps won't, why this trip on the ocean will always be remembered by these three jolly old Salts. Allan Delles and Dorsey Richardson were the other two candidates to help uphold Diplomacy with Mr. Gibson.

Now you are sending these fellows over there to talk about dissarming. Now just use your own judgement. Can you picture these Army and Navy fellows being enthusiastic for dissarming? Can you see Andy and Hilary voting a Battleship out from under themselves? It's a great move to passify the passafists, but these are pretty smart old Birds and they know when those boats will come in handy. And General Nolan and Major Strong say if they give up anything it won't be anything more than their Spurs.

Just take your own case. Can you see yourself attending a Conference to abolish or even cut down Presidents? You might attend for propaganda sake, but you can bet your last maple tree you wouldent cut yourself down any or abolish the office. Can you see me attending a Lesser Chewing Gum Conference? The reason I bring this up is because there is no use in us kidding ourselvs. It's all right to send Deligates and do a million and one things that the Public think amounts to something, but between us we know the whole thing is a lot of Apple Sauce. It's like, for instance, you meeting a Democrat and saying, "I am glad to meet you." Well, that has to be done. It is a custom. But of course, get right down to it, you are not glad to meet him at all. You are just human and wish there wasent such a thing.

Well, I am going by Geneva and see this thing. There will be 21 nations there, and outside of England and France and America, the others will take it serious. So I can just imagine the many quiet laughs those old Admirals will get out of that thing when somebody makes a speech about being no more war.

Commander Hartley of the Leviathan took me up on the Bridge and all over and showed me this wonderful boat. Between he and Moore and Higgins and the Chief Engineer, they manipulate this whole thing, big as the state of Rhode Island, while it is rooting its way across the Atlantic.

Here are some facts that might be of interest to you, Mr. President, as you were up in Boston at the time, and as you were having so much trouble with the Policemen that I doubt if you heard just what the Leviathan was doing in the war. They transported hundreds of thousands of our men across and never lost a one. They have taken as many as 12 thousand at a trip. They slept in relays—that is, 8-hour shifts. Each bunk was slept in by three different men, 8 hours each. I would have liked to see somebody dig me out of my bunk the other day at the end of 8 hours, war or no war.

And here is something I bet you dident know, Mr. President: The Leviathan is the only boat that crossed without Convoy. She went it alone. She was faster than any Convoy and she figured on beating the Submarines by her speed and by taking a Zigzagging course. It's a great Boat and we ought to be proud of it. Talk about service! They make a sucker out of a Hotel.

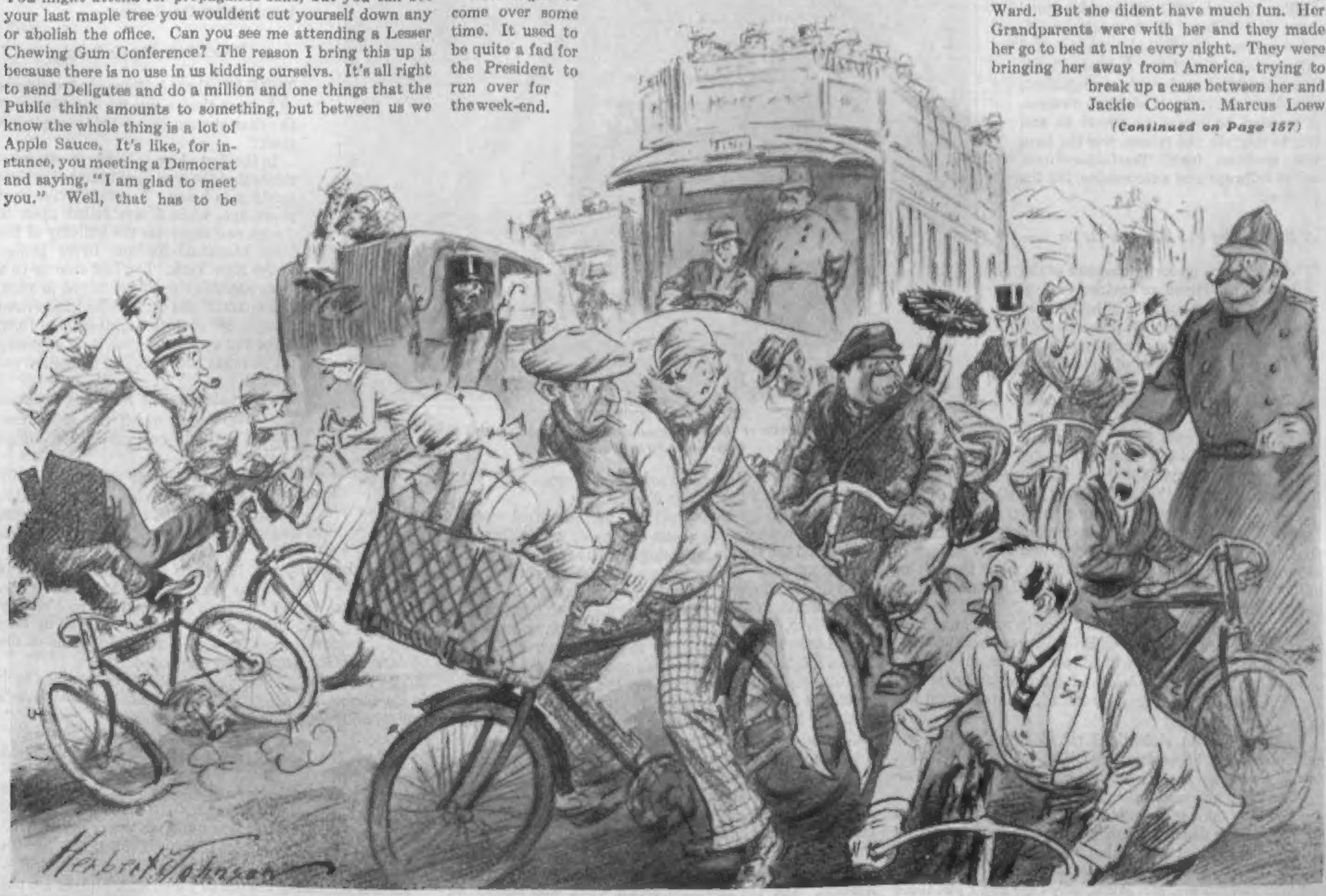
You ought to come over some time. It used to be quite a fad for the President to run over for the week-end.

They are Rude in the Commons. They Holler at Each Other and Interrupt and Yell

If you decide to come, let me know and I will give you a letter to Billy the Head Steward. If you come on some of those French or other lines, you wouldent know what you were eating. Pancakes have got some crazy name. The trip would be over before you found out what they were.

Lot of Kids on the boat, including Fanny Ward. But she dident have much fun. Her Grandparents were with her and they made her go to bed at nine every night. They were bringing her away from America, trying to break up a case between her and Jackie Coogan. Marcus Loew

(Continued on Page 157)



There is Only One Way They Could Ever Have Made This Strike a Success From a Transportation Standpoint and That is if They Had Just Punctured the Bicycles

GRACEFUL SPANS

The Romance of Modern Bridge Building

By HOWARD C. BAIRD, in Collaboration With FITZHUGH GREEN

A MILLION years or so ago, the story runs, three old monkeys sat chattering on the brink of a precipice. Far below foamed a river. Across from them, farther than any monkey could jump, lay the other bank. It was maddening. All the monkey food had been eaten on the side on which they sat. Juicy fruit and berries glistened in the sunshine just beyond the abyss.

"What shall we do?" rose the mournful whine on every hand. Hungry baby monkeys screeched shrilly, but in the growing weakness of famine.

Finally the patriarch of the tribe scratched himself and waddled to a stout sapling near the edge. By swift signs he stationed a strong ape belly-down and gripping the trunk, with his back to the goal across the gap. A second monkey grasped the first monkey's tail. And so on; until over the dizzy cliff hung an animal chain.

"Now swing!" shrieked the aged one in his wordless lingo.

The chain swung. Presently the end monkey caught by neatly wrapping his tail about a tree on the other side. Panting and scared, the chain held tight. The young monkeys scurried across. Mothers and babies followed. Last of all trotted the monkey sage. The strong ape loosed his hold, and the chain swung clear.

Thus the first suspension bridge at the dawn of history.

Æons passed. The anthropoids stood erect and tailless. Their species multiplied enormously. Tribal swarms, called cities, dotted the globe. A kind of madness, possibly bred by this arrangement, seized the individuals of these swarms. A passion to move, to travel to and fro, to migrate and return, was the form this madness took. Semiautomatons, called railways and automobiles, fed the passion.

A Bridge by the River's Brim —

THERE grew up an intolerance of delay such as rivers, or ravines, or deep valleys might cause. This intolerance was not the pressure of real necessity that had animated the original monkeys. Yet it led to the creation of innumerable bridges. Now no river in man's good land is without its quota of gigantic spans of steel or concrete.

It's a long stretch from the monkey bridge by tail-and-tail to the graceful metal span of today. Yet the final achievement has had a whirlwind finish—that is, if it may be called a finish.

Until 1847, bridge building was largely guesswork. Squire Whipple's treatise on computation of stresses in that year marked the beginning of the exact science of computing bridge stresses in advance. Now there is no limit to the length of a bridge, save for the crushing limit of steel and stone.

Already bridges around 1800 feet in span have been built. The new Hudson River Bridge, somewhere between 170th and 185th streets, will have a suspension of nearly 3000 feet. If San Francisco and Oakland are joined by aerial structure rather than by tunnel, the main span will exceed 3000 feet.

So suddenly—so violently I might say—has this last generation of bridges developed that the average person scarcely realizes the magnitude or sublimity of accomplishment by our modern engineers.

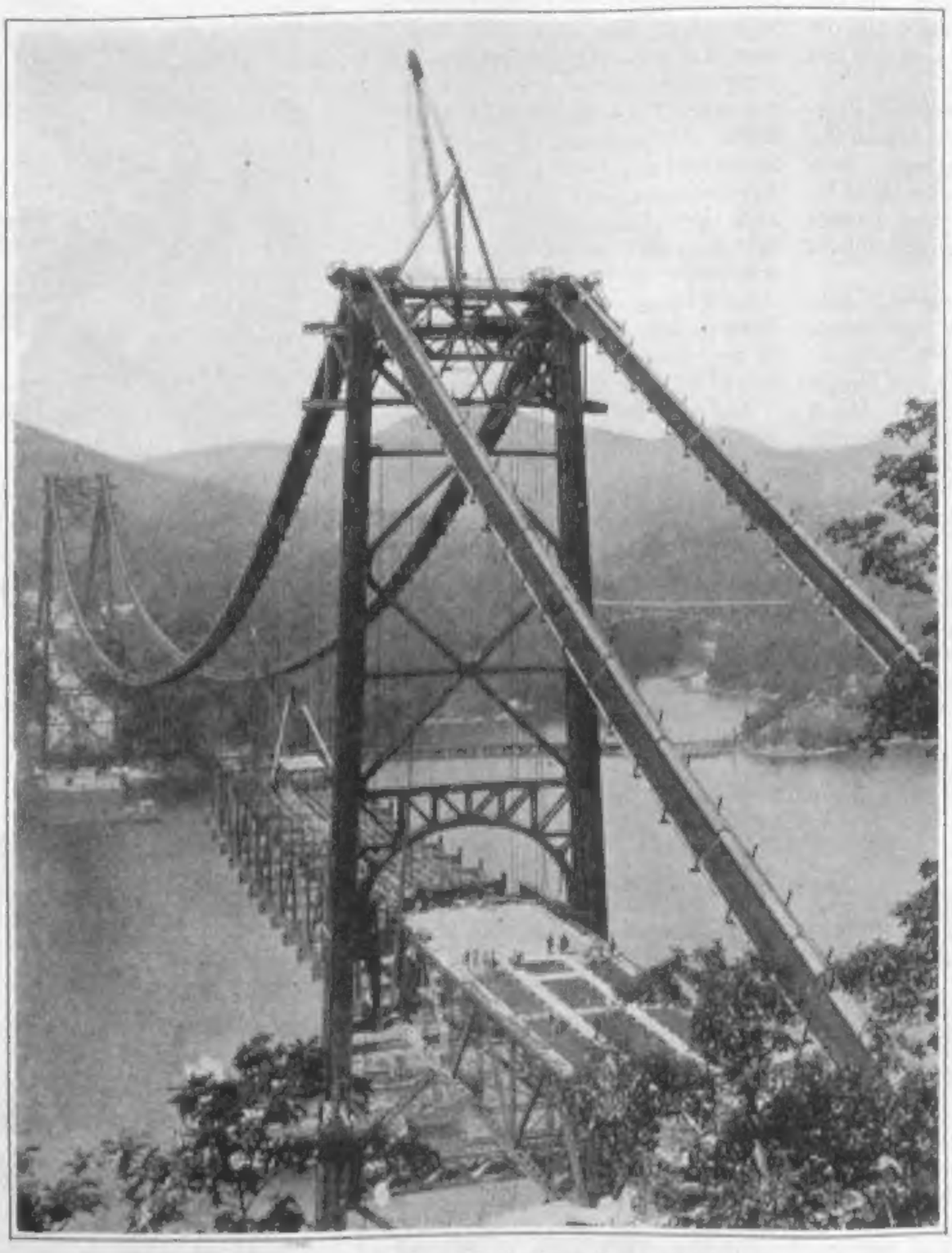
A friend of mine who used to come in across the Brooklyn Bridge fell one day to discussing with me the Manhattan Bridge, the gradual completion of which was visible just upriver from the car windows.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Baird, why they don't put those beautiful black festoons on all bridges?"

"You can't mean the cables?" I asked, aghast at such a question from a really well-educated person.

"Cables? Is that what they are?"

"They hold up the bridge!" I exclaimed. "All the trusses do is to distribute the load uniformly along the cables which carry the whole thing to the towers at each end." Of course that was an extreme case, though true.



Erecting the Main Span of the Bear Mountain Bridge and Laying a Concrete Floor on the Shore Spans

Another sample of the same sort of thing arose some years ago, soon after a bad bridge disaster.

When a bridge is planned the mathematical work is recorded on numerous sheets of paper, which form the basis of all the working drawings. This record is known as the "stress sheet," or sometimes, the "strain sheet."

At the time I speak of, one of the prominent construction companies was engaged in erecting a big bridge across the Ohio River. The risk was very great. It was necessary that the work be rushed, owing to the imminence of serious floods. High water might wash out the falsework under the uncompleted spans and drop the steel work into the river. To save time, the huge temporary movable framework for handling heavy steel members was shifted in a high wind. While temporarily unlashed it was caught by a severe gust and so tilted that it crushed the falsework on the leeside. The nearly completed span, together with crane and falsework, plunged into the river.

A storm of criticism was directed against the company. One newspaper published the startling fact that "there was not even a strain sheet out on the work." The public promptly seized this scare head as evidence of gross carelessness. Yet the so-called strain sheet was simply an office record in the bridge company's files, about 700 miles away, where it belonged. On the other hand, there is no real reason why the average person should know much about bridges.

"They're only a means to an end, anyway," I was once told with more truth than justice. "One can't picnic on them. And usually you can't even see when you get on top of the big ones. Why, they're not much better than tunnels, except that they make handsomer pictures!"

From the casual point of view this is so. The traveler, dashing eagerly to his destination or speeding homeward after a hard day's work, catches only the noise and blur of bridge girders as they flit by. Frantic pace of modern life does not encourage philosophic reflection on the wonders of the world in which we move. Telephone, radio, movies, airplanes, automobiles, bridges—we take them all for granted now. Indeed, we haven't time to analyze the scientific minutiæ behind them. And when occasionally we do bone up a little of the highbrow stuff, we may find ourselves out-of-date within a month.

Yes, this viewpoint may also be justly taken toward our modern bridges, which are simply another miracle of progress. They are staggeringly big; and the feat of building one of the biggest makes a thrilling story. But the same may be said of an ocean liner, or a dirigible, or a tunnel under the Hudson.

The Rich Man's Bridge

WHAT, then, is there that warrants more than a passive acceptance of the titan structures our bridge engineers erect?

In the first place, it has been my experience that the true significance of bridges rarely gets home. I remember, several years ago, when I was called upon to design and supervise the building of the Bear Mountain-Hudson River Bridge above New York. The first charter to a bridge at this site was obtained in 1868. But financial and other difficulties proved insuperable obstacles until early in 1923, when the enormous growth of highway traffic made such a bridge a positive necessity.

The main span of 1632 feet between the towers over which the cable ran, classed it the longest suspension bridge in the world.

Support of several wealthy men made the bridge finally possible—whence it came to be known locally by the catch phrase—"The rich man's bridge." Of course such a term was misleading. The success of the bridge depended upon its use by everybody.

But the term struck home, as was evidenced by the remark of a visitor to the near-by Bear Mountain Park. The main cables had just been strung. They rose steeply from shore to the tops of the towers; thence in long drooping curves across the river. There was none of the underwork; it was yet to be suspended.

The visitor looked at the cable's sharp incline, then took in its curve. He shook his head. "That's a rich man's bridge, all right," he said.

"Why?" inquired his companion.

"Why? Say," in disgust, "no flivver could ever make them grades!"

It really requires cold, hard statistics to drive home how large the bridges bulk in our national life. Contemplate for a moment the terrific investment in many cases: $15,000,000 for the Hell Gate Bridge; $25,094,577 for the Brooklyn Bridge; $31,084,705 for the Manhattan Bridge.

Figures indicating the use to which such bridges are put are just as impressive; in one day the actual number of

persons that passed across the Brooklyn Bridge was 216,923. Manhattan Bridge, 310,554. Williamsburg, 403,248.

Of course these are arteries feeding a big city. But figures for bridges around many other cities are not greatly different. In some cases the percentage compared with the total population is even higher.

Nor is it just in cost and convenience that the American bridge looms large. A traffic link such as the Hell Gate Bridge has a very measurable effect upon coastwise freight and passenger service. A geographical link such as the Delaware Bridge at Philadelphia broadly alters the commercial relationship of the two communities. A link with less intensely developed counties, such as the Bear Mountain Bridge has proved to be, bears upon the health and happiness of hundreds of thousands of people who cannot afford to travel far for their summer outing.

Even closer home is the effect that bridges have upon the cost of living. I remember, some years ago, when I was assigned to a study of all the bridges of a transcontinental railway which were more than five years old. This investigation was to cover the region between San Francisco and New Orleans, a traverse over which much important freight passed. The line, like other railways, had begun to feel the pinch of competition. Lower rates were in order. But with their existing rolling stock lower rates were impossible.

A Stone Bridge at Hartford, Connecticut

The Hell Gate Railroad Bridge

THE answer was to increase trainloads, provided the road's bridges would stand it. Ordinary cars at the time held twenty-five tons. The fifty-ton car was being put on the market. By using the latter behind a big locomotive a material reduction in operating expenses would be possible, in turn reducing costs to the consumer. There followed several months of investigation, which included actual tests of bridges with heavy special trains. Luckily, no great renewal of bridges proved imperative, so freight was started off almost at once in the cars of greater capacity. In consequence, many a householder paid a lower price for his commodities thereafter.

Many will remember what a nuisance it used to be to travel north or south through New York. The city seemed to be built on an archipelago, through which ran deep, wide rivers crossable only on ferryboats. Yet its location was right on a line between New England on one hand and the great centers of population—Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington—on the other. Bridge engineers had realized what was coming years ago. So, when pressure of traffic brought railroad men to the engineer, he was prepared. The only feasible exit from the metropolis was at the northeast corner, where the East River tides swirled through the funnel mouth known as Hell Gate.

Cost and structural difficulties dismayed the projectors when they became known. Inequalities of terrain necessitated an approach 16,083 feet in length—nearly three miles. This had to be a viaduct of enormous strength, sufficient to withstand the daily punishment of hundreds of trains passing at high speed. The center span over the river came to 1017 feet in the estimates, with a high-tide altitude of 135 feet, in order to let big ships pass.

There was extensive wailing and gnashing of teeth at the staggering size of the undertaking. It wasn't as if millions of people were going to flow back and forth daily to work, as was the case with the big commuting bridges. Rather was it a case of hypothetical necessity which the average traveler wouldn't even appreciate after the first few trips over the short cut. And the shipper would take his usual attitude of: "Well, why on earth didn't you do something about it long ago?" But there was no alternative.

Nearly twenty years of discussion went on before ground was ultimately broken in 1912. By the autumn of 1916 the bridge was practically complete. And in March, 1917, just before we entered the war, the Hell Gate Bridge was opened to regular traffic, after a private expenditure of approximately $15,000,000. As a result of this achievement one may now go comfortably to bed after dinner in Washington and wake up bright and early in Boston. Fifteen million dollars' worth of convenience while the traveler sleeps. Yet, ten to one he forgets there is such a thing as the Hell Gate Bridge on the line!

Instinctive Knowledge of the Ancients

BEYOND doubt, the bridge which has contributed in the shortest space of time to the greatest number of people is the Brooklyn Bridge. Before the building of this bridge the population of Brooklyn was small in comparison with that of New York. The great growth of the former dates from the opening of its bridge. Its population now exceeds that of the borough of Manhattan.

The wooden bridge is older than the race. Any camper knows that a fallen tree lets him cross a stream. Primitive man dragged the dead log up and rolled it into place after Nature had shown him how. When fixed camps became the rule and trading grew up, bridges took on a new importance in civilization.

The first traces of bridge construction are found in Assyria and Egypt. Strange to say, bridges are not mentioned in the Bible. Probably people had already, even in those early times, begun to take bridges for granted.

The thing that has always fascinated me about early bridge building is the fact that the builders really didn't know what they were doing. I mean to say that though they used almost the same materials as we use now, they were guided by instinct as much as anything else as to the structural values

(Continued on Page 145)

Connecting the Span at the Center of the Bear Mountain Bridge

CONEYAC AND THE COLONEL

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE regimental post of command was in a house across the street from a ruined store. The windows were barricaded with boards over which blankets had been nailed and the doors were protected by a kind of vestibule built of sandbags. All this work had been carefully done by the Germans when the house had been in their territory, and the Americans were now profiting by it. In the living room of the house three officers pounded on portable typewriters, getting out orders for the next day's advance, or making reports on what had been accomplished in the way of cleaning up the sector.

In a side room the colonel was taking off his boots and going to bed. He had had but a few hours' sleep since the big German attack a week ago, and he felt that between now and four o'clock, when he must be at the telephone to direct the advance, would be a good time to rest. Coming back from brigade headquarters a half hour ago, he had noticed that it was beginning to rain, and that it would be a black night. Boche and Yank would both stay under cover and let each other alone.

A gust of wind rushed into the living room and sent maps and papers flying. On the wings of this gust arrived a breathless man, his trench coat covered with mud and his helmet over one ear.

"Shut the door!" yelled the three officers.

The newcomer leaped across the floor to the table, and leaning over so that the water streamed from his helmet and slicker over the papers thereon, he tried to speak, but could not find breath. One of his hands still clutched a pistol, and the officer at whom the pistol pointed promptly arose and changed sides of the table.

"Put up that gun!" he cried.

The newcomer choked, swallowed once or twice, and then found words.

"The Boches!" he croaked. "The Boches have busted through!"

"Well, shut the door anyway!" said the three officers. One of them got hastily up and did it himself, not forgetting to let a bar down across it.

"I'm Haskins, G Company," said the newcomer. "The Boches came over just before dark and kicked us out of Heurtebise Farm. We fell back to the wheat field and came under a cross fire from the woods. It took us till now to find out that the second battalion was gone completely."

"Get up the colonel," said one of the officers, "and start the old wires buzzing to Major Scott to jump in there and plug the gap."

"They're in on Scott's battalion now," said the man who had brought the news. "There's no wire communication anywhere. The central was in Heurtebise and the Boches have got it."

The colonel came in then, his boots in his hand.

"Let's hear all about this," he said, sitting down on a chair and beginning to pull on his boots. "Just hand me the lining to my trench coat, will you, Jenkins? I'll probably have to sit up all night and it's going to be cold. Now then'"

The messenger of disaster leaned against the table and bowed his head as though in shame.

"The Boches!" He Croaked. "The Boches Have Busted Through!"

"The Boches came in and we went out," he said thickly. "They were on top of us before we knew it."

"Stand up like a man!" barked the colonel. "What's the matter with you? Are you drunk?"

"I'm hit," said the other. He seemed to collapse as though some invisible hand had smitten him. The others picked him up and carried him across the hall to the table in the room where the staff ate. They lit matches, one after the other, for light, while the others tore off the wounded man's trench coat and ripped away blouse and shirt. They saw then that there were no heartbeats. The messenger had been shot somewhere in the abdomen or hips, for his breeches and boots were a mass of blood. The wound they could not find. What mattered it? The messenger was dead. They covered him with his trench coat and went back to the colonel.

"Try the phone," said the colonel when the officers had told all. "See if we can get any dope that way."

The man nearest the instrument picked it up and ground the crank.

"Hello!" he said. "Hello, there! Give me Blackball'" This was the code name for Heurtebise Farm. The instrument buzzed and after a half minute the speaker hung the receiver back on the hook.

"Central says that all lines north have been out for half an hour."

"Well, we'll go up and see what we can do personally. We can't have the Boches on our backs. Report this to the brigade." The colonel went on pulling on his boots and got into trench coat and gas mask.

"The brigade," said the man at the phone after a time, "says they got the word from the French twenty minutes ago, but they've been waiting for confirmation. The Boches have broken through on a five-hundred-yard front and are clear back to the guns. The brigade commander directs you to restore the situation immediately."

"Well, what does he think I'm going to do—sit here and be captured? I suppose after that bright remark he went back to bed!" This is not the proper thing for a colonel to say about his superior in the presence of junior officers, but the colonel had had no sleep for a long time. Moreover, he was not a young man and the continual strain of weeks of fighting was wearing him down.

"Come on!" continued the colonel, belting on his pistol. "Who knows where Heurtebise Farm is?"

The three officers looked at one another. "I can show you on the map," said one finally.

"Map, my eye!" roared the colonel. "What the blue-blazing hell good does it do to show it to me on the map? It's raining soup and stones to splash it and the place running wild with Boches. Who knows the road and the fields and how to get there without getting a slug through his bread basket?"

Again the officers looked at one another. They were men of the staff, and the regiment had not been in this town more than twenty-four hours. The country around was entirely strange to them. At last one cleared his throat.

"Sir," said he, "there's a mail orderly that came down from that farm about dusk. He must know the way up there."

"Get him up!" snapped the colonel.

The officer took down the bar, opened the door and then fought his way out. The rain was falling now in torrents, a steady, merciless downpour with the force and volume of a fire hose. Thunder pealed and lightning flashed. At times the wind would blow strongly from the north and at such moments the officer could hear a far-off rattling, as one hears a distant trolley car passing a cross-over. Machine guns were going up there in the wet woods and men were killing one another.

A flash of lightning showed the officer what he was seeking—a building with the sign: Aux Galeries de Paris. Bonneterie, Mercerie. It was a dry-goods store, the door partially blocked with the débris from the upper stories of the house. Within slept a number of men on the shelves that had held the rolls of cloth. The shelves made good bunks and were fairly dry. The officer's flash light showed him the way in, and then, after a short search, he discovered the man he sought.

"Get up!" said the officer, shaking the other by the shoulder. "Come out of that!"

"Gahn!" said the soldier sleepily. "I just come offn duty"

"Get up!" cried the officer, and dragged the soldier bodily from his shelf. "Snap out of it now! The colonel wants you to guide him up to the farm."

"Judas H. Priest!" muttered the soldier. "A man don't never have a minute to himself!" The soldier dressed—that is to say, he put on his helmet, for he had been sleeping full pack—belted on a pistol, adjusted his gas mask and took down a semicircular sack that was intended to carry sho-sho, or auto-rifle ammunition.

"Come on!" cried the officer. "What are you doing?"

"Jus' gettin' ready, sir," replied the soldier. The two of them clambered over the tumbled beams and plaster at

the entrance and fought their way down the street. Again the lightning flashed. The soldier was slightly in advance and the glare showed his form plainly to the officer, who followed. It showed something else too—the neck of a bottle protruded from that sho-sho bag and the lightning glittered on it. The officer was about to speak of this matter, when they arrived at the post of command

"Here they are!" cried a voice. A group of black figures emerged from the darkness.

"Find your man?" demanded the colonel's voice.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name, soldier?" demanded the colonel.

"Ethan Allen Cram, sir, private, B Company."

"Are you the man they call Appleknocker?" asked the colonel with disgust

The others snickered. Ethan Allen Cram was known to them. He was a member of the headquarters detachment and came from the granite hills of Vermont. A gentle fragrance of hay seemed always to cling about him, his hands were always hooked as though he carried buckets of milk, or sap, or leavin's for the pigs, and no amount of marching could change his stride from just the right length to reach from one furrow to the next

"What does this mean?" cried the colonel "Why, this—this—er—whatever he is doesn't know the way to anything but the kitchen!"

"He's the mail orderly, sir," replied the officer, "and he came down from Heurtebise at sunset."

"Can you show me the way up to Heurtebise Farm?"

"Well, now, as to that, I can't hardly say. I ain't been there but the once."

"But you've been there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Lead out!" snapped the colonel "You can find it again or I'll know the reason why"

The four officers went down the street with Ethan Cram in their midst. All the traffic that had clattered up and down the street and that had bumped on the roads earlier in the evening was stilled. There was a humming in the town that was not caused by the wind. Ambulances had pulled in under sheds to wait until things cleared a little, rolling kitchens and ration carts had halted beside the road, while drivers and cooks got under the wagons to find shelter from the rain. Lightning showed the group of officers to some of these men and the excitement buzzed higher

Officers came up, ammunition or supply officers, and questioned the colonel. The rumor was running wild that the Boches had broken through and that the roads were unsafe Was it true? Would they dare send the kitchens along? Here was a truck train with a load of shells for the seventy-fives, but they'd just heard the Boches had captured the guns. Was it safe for the trucks to go any farther?

"Keep your shirts on!" said the colonel to all these questions. "Stay under cover until the rain lets up a bit! Don't believe all you hear! The Boches aren't stirring on a night like this."

They came to the last of the houses and the road began to climb into the hills. The wind blew with more force, now that they were beyond the shelter of the town. A frightful stench came to them and hung on their steps for a long time. Two German batteries were beside the road there They had been destroyed with all their personnel in the big attack a week before, and the hot sun of July had raised havoc with the corpses thickly piled about the guns.

"Wow!" said the colonel. "Let's get away!"

They all began to run, slipping and stumbling along the road. They came to a turn, trotted around it, and the colonel, who was in the lead, fell headlong over some obstruction

"Look out!" he cried. "There's something here!"

Three flash lights gleamed and showed a wagon loaded with the half of a pontoon, and two dead horses. They circled around it and went on, the rain beating in their faces. The road continued to mount, and the officers began to pant

"Let's get our wind a minute," gasped the colonel at last. "There's lively fighting going on over there. I think if we cut across the fields we'll come on our men. We ought to be running into some sign of them pretty quick."

Off somewhere to the right there was an ominous sound, the steady grind and rattle of machine guns. Someone, German or American, was laying down a barrage

"That's where we want to go," decided the colonel. "Those are Hotchkiss guns; I can tell by the sound."

"We'd better not go monkeying around those fields, sir," said one of the officers. "If the line has broken, the Boches are liable to be anywhere and the chances are that we'll be grabbed off by them"

"That's a chance we'll have to take. I don't want to stand here and be drowned by the rain."

"What's that?" someone cried suddenly. They listened. Above the swishing of the rain and the pounding of the distant guns, they distinctly heard people moving on the road. Hobnails scraped, equipment rattled, wet slickers swished

"There they are!" exclaimed the colonel. The five men began to run up the hill toward the sound of marching. "Hello there!" called the colonel. "What outfit is that?"

One of the officers gave a kind of choking gasp and at the same instant another cried out sharply. The marching feet were very near; by the sound they must be about to collide with the colonel and his companions.

"Hey!" cried the colonel. A hand snatched at his gas mask and his chin stung as though he had cut himself with a razor. The marching feet began to go away, uphill, moving as though running.

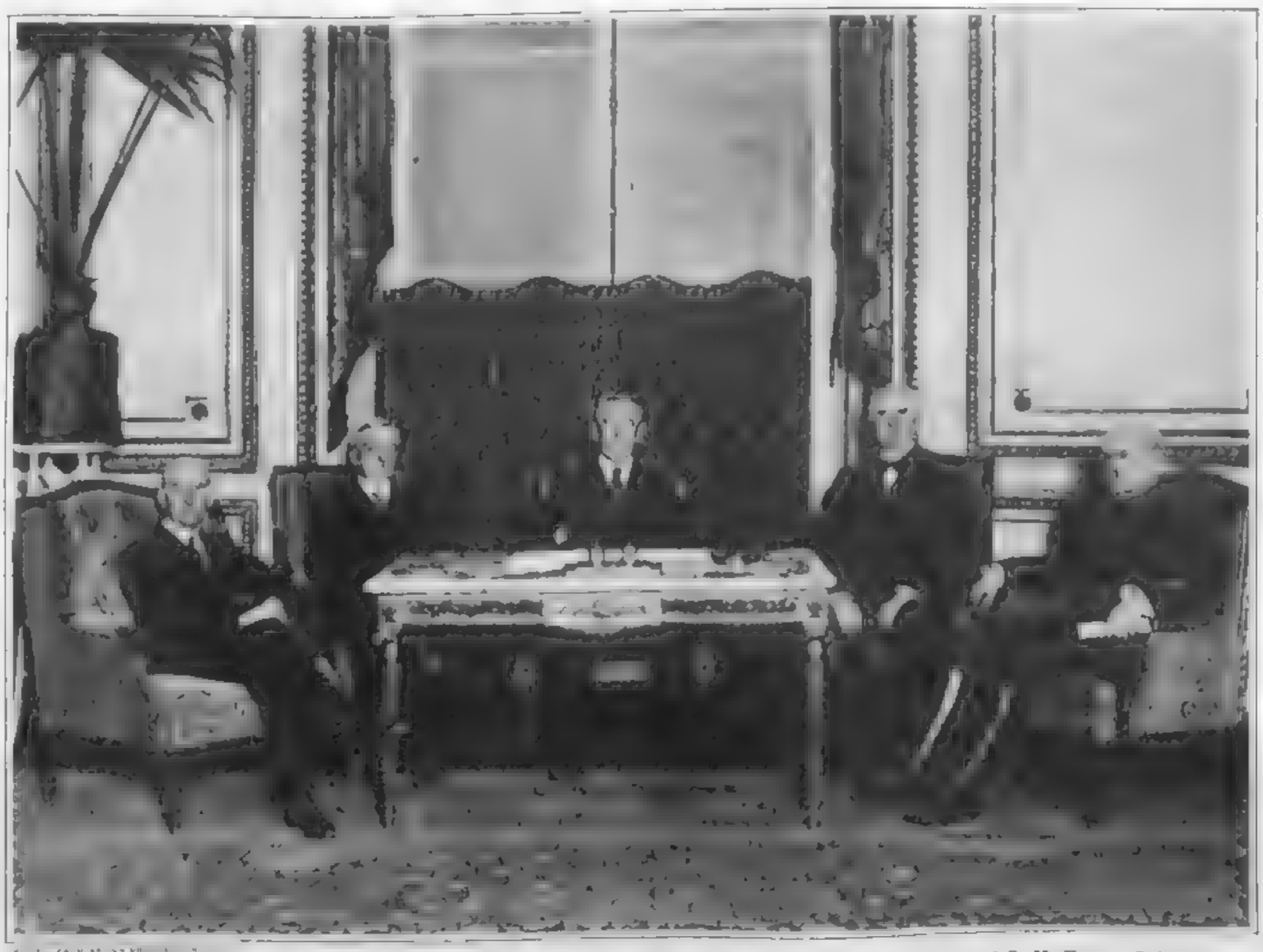
"Here! Comerford! Where are you?" demanded the colonel. There was a horrid gasping sound at his feet and

(Continued on Page 149)

There Was a Muttered Exclamation, and Then the Colonel Felt a Bottle Being Thrust Between His Lips

A Collector of Friendships

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH



The First Group Photograph of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. Left to Right: Colonel E. M. House; Robert Lansing, Secretary of State; President Wilson; Henry White; General Tasker H. Bliss

IT IS the habit of a certain group of friends and supporters of the late President Wilson, more ardent than wise in their manifestation of loyalty to his memory, to belittle the part played by Colonel House in the labors of the Wilson Administration; even to charge ingratitude on House's part, culminating in treachery at the Peace Conference. And to this treachery or betrayal of the President's confidence they attach responsibility for what they call the break between the two men, who, together, wrought so splendidly for the country in an epoch of international convulsions and social flux.

As a matter of fact, there was no break between Wilson and House, but rather a steady, almost imperceptible drift apart; and the exact reason for the final rift in their relations is, and in all probability always will be, undetermined, because the one person who knew, Woodrow Wilson, apparently went to his grave without having confided to a soul the circumstances which moved him to withdraw the confidence he had imposed in House for eight years. If Wilson told anyone what offended or antagonized him, he told his wife, and there is authority for believing that he did not mention it to her. He was extraordinarily close-mouthed in some ways, and whether he was justified or not in his resentment against House, it is indubitable that it was a source of sorrow to him. He didn't want to talk about it or think about it. The recollection of it seemed to make him uncomfortable.

Wilson's Side Unrevealed

FRANKLY, then, it is unfair to pretend to tell glibly the story of the termination of this famous friendship. It is more than that; it is unfair to Wilson's memory and to House's reputation, and those who lend themselves to such efforts must be responsible for a perversion of history. But several facts which influenced Wilson's conduct toward House are ascertainable, and when they are set in order they shed sufficient light on the whole episode to make his action reasonably comprehensible. We can see at least a glimmer of the mental processes which influenced his conclusion that Colonel House was either unworthy of his trust or else so out of sympathy with his aims as to be undependable.

Let me repeat, in justice to the dead President, we do not know his side of the story. If he had ever spoken, the facts here set forth might have assumed a very different complexion. But he did not speak. Why? If House indeed had acted toward him dishonorably, had violated his confidence, was it not almost incumbent upon him, by virtue of his great office, of the world interests hinging upon his actions, to say as much openly? Should he not have branded publicly a man, nominated as his plenipotentiary, who was disloyal? Remember, the President did not shrink from showing his feeling about what he interpreted as Secretary of State Lansing's disloyalty. Wilson was never one to cork the vials of his wrath when he felt his confidence had been misused. He was, like all men of lofty soul, capable of scorching anger and contempt. But it is not for another to answer in his place. He thought it best that he should keep silence; therefore these and other questions must continue to aggravate us.

President and Mrs Wilson With Colonel House Upon Their Return From the Peace Conference

A Breach

THE rupture really began in the late spring of 1918, although neither Wilson nor House was conscious of it at the time; or, if conscious of a difficulty, both regarded it as trivial, something to be ironed out and forgotten. For its occurrence I was responsible. By the fall of 1917 my journalistic connection with House had become sufficiently intimate for me to suggest to him that I should write a biography which would satisfy the growing curiosity regarding the man whose mysterious power, exercised without the responsibility of office, was rousing much discussion, especially among Republicans—discussion which occasionally developed into uneasiness and suspicion. I urged upon him that, with the country at war and considering the important share he was taking in the organization of the national defense and formulation of foreign policy, it was only fair he should come out into the open and give his critics a mark to shoot at.

His first reaction, I remember, was a query as to the effect such a book would have upon the President.

"I can't do anything that would embarrass the President," he insisted.

"How can it embarrass the President to tell the truth about you?" I replied. "How can it harm him to blast away all the insinuations and aspersions upon you, which aim to discredit him for employing you?"

We talked the matter over several times, and he discussed it with a number of his friends. The decision was in favor of my suggestion, and we wrote the book, off and on, that winter. The method of work we followed was to thresh out his career, a phase or episode at a time, in the little study in East Fifty-third Street, New York. Then I would write a chapter, have it set up, and the colonel would go at the galley proof with his pencil. He was quite ill that winter—influenza, I think it was—and for weeks he lay on a couch, carrying on the tasks which heaped up for him with an energy nobody could have supposed him to possess.

The book was finished early in 1918, and during that spring was syndicated in the newspapers. It drew a good deal of comment, chiefly because it revealed for the first time the effort House had made in May, 1914, to avert the European War he had foreseen on the political horizon. His natural genius for politics, I believe, was never more strikingly demonstrated than in his perception, months in advance, of the perilous channels toward which Europe was drifting, just as his capacity for plunging boldly at the nub of any major problem was shown by the way in which he bearded the Kaiser a month before America knew there was a place named Serajevo.

And let it be noted that it was not the Kaiser who was blind to the menace he preached against, but the leaders of France, and to a lesser degree, the English cabinet. If Madame Caillaux had not shot Gaston Calmette on the eve of House's visit to Paris, it is barely possible a million more Frenchmen might be alive today. But House's weakness was that he could work only through others. In 1914 he was unable to establish the necessary sequence of relationships.

In my biography of him, which was called, somewhat blatantly, The Real Colonel House, we were at great pains, in every instance in which he figured, to subordinate him to the President. We attributed to Mr. Wilson responsibility for ideas and actions which, justly, the President had no claim to. Personally I thought at the time that this was overdone. Colonel House read proofs twice prior to syndication, and again before book publication. Finally a committee of his friends censored the book proofs rather heavily, solely for the purpose of soft-pedaling his importance in the activities of the Administration.

There was not a reference to the President which was not complimentary, even laudatory. I said things about Wilson, in the final draft, which I didn't altogether believe. And I cannot see how any impartial person, reading the book as a whole, can find in it any matter reflecting upon him, discrediting him or minimizing his importance. Really the emphasis of the book was too positively toward the other extreme. But notwithstanding all this, from the day syndication commenced, there was an ominous silence in the White House

President Wilson Talking to an English Admiral Just After He Left the Boat That Carried Him Back to France From England

The President himself never referred to it with Colonel House except when House brought it into conversation, and then his remarks were entirely noncommittal. Among men who were considered to be close to him, there was a disposition to treat it with covert hostility. And this attitude culminated in an intimation to Colonel House, and a definite statement to the publisher, that the Administration considered it would be to the best interests of the country if The Real Colonel House was withdrawn from circulation.

An Unbeatable Team

AT THIS time, the summer of 1918, the Government exerted an iron control over every aspect of life, and in the strident mood of patriotism which had swept all classes a hint was sufficient to induce any individual to accept the harshest ruling without question if coupled with a statement that the national interests demanded it. Neither Colonel House nor the publisher nor myself dreamed of opposing the White House, and only some five thousand copies of the book got to the public.

The irony of the incident, the futility of it, is that apparently the withdrawal of the offending work did not placate the President's feelings. He was not hostile to Colonel House, he did not cease to depend upon House's advice; but afterward, with the advantage of time's perspective, House could see that here there entered into their relations a note of coolness, an alteration in the warm cordiality which had distinguished all their intercourse, even in past years, when they had mildly disagreed on the questions of Mexican policy and military preparedness.

It was not like Woodrow Wilson to compromise on anything, especially on anything he considered derogatory to his dignity, and I have sometimes thought that he was constrained to avoid a definite quarrel with House because of the crisis in France, where the fate of the war hung in the balance. But whether this assumption is correct or it was simply that the affair gave him only temporary displeasure, he passed over the offense as he deemed it—and for some months thereafter he and House remained the unbeatable team they had been since 1911.

Colonel and Mrs. House Leaving the Palace of Versailles After the Signing of the Peace Treaty

The next incident which widened the breach I also chanced to see something of. Shortly before House was due to sail for Europe, in September, 1918, to organize the preliminary steps of the Peace Conference the Allied victories made imminent, a report was circulated in Washington that the President planned to issue a proclamation to the country, appealing to all citizens to elect a Democratic Congress in order to upho'd him in concluding the war and securing a just peace. The Republican press made much of this story, which seemed to have every basis in fact short of the President's actual confirmation. And many Democratic as well as independent organs spoke editorially against it as an abuse of the extraordinary wartime powers ungrudgingly given the President and an attempt to exploit an unfair partisan advantage.

Party Pressure

I SPOKE to House about it when it first appeared in the news, and he assured me that he would scotch it.

"I don't believe he is for it," he said, speaking of Wilson. "It sounds more like some of his political friends, who think you can run the country as if it was an election precinct."

Later, the report bobbed up again, and ultimately with an unmistakable stamp of authenticity. I remember that that morning I dragged the colonel out of an important conference to show him the news dispatch in question. He had some men in his study, whom he had left to see me; a delegation was waiting in the living room. We talked in the dining room. He was skeptical of my report until he had read the story.

"I don't understand about this," he said, shaking his head. "I don't think there can be anything in it, but I'll tell you what I advised the President. They've brought a lot of pressure to bear on him in Washington. Our people want to be reelected, and some of them can't see

(Continued on Page 54)

President and Mrs. Wilson on the Bridge of the George Washington Prior to Sailing for France

YOUTH IS SERVED

She Felt That She Cared More for Him Than He for Her, and Suddenly the Day Lost its Luster

By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

WHEN two women of diverse tastes, occupations and dispositions remain friends for twenty-five years with never a misunderstanding, you may be sure there is between them not only confidence but a respected reserve. You may also be sure that neither tries to change the other or direct her course, no matter with what deprecation and dismay it is viewed. Mutual advice and criticisms are suppressed, for friendship flourishes on neither diet. Nor is there much outward demonstration. 'Dear' and 'darling' and the like fond terms are not large in their vocabularies. But deep within the heart of each is the knowledge that in any pinch of circumstance the other is ready to be a rock of safety, an aid, a comfort, a strong and aggressive ally."

"Of course it's true, Mr. Pagett," said Margaret Atkinson. "It's exactly the way Cora Mayo and I stand to each other; but I think it sounds sort of stilted, and I don't believe it belongs in your play. Erica, so far, isn't the sort who makes set speeches on friendship. That's my feeling about the whole thing. It's literary—not quite human. And yet ——"

She paused and looked at him uncertainly. This young Pagett had an idea—oh, a distinct idea. For a good part in a play Margaret Atkinson would cheerfully have parted with her shining brown hair, from which she so carefully plucked the occasional gray thread.

"Well, let's go on," she said. "I've an appointment presently that I must keep."

She looked at the clock. This lad mustn't think that he could take up her whole afternoon. Besides, she really had an appointment—Henry Torrey was coming.

Paul Pagett picked up his script and went on reading. He read very well, he made his points, he kept the thing clear. Margaret, listening, was more and more interested. Oh, she would go over it alone, later, and take it line by line, page by page, scene by scene, and consider every least possibility. Heavens, how she hoped it might be worth something! She had been out of an engagement since the early fall. And she was sick and tired of small parts, of being told that her type was the purely cerebral, that she couldn't play women of passion and feeling. Someone not long ago had lamented to her that there were no modern Ibsen heroines, no New York Mrs. Alvings, nor Detroit Heddas, nor Long Island Noras, because she would play them so magnificently. That was because, years before, she had made her greatest hit in an Ibsen revival. Ibsen! She'd been tarred with Ibsenity ever since. No manager could see her doing anything else.

She began to listen more carefully, and as she listened she became more and more certain that this play was worth while, a big thing.

When the last scene ended, young Pagett wiped his forehead, trembling with the excitement of his climax. His tired boy's eyes appealed to her to be gentle with him. But she, too, was genuinely moved.

"It's new and it's big," she said. "And it's true that's the best of it."

"I wrote it for you; I've always admired your work so much. Every time you've been in a show since I've been old enough to go to the theater, I've gone to see you. You've never had a part that let you use your power. You—you're great, you know, Miss Atkinson."

Her smile was a little twisted. "I've done my best with everything I had to work on. But I haven't had what I wanted. Now will you leave this script with me and let me think it over?"

"But you won't keep it very long, will you? I'll be so anxious."

"Don't worry. I'm just as anxious as you are—a great deal more anxious, I imagine, to get a big part, a real part. If Erica's that part I won't lose any time with her."

"I hope you'll think she is."

He laid the script in her hands reluctantly and took himself off. Margaret hurried into her bedroom, slipped out of her soft lace-and-satin house dress—made by her own hands from a couple of old evening gowns—and put on a trim coat and skirt, a blouse with fresh creamy white frills, a little close hat with youth in its outline. Clean gloves, a yellow rose to pin in the fur about her throat—now she was ready. She went back to the other tiny room—which, with a bath and a closet-kitchenette, made her apartment—beat up the cushions, straightened the books and magazines, pulled down the shade a little; then, with a shrug at her vanity, drew it up again.

There was a mirror by the door, and she looked into it. She would easily pass as thirty—perhaps as twenty-seven—only, as she grimly thought, "If I were really twenty-seven I could pass as nineteen." She powdered her nose and thanked heaven for giving her such a good one, straight and slender and fine skinned and white.

But was such a good nose, perhaps, a handicap? If it had been pert and snub, she might have made a great hit in comedy. If it had been ever so slightly aquiline, she might have gone in definitely for tragedy. But a straight nose was so damnably intellectual. She smiled at her foolishness, sat down at her desk and hunted out that place in young Pagett's script where he described friendship between two women, and began to copy it.

Before she was quite done Henry Torrey rang her bell and presently appeared, a man of middle age, tall, wide shouldered but not heavy, his face square and imperturbable, his tailor unobtrusively but surely the best.

"I'm getting too old for three flights of stairs," he said, but he was not out of breath.

"The higher the flat, the lower the price," returned Margaret. She was so glad to see him she couldn't answer sensibly.

"Don't you think you swagger a little about your poverty?"

"Maybe so; but I'm never allowed to forget it; why should I allow others? And now that we've had this interchange of sparkling repartee, please sit down and rest your elderly bones until I finish this." With the last words written, she read the paragraph to him. "There we are, Cora and I, exactly."

"I don't know Mrs. Mayo well enough to say."

"My dear man, I made an assertion; I didn't ask your opinion. This came out of that young chap's new play—the one I told you about."

"H'm—any good?"

"I'm afraid to hope. It looks like a good play and a marvelous part for me—the part I've longed for; but my long bitter experience warns me that if I burble on like that about it, it's sure to be a hopeless failure. If it —— Oh, well, come along and let's have our walk."

He glanced at her shrewdly, hearing the pent desire behind the words. But he never probed. Instead, he held

the door open for her and followed her down the stairs he had complained of, out to the street, turning presently into the late sunshine of the Avenue

They pottered along amiably, stopped in a gallery or two, made a detour to see a collection of English furniture soon to be auctioned, paused before a window of Italian glass and another of old silver, and talked in a desultory fashion or kept to companionable silence. They stopped for tea and a dance at a smart hotel, and that was pure joy to Margaret, who loved dancing. Henry Torrey was the best partner she had ever had; his height, the length of his step, suited hers perfectly. With a note of enthusiasm she told him so, and then was sorry, he received it so blankly. Bother! She was always forgetting that Henry was an eligible and wary bachelor who was pursued by all sorts and conditions of women. But it was horrid of him to imagine that she was trying to draw him on. Was she, unconsciously, trying to do that very thing? She felt that she cared more for him than he for her, and suddenly the day lost its luster.

"I really must go home. I'm going over to dine with Cora rather early," she said.

"May I send my car to take you?" he asked politely.

"No; thanks just as much. I'm going to walk."

"Then I'll send it to bring you home."

"No; I don't know what time I'll want to come home. But it's awfully kind and thoughtful." She kept her voice and manner casual, as if she hardly knew him. She would let him know that his bachelorhood was safe with her.

He hesitated. "I hate to have you picking up any sort of wildcat taxi at night."

"It's perfectly safe. I've done it all my life. Please don't bother about me."

He did not answer, made a little sound of mock despair, and they went back to her apartment. "Won't you take the car?" he asked her at the door. "No? When shall we have dinner and more dancing? Next Thursday? I'll call for you at half-past seven."

Margaret shut the door behind him and put her hands over her eyes. "I'm a fool," she said aloud; "a real fool. Oh, if I can only keep from being too fond of him and letting him see! It'll hurt so fearfully if I'm too fond of him." She sagged all over into lines of long-suppressed weariness; then she pulled herself up sharply, went to dress for dinner. She couldn't afford to waste the freshness of her new blouse on a dinner with Cora. Resolutely she hunted out one of those useful dresses that hang in the wardrobe of every woman of small means and much taste. This one was a plain crêpe, straight and slim, with its color to lift it from the commonplace, a blue so true, so deep and vivid that eyes must revel in it. A string of old carved silver beads made an agreeable accent. The suit and blouse were carefully hung away

Cora Mayo, her husband, Dallas Mayo, and their adored only child, Celine, lived a matter of twenty blocks away, near the university where Dallas taught French literature to classes that were always crowded, not because of the subject, but because he was known as a play-boy in the serious world of pedagogues. He had written a couple of diverting novels quite in the Gallic style, and his students were always hoping he would make his lectures as spicily flavorous. On the contrary, he gave a stiff dry course and was meanly sarcastic to the slow and stupid; but the jam before his rostrum continued, watchfully waiting.

Owing to the novels, they could afford a large apartment, which Cora had furnished in French furniture—to keep up, she said, the illusion of Dallas' fiction. And in her living room, before her fire, she was waiting for her friend. Cora was plain, a little out of drawing as to features; her clothes were impossible, and her manner of wearing them was worse, but no one minded. She was both clever and gentle, a strange combination. And she had the spark that draws liking and interest even from casual acquaintances.

She came to meet Margaret, kissed her, gave her the most comfortable chair, pushed a cushion under her feet. "Dallas sent you his love and said he hated to miss you, but he knew how glad we'd be he wasn't here."

"He's a lamb! If all husbands were as Dallas I might acquire one."

"How about Henry? He looks a good bet to me"

"My dear—frankly—Henry is not looking for a wife. He enjoys talking to me, dancing with me, dining and teasing with me on alternate Thursdays, and is perfectly willing to pay for these pleasures, as well as for such correct gifts as flowers, books and candy. More of me would annoy and embarrass Henry." She looked directly at Cora as she spoke, knowing that her friend would understand all that she left unsaid. "In short," she went on, "Henry is not a marrying man. And anyway, my pride would keep me from marrying a rich man when I'm poor and a failure."

"You are not a failure."

"In one sense I'm not. A real failure is always unhappy, and I am not unhappy. But in my profession I'm a failure. I've never been a star; I'm never likely to be one unless—unless ——" Her voice deepened, her eyes shone.

"Oh, Margaret, you're thinking of the new play. Tell me about it."

"No, too uncertain yet. As I told Henry Torrey, I'm afraid to hope. Hope is so cheap and so intoxicating." She shrugged her shoulders, looked about. "Where's Celine tonight?"

"Out with a new B. F., which means, my dear, a boy friend."

A maid came in to announce dinner, and as she did so Celine also appeared, slender, fresh and gay in a rose-colored coat, a rose-colored frock, a saucy rose hat and a soft white fur in which to bury an entrancing rosy chin. The whole atmosphere grew bright with her. She flung herself on her two elders simultaneously. "Darlings, I love you both! Isn't it great when dad's away and we're all women together?"

"There's one blessing, Cora," said Margaret. "We'll never be annoyed by this child being respectful to our age."

"Your age! I adore that! You're heaps younger than I—you and mother both. You are products of a less sophisticated, more naïve era." She cocked a knowing, impertinent eye at them.

"Come on to dinner, you little simp," said her mother, "and don't talk nonsense."

"But what else is there to talk? You and Margaret would be scared if I talked sense. Listen, Margaret, how about your new play? Won't you give me a part in it—a teeny-weeny part? Mother and dad would let me go on the stage if it was with you, the quaint old dears."

"Celine, I wouldn't have it on my conscience to start you on the stage for anything the world could offer me."

"Oh, Margaret, it must be terribly wicked!"

"It isn't wicked at all. But it's terribly hard. You get a part after haunting the agencies and others. You rehearse and rehearse and rehearse in all sorts of dingy coops and cages, at all sorts of hours, until you ache with such fatigue as you, my dear, couldn't even imagine—only to be let out after a week, or two weeks,

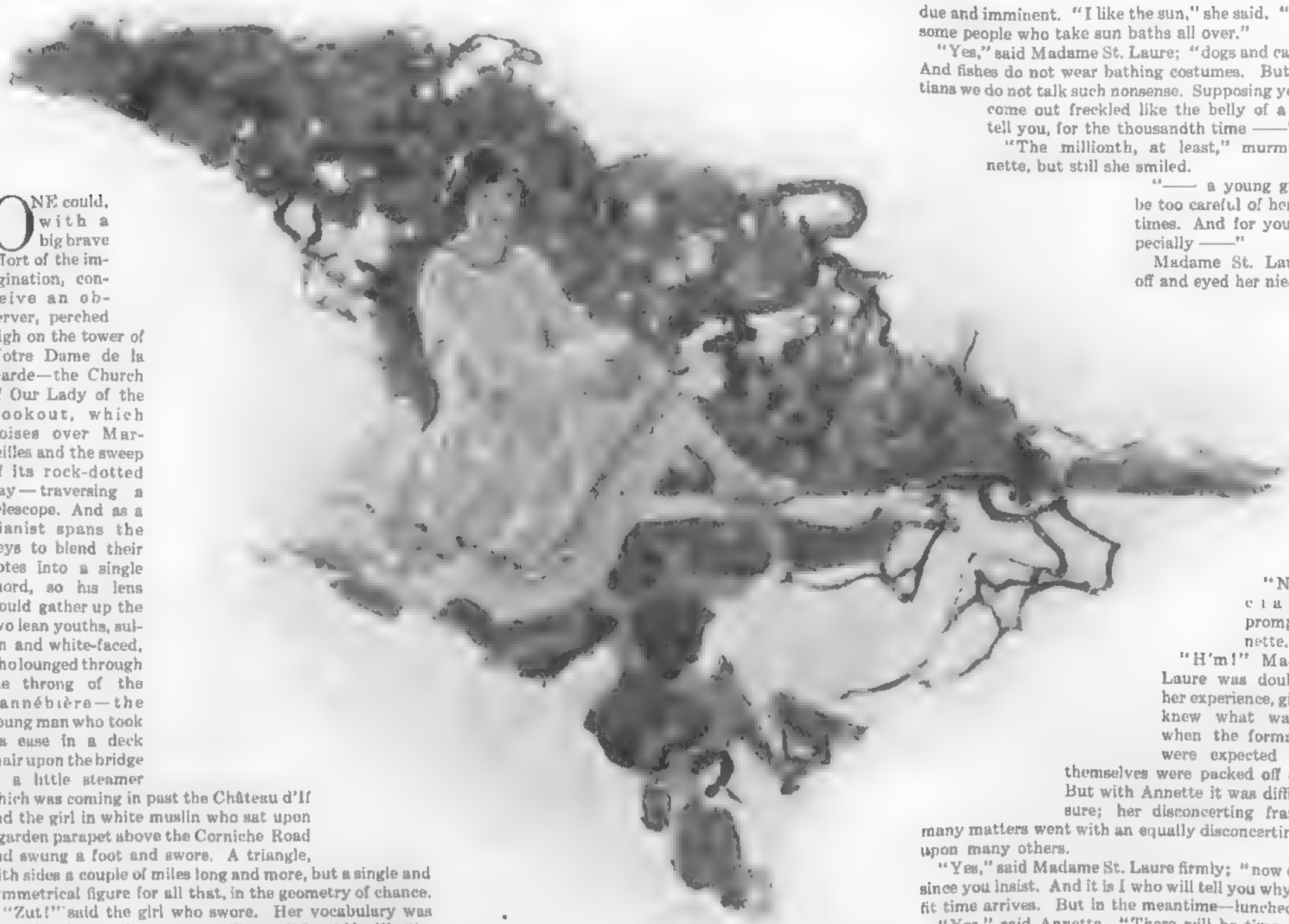
(Continued on Page 102)

She Began to Listen More Carefully, and as She Listened She Became More and More Certain That This Play Was Worth While, a Big Thing

THE TRYST

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART



ONE could, with a big brave effort of the imagination, conceive an observer, perched high on the tower of Notre Dame de la Garde—the Church of Our Lady of the Lookout, which poises over Marseilles and the sweep of its rock-dotted bay—traversing a telescope. And as a pianist spans the keys to blend their notes into a single chord, so his lens would gather up the two lean youths, sullen and white-faced, who lounged through the throng of the Cannébière—the young man who took his ease in a deck chair upon the bridge of a little steamer which was coming in past the Château d'If and the girl in white muslin who sat upon a garden parapet above the Corniche Road and swung a foot and swore. A triangle, with sides a couple of miles long and more, but a single and symmetrical figure for all that, in the geometry of chance.

"Zut!" said the girl who swore. Her vocabulary was weak, but her spirit was very willing. "*Sacré bleu!*" She paused and groped. "Damn!" she found, and repeated it twice.

Below her and across the road, the land fell away in slopes of lavish summer green, with villas ornate as wedding cakes, thrusting up their stucco turrets and minarets to the Mediterranean blue which basked below. The garden in which she sat ended at a point some twelve feet above the road; its retaining wall, of rough-hewed granite, sloped steeply to the wide cobbled gutter and the top of it made a parapet to the garden. The great morning light of the Midi was over it all.

"I'll go mad," said Annette O'Brien. "I'll kill myself!" Her angry eyes, which had seen eighteen years of sheltered and lovingly restricted life, sought up and down the road, rising to the left toward the caldron of the city, as though in search of a third resource. They fell, too, upon the surface of the wall that withheld the garden from the road. The only normal issue from the garden was by the great gate of the carriage drive away to her right, where an inexorable porter had a lodge; but—the wall itself was a gate! It was a superb piece of masonry, rugged as a crag, not much more difficult than a staircase for young limbs. Annette nodded her head, twice, slowly.

"I'll run away!"

And thereupon the anger ebbed from her eyes; she became suddenly thoughtful. She was a slender girl, and those who ruled her and served her had so designed the outward fashion of her that the fluffery of muslin did not conceal the litheness and strength of her youth. The French mother whom she had not known had bequeathed her the brown hair with the shimmer of bronze in it, though not the bob in which she wore it; and her eyes were the blue eyes of her Irish father, whom she only dimly remembered. Paris grafted upon Limerick, the clear and daring vision of the Gaul enlarged to scan the dream world of the Celt—these were what her Uncle St. Laure and Madame St. Laure, his wife, had taken to their bosoms and nourished to an age when marriage negotiations are in

"That's What I'll Do," She Said. "Tonight!" She Was Murmuring to Herself in English. "Me and a Suitcase!"

order. That very afternoon there was to be a visit from the parents of Gaston Masurier, he of the sleek black hair, the fat pink cheeks, the shoe-button eyes. She would not be there; it would not have been *dans les formes*. But her fortune would be there, her education, her accomplishments, all her marketable assets except her soul and the young body which it fired and fretted.

"That's what I'll do," she said. "Tonight!" She was murmuring to herself in English. "Me and a suitcase! I'll go to London and get work. I—I'll"—vista after vista ran across her horizon; the last flashed like a revelation—"I'll go on the stage!"

That, of course, clinched it. She sat up on the parapet, every difficulty solved, her face shining. What does eighteen need more than a goal? The glow of purpose was still upon her when her aunt called her from the veranda.

Madame St. Laure was all that a good, wealthy and conventional woman in the forties should be. It is not evil or absurd to be plump, with more than a shading of black mustache, to be lavish with face powder and architectural as to the coiffure. Perhaps the Queen of Sheba was like that; we have no evidence to show that she wasn't. And with it all, she loved Annette with a fussy anxious pride in her prettiness and spirit, the while she strove with guidance and restraint to remake her after her own image.

"It will be luncheon time in a few minutes," she called in her deep round voice with the full vowels of the south. "And again you have no hat, in all this sun! You with your complexion! Come in, dear, at once, before you are tanned to leather!"

Annette rose and went across the garden toward her, smiling a little. Already in the light of her inspiration, she had a sense of kindly superiority to this well-intentioned aunt of hers, as of someone to whom vivid experiences are due and imminent. "I like the sun," she said. "There are some people who take sun baths all over."

"Yes," said Madame St. Laure; "dogs and cats do also. And fishes do not wear bathing costumes. But of Christians we do not talk such nonsense. Supposing you were to come out freckled like the belly of a quail! I tell you, for the thousandth time ——"

"The millionth, at least," murmured Annette, but still she smiled.

"—— a young girl cannot be too careful of herself at all times. And for you, now especially ——"

Madame St. Laure broke off and eyed her niece keenly.

"Now especially?" prompted Annette.

"H'm!" Madame St. Laure was doubtful. In her experience, girls always knew what was toward when the formal visitors were expected and they themselves were packed off elsewhere. But with Annette it was difficult to be sure; her disconcerting frankness in many matters went with an equally disconcerting naïveté upon many others.

"Yes," said Madame St. Laure firmly; "now especially, since you insist. And it is I who will tell you why when the fit time arrives. But in the meantime—luncheon."

"Yes," said Annette. "There will be time enough to learn to go without luncheon."

"You are inexplicable," said her aunt. "Is it growing pains? I ask myself. But come."

Cousin Clarice—she was the cousin of Aunt St. Laure—a tall spinster, very bony, with a mobile face and heavy eyebrows, was at luncheon. She drew and painted a little, played accompaniments and could join acceptably in a conversation.

"I watched you while you were musing on the wall, Annette," she said, with her toothy smile. "I wish I could have sketched you like that. You needed only one thing."

"She needed a hat," said Madame St. Laure.

"Yes, of course," agreed Cousin Clarice. "But I wasn't thinking of that just then—something else."

"What did I need?" demanded Annette.

"A Romeo," smiled Cousin Clarice.

"Yes," said Annette calmly; "it would certainly make things more interesting."

Then Madame St. Laure intervened crushingly and the conversation broke off, snapped like the stem of Brother Laurence's lily. Annette heard her without interruption, but the glow was still in her face.

At the other points of the triangle, too, there was talking. Nothing is done in this world without talk; that is why there is so little done. The two lean youths who had lounged at the foot of the Cannébière, through which Europe surges into and out of Africa, found themselves a table outside a café where none sat close by, and ordered beer. There was between them that likeness which one finds between men who practice some warping and strenuous trade. All policemen look like policemen, all sailors look like sailors and all kings look like labor leaders, or try to. These two were white with more than an indoor pallor; their lips were thin and scarlet; their eyes were still and dire like those of a snake. They were reptiles.

The waiter had laid their drinks before them and retired before they spoke.

"It is time we got to work again," said Toto.

Charlot drank and nodded with the glass yet at his lips.

"Luck to find the job," he agreed when he set it down. "Might do it clean and get away without being seen even. They saw too much of us up in the *faubourgs*."

"Yes," said Toto; "they did. Therefore, here "

Charlot nodded again. "Understood!" he said. "The old way—it's the only way. The old woman will be lucky not to wake."

Even their speech had the character of an utterance divorced from decent usage. In their mouths, the cut-diamond clarity of French was dulled and fouled; every third word was in the *langue verte*, the argot of the Paris criminal. These were refugees from a city stung to indignation by a swift series of robberies and murders in its ill-guarded suburbs. The Paris bandit does not leave a cloud of witnesses to identify him; to set eye on him is death. Toto and Charlot had cut a wide swath in the Passy neighborhood; a notable strangling of an old woman and her old servant in their beds had made things too hot for them; and now the slums to the west of Marseilles harbor sheltered them, and the villas of the Corniche dangled rewards before them.

They were men of few words. Their reconnoitering, their planning, had all been done very thoroughly. Madame St Laure's jewelry was known to them; also the plan of the bedrooms at her villa. There remained only to while away the day till the hour should come for the scaling of that rough-hewed wall, the entry, the robbery; then—what must happen would happen.

Toto emptied his glass in one draught "It will be hot this afternoon," he remarked, rising. "I shall sleep."

And the truth is, he slept, quietly, reposefully, like a baby, aware only of appetite. And Charlot slept beside him, while Monsieur St Laure, who had returned, shrewd and jolly from his office, for the occasion, and Madame St. Laure prepared for their visitors. And the little steamer, measuredly thudding in from the south, put Monte Cristo's island prison behind her and headed in to join them.

She was as unbeautiful as a truck. She was just one of those little thousand-ton tramps which move like shuttles upon the seas of the world and earn their dividends at an economical seven knots an hour. Upon her bridge, Captain Sampson, her master, already rigged for the shore in board-stiff blue serge and black bowler hat, leaned against the rail and watched the harbor pilot and exchanged talk with the flannel-clad young man who considered the lilies from a deck chair beside the wheel house.

"Change your mind, skipper," the young man was urging. "Just your missus and you and me! A bite of dinner up at the Londres to forget that cook of yours with. I'm sure Mrs. Sampson would like it."

The captain shook his large gray-thatched head. "Thankin' you all the same, sir," he replied "Can't be done this trip. I want to whip that hundred sacks of trash out of her as quick as the derricks can shift it, an' sweeten up my bunkers and get away again. Breakin' a passage like that"—the captain was voicing a grievance—"for a pocketful of plain dirt like you could dig out of any back yard, an' manifestin' it as samples for assay—well ——"

"Probably worth more than all the rest of your cargo with the ship thrown in," interrupted the young man cheerfully. "But coming back to more important matters—I s'pose I'd better not arrange to sleep ashore tonight?"

"Not unless you're fond of early rising," answered the captain. "I'll be hull under before you've finished manicuring your toe nails."

"I know now what is meant by a hell afloat," mourned the young man. "What with your missus stealing my books, an' that cook of yours practicing chemistry on me, and you wearing my socks ——"

The captain grinned. "Better say all that to the missus, sir," he said. "She'll have your answer for you. It's been as good as a tonic to her, havin' somebody on board to fight with."

"I'll go and say it now," said the other, and rose with the needful struggle from his low-pitched deck chair.

He had come aboard at Aden, where the Crowleigh—that was the name of the little steamer—lay coaling. He had given his name as Denis Forester, and beyond that he had explained himself only by the statement that he had been looking round a bit, and proposed to travel home to London in the Crowleigh. This in spite of the fact that the big mail steamers flit into and out of that cinder dump, Aden, like taxicabs at the doors of a hotel; and it was plain that he did not lack money. But there was not wanting in him, either, that perfect passport, a cheer and frankness of countenance, the great gift of being likable at sight and the obvious marks of caste and breeding. In age, he was something short of thirty, as in stature he was something short of six feet, thin in the flank, warmly sun-tanned and ready with smiles.

"But what d'you pick out this old scow for?" Captain Sampson had demanded. "We've got no passenger certificate, ye know. Iron decks and all—in the Red Sea! I'm askin' you, what does it look like?"

"Looks like love at first sight, doesn't it?" suggested Mr. Forester. He smiled openly at the captain's plump missus where she sat listening under the smoke-grimed poop awning.

"Take him, Jim!" said that lady promptly. "He'll find out what iron decks are like. Sign him on as lamp trimmer, shillin' a month. He can have the spare cabin."

Mr. Forester thanked her with a bow. The fare was arranged by the captain diffidently mentioning a figure and the passenger, who was to sign on as lamp trimmer, meeting it with immediate agreement and prompt payment. The two of them watched him as he departed shoreward to fetch his baggage.

"Queer, all the same, Lizzie," said the captain doubtfully.

The missus shook her head. "Queer to us, 'cos we'd make a bee line for a cool cabin and a quick run on a mail boat," she said. "But him—mail boats are no more to him than bumboats are to us."

Neither of them had met hitherto the true nomad who leaves his safe abode to go forth into the world and up and down in it for the love that he bears to it and its diversity of creatures. Since then they had shown him the character of iron decks in the Red Sea—the lid of a burning, fiery furnace which blistered the feet through the soles of one's shoes and on which the heat dazzle stood like smoke all day. They had fed him on canned stuff and salt stuff, manhandled by a Eurasian cook; and throughout it all he had preserved his humor and his equanimity. Ever since Moses, the Red Sea has been biting off more than it could chew.

He stood at the rail as the Crowleigh made fast to her wharf, waiting for the captain and taking in his first view in three years of Europe. The hills behind the city showed their mounting slopes of green, already parched by the splendid sun, while the city itself glowed and frothed with movement, thriving noisily like a bee-hive on a hot day.

(Continued on Page 62)

"Charlot?" He Said Feebly. "It Isn't Charlot," Answered Forester. "Lie as You are if You Don't Want to be Knocked About"

THE PAY OF NAPLES

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY was strangely depressed as he stared across the white-capped waters of the Mediterranean.

The night was perfect—a following sea and a warm, whistling wind; a sky of spangled blue velvet jeweled with a crescent moon. Astern to the left was Sardinia and behind the curtain of distance on the right crouched the mysterious coast of Africa. Ahead lay all of Italy—a country at present saturated with the promise of adventure for the twenty-one colored persons aboard the Napoli.

On the morrow these individuals—comprising a complete producing unit of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A.—were to set foot on foreign soil.

They were to be projected in a heap into the uncertainties of new peoples, new customs, and—worst of all—new languages.

From far for'ard came echoes of merriment. The steerage passengers were celebrating vociferously the nearness of home. Aft, where special tourist-third-cabin accommodations had been turned over to the Midnight organization, an impromptu quartet—sadly missing Florian's clear tenor—were rendering Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and, on completing that, swung violently and startlingly into an inapt popular number entitled Alabamy Bound. From the cabin quarters, above and amidships, came the toe-tickling strains of Prof. Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra dispensing music for the farewell dance.

Lights, merriment, gayety; and Florian Slappey, who should have been the very center of it all, was alone and unhappy. He was depressed by emotions which he could not understand. All he knew was that he craved solitude and lots of it, and so he scarcely heard the soft, insinuating voice which came from the darkness near him.

"Good evenin', m'sieu."

"Mph!" responded Mr. Slappey with unmistakable lack of cordiality.

"A mos' entrancin' evenin', *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Uh-huh. Reckon so."

"Tomorrow"—wistfully—"we set foot on ze shore of Italy."

"Yeh. So somebody tol' me. Now listen, mistuh ——"

"I am lonely," continued the soft voice in its halting, near-perfect English. "I like to talk weeth you."

Two Menacing Figures in Blue Uniforms Stood in the Shadows. Their Eyes Did Not Flicker, No Hint of a Smile on Their Lips

"Honest, mistuh ——" Florian turned impatiently, bent on dismissing the intruder.

But at sight of the man, Florian was stricken speechless. His eyes widened and he clutched the rail for support. Here indeed was a phenomenon; for the face which he saw limned clearly in the glow of the deck light did not blend at all with the soft, foreign accent. "Well, tickle my foots!" ejaculated Mr. Slappey. "You is a cullud feller!"

"Algerian," bowed the other. "But I have leeved in Amer-rica more than one year and I spoke English pairfect."

"Dawg-gone!"

"And also Italian I speak. I have leeved also in Napoli."

"Ain't you somethin'? All the places you been, I reckon you must never kep' still in yo' whole life."

"Ze zhentleman flatters me. I am not much travel . . . only little bit here and there; and the languages—Pf-f! They are nothing."

"Oh, no! They ain't nothin' a tall. Not a thing. Why, listen, feller—was I as modest as you, I'd git me a job bein' a violet," Florian said.

"Anybody can speak languages ——"

"I can't!" The admission came explosively. "An' it's the most thing I yearn to do."

Genuine worriment was reflected in Florian's countenance.

"I should be glad to teach you."

"Shuh! Us gits to Naples tomorrow afternoon."

"But I am a man of idleness," shrugged the other. "I should be most happy to attach myself to your mos' eentereating group ——"

"You don't really mean that?"

"I am *mos'* happy—if it would please you."

"Oh, golla! Tha's the fondest thing I'd be of."

The eyes of the suave stranger gleamed with a coldly speculative light.

"My name," he volunteered, "eet ees Pierre Arnaud."

"I is delicious to meet you, Pair. Mine is Florian. Florian Slappey."

"M'sieu Slappey."

"Musseer Arnaud."

"I 'ope we shall be fr-riends, m'sieu. I am in a most difficulty."

"Boy, you don't know nothin'! My middle name is Trouble an' I was born twins."

"It may be"—again that cold, hard gleam in the eyes of Pierre Arnaud—"that we can be of mutual assistance."

"Says which?"

"That we can help each other."

"Sweet honey what drips fum yo' lips. Tell me what ails you, Pair—an' I rectifies same immedjit."

Pierre hesitated. He was torn between doubt and grim necessity.

"Florian," he whispered, "I am desperate."

"Me an' you bofe."

"I have lost my passport!"

"An' you call that trouble?"

"Oh, *mais oui!* It is most serious catastrophe. Weethout a passport I cannot land in Italy. They would send me back to United States."

Mr. Slappey grinned broadly. "You showly brought yo' troubles to the right feller, Pair. Now listen at me: If I helps you out on the passport business, does you promise to stick aroun' a while with this company an' do the interpretin' fo' us?"

"But certainly. Only I ask ——"

"See Yonder," He Snapped, Designating the Statue. "Law! Me. Law! Want to See. Talk. Law!"

"You don't ask nothin'. Right now you answers. Does you does, or does you don't?"

"Of course."

"Good! Then tha's all settled."

"But, m'sieu, it ees not all settle'. How am I to land in Italy when I have lost my passport?"

Florian was too thoroughly delighted with himself to notice the tense, fierce alertness of his companion.

"I gits you a new passport."

"How?"

"Cinch. When us was gittin' our passports to come over, we wasn't shuah would Exotic Hines, our cam'r'man, be able to come, on account he had a sort of engagement to marry a lady. An' we arranged that should she catch up with him, we was to bring Jasper Sneed as head cam'r'man, an' of co'se we had to git him a passport. Now, while Jasper an' you don't look nothin' alike, that pitcher of his'n on the passport is so bum you coul'n' tell was it you or wasn't it, an' if you is willin' to be Mistuh Sneed ——"

Pierre Arnaud was quivering. Tears of gratitude welled to his eyes.

"*Mon frère*," he sobbed, "you have save my life."

"Shuah! That ain't nothin'. Jasper's passport ain't good to us on account Jasper is still in Bumminham, an' if you is willin' to keep my secret ——"

"I would die for you."

"Dyin' ain't gwine he'p me one bit. The allver you keeps the happier I gits. What I does fo' you ain't nothin'—but fo' me you does somethin' real. An' if you was to give away my secret ——"

"I am yo' slave!"

"Ain't you an accommodatin' feller?" Florian looked around the deck apprehensively and lowered his voice to

the faintest sort of whisper. "Pair, what kind of a job you reckon I got with this pitcher comp'ny?"

"You must be the king."

"Quit kiddin'. I ain't even the jack. An' does they find out somethin', I slips down below the deuce spot. Listen at this an' git you a laugh. I is the French interpreter!"

"A-a-ah! M'sieu speaks Fr-rench?"

"Not a word."

Pierre shook his head in puzzlement. "But if m'sieu does not speak ze Fr-rench, then how can he ——"

"Tha's what I want to know. Point is, Pair, the on'y job they had open was French interpreter, an' so I kidded 'em along I could talk it, see? Now you got to he'p me out an' keep ev'ybody fum knowin' that I don't speak the language. It's a big thing ——"

"It ees nothing, nothing at all."

"You do it?"

"Weeth plaisure."

"Pair!"

"Florian'"

"And thees passport—when do you geev it to me?"

"Oh, that?" The passport was a thing of trifling moment to Mr. Slappey. "I give you it right away if you waits heah."

Florian vanished in the direction of Orifice R. Latimer's cabin. The ponderous president of the Midnight organization was puzzling over a sheaf of documents when Florian entered, and he grunted indifferent assent to Mr. Slappey's request for a temporary loan of Jasper Sneed's passport. Florian returned to the rail and his new-found friend.

"Heah 'tis, Pair."

Mr. Arnaud gave the document a quick but thorough inspection. Florian did not notice that he appeared unduly happy, that there was even something in his manners which should have given warning of dire trouble.

"Tomorrow mawnin'," explained Florian, "I traduces you to all the comp'ny."

"A-a-ah! But, yes. An' it ees better that I remain weeth you until we land, that I may go ashore at the same time and get you in a fine hotel I know on the Piazza Amedao."

"Cheap?"

"Oh, mos' very! About thirty lire a day for each person."

"Thirty lire! Man alive, . . . How much real money is thirty lire?"

"It ees what you call one dollar and twenty cents. That ees not too much."

"Golla, no. But when you said it —— See you in the mawnin', Pair. I craves to go upstairs an' listen to some of Aleck Champagne's jazz music."

For perhaps ten minutes after Florian's departure the slender and wiry Mr. Pierre Arnaud stood motionless. A faint, triumphant smile played about his lips, his eyes blazed toward the coast of Italy, far beyond the midnight horizon, and then he walked with catlike tread to the stern of the ship, where, in the dim light, he drew from his pocket the passport of Pierre Arnaud. It was a very regular passport. Pierre looked it over carefully, then, holding it in one hand, he took a brief reassuring glance at the Jasper Sneed document.

Following that, Mr. Arnaud did a peculiar thing. He returned the Jasper Sneed passport to his pocket and moved to the rail with the other one in his hand. He smiled as he gave a quick glance about and then, with a gesture of unutterable relief, tossed his own passport into the Mediterranean.

"I think that weel fix things," he muttered. "And after I have landed weeth thees idiotic Slappey ——"

A gray haze hung over the sea when Florian appeared on deck the following morning. The atmosphere of the ship had changed overnight. The settled contentment of a long journey had vanished and in its stead had come the tense excitement immediately preceding landing. Passengers greeted one another with extraordinary cordiality, and from lip to lip flew the inevitable query: "What time do we reach Naples?"

Florian himself was as eager as the rest. His troubles had vanished into thin air, and though he held Pierre in some contempt for accepting a one-sided bargain, he yet knew that for a while at least his own position with the Midnight crowd was impregnable

Pierre Arnaud, simply clad in blue-serge suit and soft felt hat, and looking for all the world like an American negro, joined his friend.

"I greet you, m'sieu."

"An' I dittos you, Pair. How's tricks?"

"*Très* excellent. In fact, already I have place my suitcase in the cabin I was told you were occupying with a person named Potts."

"Tha's Welford Potts, one of our leading stars."

"Certainly. I should have known that anybody you shared a cabin weeth would be a great person."

"Hush yo' mouf, big boy! Always you flatters me!"

The morning was devoted to packing, general expectancy, hysterical uncertainty and the changing of dollars into lire. The Italian money excited considerable mirth; it seemed too much like newspapers and too little like currency. "You cain't honest spend this, can you, Pair?"

"But, certainly."

"Bet you. Le's us try."

They visited the bar where Florian asked for a package of cigarettes and timidly tendered a hundred lire in payment. He received the cigarettes and eighty-five lire in change.

"Hot ziggity dam! These is cigarette coupons sho nuff"

At 10:30 land was sighted, smoke-blue in the distance. The haze had lifted magically and the sun bathed the ocean in gold. At eleven o'clock the wireless operator sought the purser and the purser proceeded to the captain's cabin. A few minutes later an official notice was posted on the bulletin board.

"All passengers proceeding to Genoa must turn in their passports at the purser's office before two o'clock."

The passengers to Genoa inquired vociferously as to the reason for this pronouncement. It appeared that they were to be kept on shipboard during the six-hour stop at Naples. Finally they were given to understand that this would not be the case. Something had happened. There was somebody on board whom the Italian police were very anxious to find. It was not known what name he was using or in what class he was traveling, but the suspicion was that he was destined for Genoa. The Naples passengers were to be checked over just before landing; the others were to be permitted to go ashore later. Strangers eyed each other askance. Terrible thought—that there had been such a criminal aboard ship for eleven days.

No word of this, however, reached the special section of the tourist third cabin which had been reserved for, and occupied by, the twenty-one members of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A. That group was a unit, an entity, distinct and apart,

(Continued on Page 131)

"You Have Done Theese!" He Accused Bitterly. "It is to You I Owe Such What Has Happen' to Me"

WHY MEN GO UP IN BALLOONS

By CORLEY McDARMENT

Balloons at Birmingham, Alabama, About to Start in the International Race

A NIGHT storm was gathering over Central Illinois. It was midsummer. Two men in a balloon floated through the air several hundred feet below and about ten miles away from the danger area. Here the stars still winked overhead, but the two airmen peered off into the distance, where mountains of clouds, blacker than the ocean of night, were fanned by the yellow lightning, and where the flashes were answered by long rumbles that awoke memories of heavy guns laying a nervous barrage.

One of the men spoke. His voice trailed away with a hollow whisper, as it does in the sky. His companion answered in a surprised tone, but after several words were exchanged both men talked with a bit of enthusiasm. Presently one of the balloonists ran his hand along the edge of the wicker car to an open sack of sand. He scooped up a handful, swung his arm over the side and let the grains trickle out, and as the last grain went he held his palm flat for a moment to see if the sand came up to meet it.

A flash light was pressed upon a statoscope which hung in its leather cover upon a rope, and when the light fell on the curved slot of the instrument, the little bubble was breaking furiously to the right. When the light was turned off, the radium-tipped letters of the word "ascend" still glowed at the right end of the slot. The air began getting cooler, and more sand was dribbled out. Within a few minutes the balloon was on a level with the storm clouds and a brisk wind was encountered, which swung the big sphere toward the storm center. A little gas was valved out—just enough to check the ascent and hold the equilibrium, for this was the wind the airmen wanted to ride.

Riding a Storm

AFTER riding this wind for about a quarter of an hour the balloon was close to the storm. The peaks of the cloud mountains began curling up and damping out the stars; the fan flashes of lightning became vivid tricklings which set off terrible salvos of thunder. But the balloon bore on.

One of the men in this balloon was known as the "storm-riding meteorologist." He was a young scientist, poet, doctor of philosophy, an assistant in the United States Weather Bureau at Washington, and a former balloon officer in the Army. The other man was a skilled balloon pilot, an Army officer and an aeronaut of note. The young scientist was in quest of certain data on wind action and direction. These data would be most valuable in forecasting the weather, and correct weather forecasting meant that millions of dollars would be saved for the farmers in the Corn and Wheat belts.

The only way to find out about the wind currents, especially the ones in the vicinity of storms, of which there was practically no knowledge, was to go up and take notes. An airplane would not do, because it flies on its own power. The only thing that rides the air currents is a balloon, and the two men were using the only human means available to obtain these valuable scientific data.

Airships Become Free-Floating Balloons When Accidents Happen, and Must be Handled as Such

Going Up

BUT not all men who ascend in balloons go for such far-reaching purposes or take the chances of the storm-riding meteorologist and his companion.

Ballooning holds a fascination for mankind—or for at least a part of it. A crowd can be collected any time and anywhere on the news that a balloon ascension is to be made. Airplanes that swoop across the sky attract attention and admiration, and people talk about them excitedly, but when a balloon goes up there is silence and awe.

There is something majestic about seeing a big balloon rise slowly from the ground with a human being. Perhaps it is the uncertainty of the thing. Nobody knows where a balloon is going when it gets up, not even the man in it. But people who have made many trips in balloons are fascinated with the sensation of floating along on the wind in a natural sort of way. Indeed, it has been asserted by biologists that human beings hold a natural desire to float upward on the wings of the wind, somewhat butterflylike, and that this curious longing is a memory that harks back through the eons when the Rhamphorhynchus ancestors of man soared and squealed over dark Mesozoic lakes. The flying dreams that people have are strangely like the sensations of ballooning.

It is impossible to classify men who go up in balloons, or give all the reasons why they go. Several years ago, when balloons were much more of a curiosity than now, men went up at county fairs for $500, if they could get it; if not, $300. Some men belong to the lighter-than-air sections of armies or navies and they have to go up to earn their salary. One good reason why some men should know everything about balloons is to be able to handle big dirigible airships. It is not

A Balloonist Inspecting Valves

generally known, but every man on a dirigible airship should know how to handle a free balloon when necessary. This is because airships become free balloons when disabled and they must be handled as such. When the Shenandoah broke up in an Ohio storm the part of the crew that found themselves on one of the broken sections put their balloon knowledge to work and saved their lives.

Some men, private citizens, keep balloons for the fun of it and make flights for the thrill. The war flooded the balloon market, and many people have balloons salted away waiting for the urge to blow them up and be off again on the wind. Many a man has gone up for the same reason the fabled bear went over the mountain—just to see what he could see.

The history of ballooning is filled with hair-raising adventure, much romance and considerable tragedy. Take the case of the storm-riding meteorologist and his companion, mentioned earlier. The two men were on a level with the clouds and were bearing dead into the storm. It was their intention to float around the heaviest clouds and chart the winds that go into the making of a storm, and then escape by ascending to an air current that would bear them away. The lightning flashed wildly that night, as people who recall the storm can affirm. At exactly 10:48 P.M. the scientist wrote in the log book:

"Altitude 7000 feet, direction of wind NE, dropped one bag of sand, temperature 36, taking altitude to try to go eastward and avoid low."

The "low" referred to was the core of the storm.

A small graph-lined sheet of paper from the drum of the self-registering barograph, examined later, showed by the ink line that an altitude of 7000 feet had been maintained for about four minutes. Then the pen had struck across the graph lines at a sharp angle, making a heavy mark that ended in a splatter of purple ink. That paper told a vivid story to flying men.

A farmer living in the district where the storm struck told a board of investigating officers later that at 11:15 P.M. or thereabouts, he heard a terrific crash of thunder and the whole sky lighted up red. He thought it was somebody's barn burning. Another man swore he saw a red light in the sky at about 11:30. Both men were questioned closely to discover if the light they saw had the typical yellow or bluish color characteristic of electrical discharge, but they declared it was red. Another man said that at 11:15 he saw a red light in the sky and thought it was a meteor.

"There was a big flash of lightning and a meteor fell right afterward—a big red one. No, it didn't look exactly like any I had ever seen before, but I didn't know what else it could be."

Easy Formulas for Beginners

EVERYBODY around in that vicinity declared it was a terrible night—"worst storm in years"—this night when the thunder crackled and the sound broke into moaning reverberations that trailed the fleeting souls of the two airmen through the icy caverns of midnight space.

Ballooning will probably never die out. Ever since 1783, men have been going up in balloons; sometimes they came down all right and sometimes they did not; several people have gone up and have not returned to earth to this day, so far as anybody knows.

On July 11, 1897, three men started from Spitzbergen to the North Pole by balloon and have not yet returned.

There has been no looking back on the art of ballooning since the first public ascension in 1783. The idea of sailing on the wind had of course circulated in the minds of men many centuries before the first real balloon was constructed.

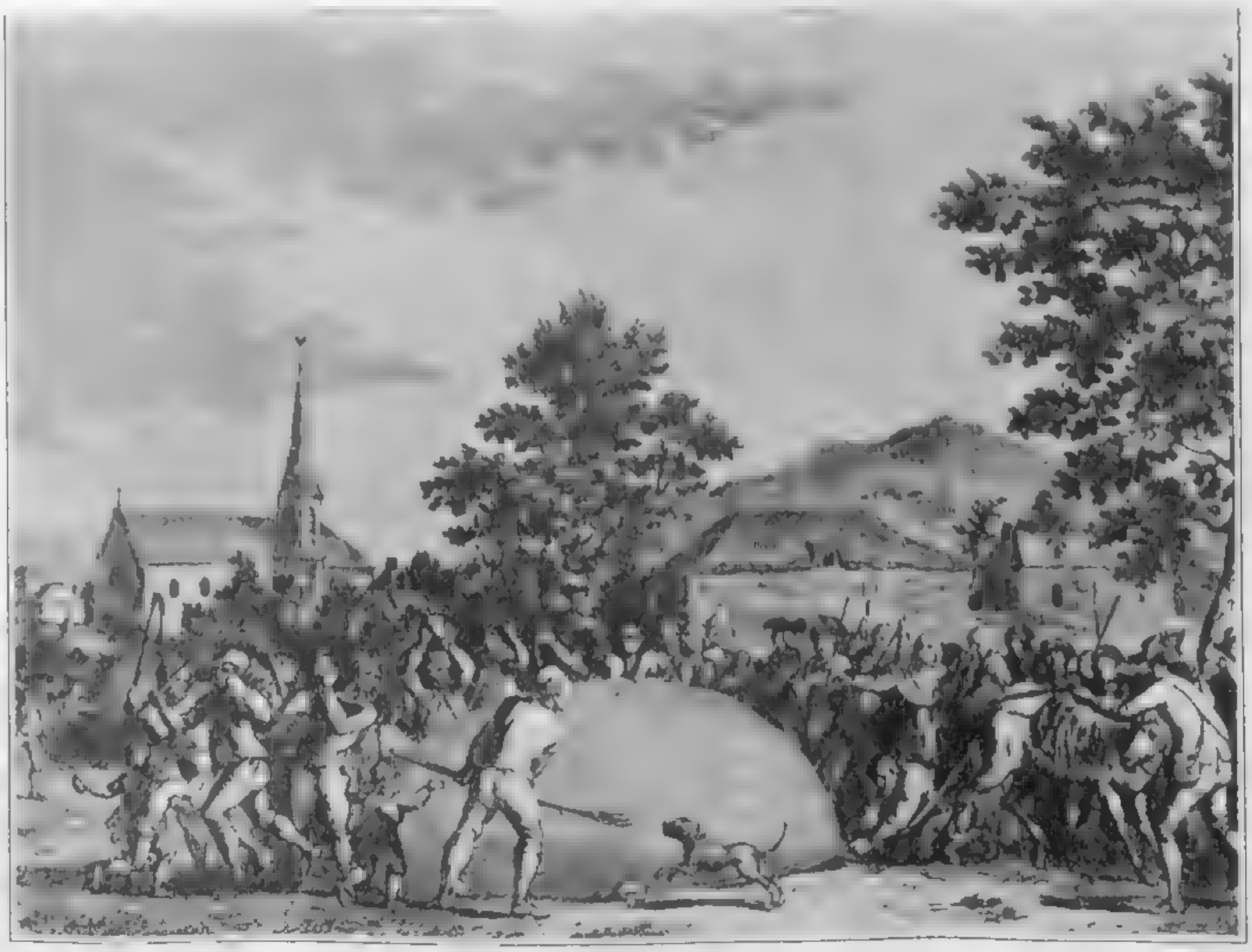
Back in the thirteenth century Albertus Magnus, in writing on the wonders of Nature, gave a good empirical recipe for ascending and floating away.

An Early Balloon Ascension. Note the Decorations

"Take one pound of sulphur," wrote the great Albertus, "two pounds of willow carbon; six pounds of rock salt, ground very fine in a marble mortar. Place when you please in a covering made of flying papyrus to produce thunder. The covering, in order to ascend and float away, should be long, graceful and well filled with this fine powder."

But before Albert turned his recipe loose upon the world Father Galien of Avignon had already put out a practical-sounding method of ascending to mountain tops, in his book on the Amusing Things of Physics and Geometry. His entertaining scheme was to climb high mountains and capture bags of the rarefied atmosphere, haul it down, empty it into receptacles which should be tied down firmly with heavy ropes. The next step was to tie a chariot to one of these receptacles, take a seat in the chariot, and then have some close friend or relative cut the ropes. The light air would naturally try to go back home to the mountain top and

(Continued on Page 48)



The Landing of the First Balloon. The French Peasants Thought the Balloon Was a Strange Monster, and When It Fell They Shot at It, Charged Upon It With Pitchforks and Pistols, and Ended in Tying It to a Horse's Tail and Having It Torn to Pieces

PEOPLE AGAINST CASTANO

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

MISS HAIDEE IRIS ZAHN—Hedwig Irmgard *getauft* at the instance of parents who should have known better—lifted yearning blue eyes from a motion-picture magazine and looked through her cashier's wicket at the doorway of her father's hardware store on Third Avenue in the Forties.

Antony Castano, cut-stone and marble contractor, stood in the doorway as if subdued to the stuff he worked in; that rapt look from behind the wicket had stopped him dead in the tracks of his Number Eleven work shoes. He had hoped, but without confidence, that she would look at him some day like that. His black eyes glowed, seeming to expand; his lips parted, showing teeth of a strength and perfection to bite a nail in half. With any other girl than this most beautiful and desirable of all girls he would not have lacked assurance; he was a lean and powerful young man whose well-cut profile was topped off by a mass of close-curled black hair, and he would have been a fit subject for the yearning glances of any girl of twenty if his warm olive skin had not been sickled over with the pale dust from his marble saws, and if his clothing had been his Sunday best.

But now the yearning went from Haidee's eyes like a light blown out; they became hard as polished granite blocks, dark as Brescia violet.

"Oh," she said. "And what brought you here, Mr. Castano, of all things?"

"My bus out there," he said, trying to carry it off lightly, and he nodded toward the small auto truck behind the ash wagon at the curb.

"Oh," she said, looking at the ash wagon and its dirty crew. "Have you given up the marble business then, Mr. Castano?"

"Listen," he said, leaning on the brass plate of her cage and trying to smile into her averted eyes, "what are you doing tomorrow night? How about you and me taking in the masked ball of the marble bosses' association at Tammany Hall? I got tickets."

"What is it," she asked; "some wop *fiesta?*"

"No, nor a Dutch *Schützenfest* either," he said.

"To call any nation out of their name, Mr. Castano, is very ignorant," she said. "I'll thank you to know I'm not Dutch or my father. Maybe you better go back there and talk to him "

"Don't rush me," he said. "I'm going to talk to your father. What do you suppose I came in for?"

Like hers, his speech was clipped and flat, the speech of the uncultivated New Yorker; like her, he was a generation removed from the immigrant ship.

The door opened again, letting in a January blast and a middle-aged man in a smart soft hat of Viennese plush and a fur coat.

The newcomer, a man of average height, with round and heavy face that was dusky red on the cheeks, walked to the wicket; Antony Castano stepped back.

"Good morning, Mr. Mahler," said Haidee with a brilliant smile. She glanced through the window at a large closed car enameled in garish Chinese yellow.

"How do you like it?" he said in a slow and heavy voice, resting his furred elbows on the brass plate. His thick lips were curved in a slow smile; the heavy lenses of his glasses made his eyes seem huge. He took the cigar from his mouth and blew a thread of smoke toward her. "And how's my sweetheart this morning? True to me, are you, dear?"

"True unto death, Mr. Mahler," she said, turning her head slightly and looking seductively at him from under sweeping eyelashes. She knew that Antony Castano, in his sanguine way, was hating Mr. Mahler at this instant with all the veins of his heart; having a feminine liking for proving love by torment, that was just one more reason why she should make Mr. Mahler find pleasure in his visits to the store.

He Was at the Head of the Last Flight When He Saw Looming Before Him the Bulky Shape of a Policeman in Uniform

Mr. Mahler seemed to become conscious of a malign influence; he turned slowly and surveyed Antony Castano, and turned back, not bating anything of the fixity of his smile while so moving.

Mr. Zahn came bustling from the glass-inclosed office in the rear. He was a brisk old fellow, naturalized American, with standing gray hair and pudgy features.

"Hello, Mr. Mahler!" he shouted, hurrying forward to put both hands on his visitor in hearty greeting. "Want to see me, ain't it? But you got to always talk to the girls yet, hey? Hah, hah! Well, well, come right in, my boy!"

He saw Antony Castano and nodded stiffly. "Good morning, sir. Are you waited on? Go right along there, Mr. Mahler! You know the way to the boss' office, ain't it?"

He followed his honored visitor.

"Who's the guy?" asked Antony. "He seems to stand pretty well around here. Do you know what I was wondering just then? I was wondering how he'd look standing on his head."

"Mr. Castano! If you come here to stand our customers on their heads ——"

"You know why I come here, don't you?" he said, paling. "I'll tell you, if you don't." But he didn't tell her. He said instead, weakly blustering, "I come here because your father's got the cheapest line of prices in New York, that's why. So long as he can sell me first-class goods below wholesale, I'll keep coming in."

He moved to the middle of the store, and went to inspecting a rack of hammers. Haidee studied her motion-picture heroes. Mr. Zahn's two sales clerks—recently hired because of the store's sudden prosperity—returned from delivering an ice box.

Customers drifted in from noisy Third Avenue. Four of them were present, turning their heads curiously when the door to the rear office opened and let out a clamor of contending voices.

Mr. Mahler walked out into the store; his constitutional smile had been altered, by a slight adjustment, into a sneer. He was not at all excited; he puffed his cigar slowly and steadily; he was a cold man.

Mr. Zahn stalked after him, sputtering. His eyes glistened and his face was inflamed with anger. When Mr. Mahler halted, Mr. Zahn came close up to him, standing sideways like a pugilist, making butting gestures with his shoulders, holding his clenched fists together at his large waist—an innately pacific man meditating an assault and battery, rather aghast at the idea of violence, and coaxing to be driven too far.

"Forty years in business," he sputtered, lifting a hand to his throat and shaking the other fist, "and never owed nobody nothings. I got mein honor, ain't it? I told you what you could do yet—you go to hal, you crook, you! You heard me, ain't it?"

"Shut up, you old fool," warned Mr. Mahler; and he swept the auditors with a deprecating smile.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Zahn?" asked Antony with Latin silkiness.

"You mind your own business," said Mr. Mahler.

"Out of mein store!" shouted Mr. Zahn, thrusting himself against Mr. Mahler, but keeping his fists down.

"Get away," said Mr. Mahler, pushing him so that he reeled back, and turning to make a dignified exit.

Antony closed large and knuckly hands on Mr. Mahler, shook the combativeness out of him with a single motion, and ran him stumbling to the door and hurled him out onto the sidewalk. Mr. Mahler fell on his knees but got to his feet at once, adjusted his hat and coat and cigar, resumed his smile and walked serenely to his yellow car.

"And the next time I catch you looking crooked at that girl," shouted Antony from the doorway, "I'll kill you!"

The customers and clerks hurried to ask questions. "What's up, Jack?" "What'd he do?" "Say, what's coming off here?"

"Insulted the lady," said one, willing to give information if he couldn't get it.

"Made some crack to her, did he? They ought to knock his block off."

Mr. Mahler departed in a cloud of blue smoke. Mr. Zahn had arrived at the entrance. The rage had gone from him, leaving him flaccid. His lips drooped and his eyes were pleading. "Mr. Mahler," he called. "You ain't mad, are you? I didn't mean—where is he yet?"

"I threw him out, Mr. Zahn," said Antony satisfiedly.

"Who asked you to butt in?" cried Mr. Zahn, rounding on his protector. "You mind your own business, understand?"

Antony glared at him in grieved surprise, and then glanced at Haidee. She gave no sign.

"Oh, all right, if that's how you feel about it," said Antony sulkily, and he walked from the store, climbed into his car and went off without a backward glance.

That afternoon he was superintending one of the small competitive jobs he had under way—installing four hundred dollars' worth of Vermont base and trim in the main hall of an apartment house under construction on upper Broadway—when Haidee came to the entrance. She looked under the low scaffolding on which plasterers were working, and saw him crouched down by a wall where he was shouting pithy Italian into the dull ear of a pipe-smoking marble setter. But he heard her light call at once, and crawled out to her.

Now that he stood before her, with something of sulkiness replacing his first radiant smile, she seemed uncertain of her errand

She said, "I'm afraid for papa. But what can you do? You can't do anything. I knew you were working here, and—I was just passing by, and I just thought I'd speak to you."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's nearly crazy. I'm afraid something will happen. I never saw him so upset. He's gone over to see Mr. Mahler, and—oh, I don't know what I best do. Should I go and see nothing happens?"

"What's the matter between him and Mahler?"

"Never mind," she said. "No, I shouldn't come here. I'll go—or should I? But you can't go. Go on with your work."

"Come here!" he called, walking slowly after her. She had started away.

"Never mind!" she called back, walking faster

She hurried up Broadway to Ninety-fifth Street and turned the corner, going west. He bent down and shouted a direction to the marble setter and went quickly after her.

The sun was looking through the trees on top of the Palisades across the Hudson, and West Ninety-fifth Street was still bright. He saw her a block away, crossing West End Avenue and holding on toward a street of elevator apartment houses between West End and Riverside. She went some distance down the block and turned in under an iron-and-glass marquee

He noted the house and entered it a minute later. The main hall of the house was deserted except for a colored West Indian in a dingy uniform cap and his own clothes, this functionary sat at the switchboard and read a law book with the help of tortoise-shell spectacles and an occasional licking of his thumb.

"Where did that lady go that came in here just now, George?" asked Antony

"Sah?" said the colored man without moving "Is you addressing me?"

"Who do you think?" said Antony, whose repair jobs had given him an acquaintance with colored West Indians that had not ripened into love. "A lady came in here just now, and I'm a friend of hers. What apartment did she go to?"

"If you's a friend of the person, sah," said the West Indian, licking his thumb and obviously proposing to drop the subject and study more law, "you mus' certainly know where she gone. I suggest the servants' entrance, sah, in the cellar"

"Listen, chocolate," said Antony, "another wise crack like that and I'll wash you red. What apartment did she go to?"

"Sah, them words is actionable for menacing with mayhem," said the colored man. "Don' you go thinking you can come bustin' in here and—pardon, sah, pardon. I didn' jus' comprehend the drift of your remarks. I'll call up, sah. What's the name, please?"

He plugged into the switchboard and said, "Hello—hello. Don't answer, sah," he said.

The elevator bell had been ringing. The colored man got up, went to the car, entered it, and ascended out of sight.

Mr. Mahler Turned Slowly and Surveyed Antony Castano

Antony glanced at the switchboard, and started up the stairs to Apartment 4-A. He knew that it would be on the fourth floor and that he would find the indicating letter on the apartment door. It was evidently the apartment to which Miss Haidee Iris Zahn had gone.

It was dark in the elevator hall above, and Antony had to light matches to find the door to Apartment 4-A, and to locate the bell button. When questioned later, he explained his wait of several minutes in the hall outside the door by saying that he pushed the button four times without response. It is to be supposed that the bell was disconnected, but it was in order and answered when tried by the district-attorney's investigator some weeks later.

Antony, then, got no answer to his attempted ring, but he heard muffled voices in the apartment and kept trying. The voices were indistinct but loud and hurried; he was pushing the button for the last time when he heard two pistol shots from beyond the barrier

"Open that door!" he yelled then. "Open up here, I say!"

He beat on the door with his fists and kicked it. He raised such a row that the colored man heard him in the hall below and came up in the car.

"Get away f'om there," called the West Indian through the cage. "She ain't in there!"

"Open up!" shouted Antony, throwing himself against the door. Then to the West Indian: "Get the key! Get the pass-key, you fool!"

"I'll get the police, and they'll get you if you's here when I come back," warned the colored man, sending his car down again.

Antony drove his heavy shoulder against the door; it buckled slightly, springing the bolt, and he burst into the apartment. A tentative endeavor was made later to show that he could not have broken that door without the use of some tool, the conception being that he had come prepared to break the door. An examination of the door did not support that notion: the backing of its tin sheathing was gumwood, or sap hazel—weak stuff

A center ceiling light was burning in the foyer of the apartment. It showed a library table of fumed oak directly beneath it, two straight-backed refectory chairs, a hall stand, a bulging valise of English fashion, a pistol on an imitation Oriental rug and the trousered legs of a man. The man was tumbled under the table, his fur overcoat was hitched toward his sprawling shoulders and his left cheek was flattened against the rug. His head was pressed against the bookshelf of the table, and his neck was twisted awry. Antony had seen men lie so who had fallen in

(Continued on Page 93

"Well, I Buy Off of Him Ten or Twelve Bills of Goods, and Sehr Billig—Cheap—for Altogether Maybe Sixteen Thousand Dollars"

No Statement From Mr. Gunn

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

NOW get this, son; I ain't seein' any reporters. Absolutely. Yeauh, I know all about that, too, but this old-home-town stuff don't go very strong with me. Not that I'm tryin' to give anybody the high hat, or have grown snooty on account of what I've done. I'm just as democratic as the next one, but this line about so many old friends and fellow citizens bein' anxious to hear all the details is a lotta bunk. I've got about as many dear old chums in South Adnock as an egg has corners, and nobody knows it better than me. Besides, I didn't come back here to get my name in the papers. No, I stopped off to tend to one particular little job, and when I finish that up, in about an hour from now, I'm gonna roll on as quiet as I come.

Eh? Oh, that'll be all right! You won't be fallin' down exactly. You just tell 'em it can't be done. From the Evenin' Record, ain't you? The Wretched, we used to call it, and I expect that's still a close fit. A bum sheet. 'Course, you don't have to admit it. New on the staff, ain't you? I don't seem to remember your face. Just outa college, eh? Well, that accounts. And I suppose old man Whipple sent you up here? He would. Musta heard how I'd cleaned up down there; and believe me, the only thing that old bird bends his neck for is the dollar sign. Well, listen: You tell Whipple you seen Mr. E. L. Gunn and that Mr. Gunn said he had no statement to give out.

Anyhow, you can start with that, for I expect you'll print something or other. I don't look for you to lay off altogether, understand. Just so long as it ain't official. No quotes, you know. You see, I was in this newspaper game myself once. Why, sure! On the Wretched too. Well, not exactly on the editorial side. Mechanical. I was press-room helper—wiped the rollers, carried the mail bundles to the post office and sometimes ran the small jobber. That's how I know old Whipple so well. Say, he's some rare old buzzard, ain't he? And a slave-driver that would have Simon Legree lookin' like Santa Claus. When you're workin' for him he begrudges the time you use up blowin' your nose or askin' for a match. Uh-huh, fired me for stoppin' to tell the press feeder how I saw his sweetie at the pitcher show with another feller. No notice, no nothin'. "This is no church sociable," says he. "Get out!" Just like that. So I ain't crazy about old Whipple.

And there's others in this dump I ain't got any use for. Doc Stone, the druggist. I worked there for a while, packin' the cream freezer and the soda fountain, openin' boxes, deliverin' phone orders; and because I used to josh the clerks a little, he gave me the air. Pink Curtis that manages the Five and Ten is another. He takes out his red-headed disposition on me for answerin' back when some of the girls starts razzin'. Yeauh, you gotta be a reg'lar dummy to hold a job in this town, and that never did come natural to me. I can work and talk at the same time. Easy, but you can't make 'em see it. What queered me here, I expect, was gettin' tagged with a fool nickname. You've heard, I suppose? Gabby Gunn; got that hung on me in grammar school, all on account of my askin' a few questions now and then, and stallin' off the teachers with a little argument when I didn't have the lesson. Didn't do any harm, did it? And generally there was something I wanted to know about that wasn't clear. Not that my head was any thicker'n the others, but they'd sit there without darin' to peep while I'd speak right up. So they got to callin' me Gabby. I didn't mind—then.

But it's funny how a thing like that will stick to you, 'specially in a small burg like this. I'll bet there wasn't more'n half a dozen in the whole place that ever knew my right name was Ernest. I was just Gabby Gunn. And somehow it worked against me. When Uncle Amos took me out of school and told me to go rustle a job, I found I was carryin' a handicap. No matter how hard I tried or how useful I was, I was listed as Gabby Gunn, and they was watchin' for me to live up to it. Well, you know how that works out? Give a dog a bad name. First thing I'd know I'd have the can tied to me. And every time I got fired Uncle Amos put up a holler. Always was more or less of an old crab, anyway, and never got over squealin' about how I shouldn't have been wished on him when there was Aunt Sallie, down in Worcester, that might have taken me just as well as not—and Aunt Sallie a widow with three of her own to take care of. He's checked out, though. Left me the fam'ly Bible and his silver watch. You can't live very long off'n a Bible and an old key winder. And I'm out to say I put in a couple of hard years right here in South Adnock among all these dear old friends and admirin' fellow citizens. Yeauh, I went cold and hungry and ragged among 'em, and they seemed to think it was about what was comin' to Gabby Gunn.

That wasn't the worst either. It was what was handed me by a girl that cut deepest. 'Course, this ain't anything you'll get excited over, young feller, or any stuff you can print; but if it's usin' up any of old Whipple's time to feed it to you, why, I'm satisfied. Besides, I'd kinda like to get it off my chest. You don't happen to know Ella Spooner, do you? No, I expect not. She wouldn't be figurin' in the society notes or givin' afternoon bridge parties or appearin' in amateur theatricals. But the Spooners used to live next door to us, down on Elm Street. Do yet, I expect. Only they had a nice, neat-painted, two-story house, flower garden in front, bathroom and everything, while the shack Uncle Amos had was —— Well, it was just a one-story shack, the clapboards well weathered up, a fine crop of plantain and burdocks in the front yard, some of the blinds saggin', a few windowpanes out and the holes stuffed with old coats and such.

But Uncle Amos wasn't much on fixin' up, and mostly he was workin' steady at the chair fact'ry for next to nothin' a week. Then he had the cookin' to do and his clock to work on. Wonderful clock, that. Eight feet high and all made out of little pieces of wood, thousands of 'em, set in patterns; and the face showed how the moon was and when the sun set and rose and what time it was in Paris and London and San Francisco. He'd been putterin' at it ever since I could remember and it wasn't done when he passed out. Willed it to the Grand Army Post, and the last I knew it was stored in the cellar of the Nugent Block.

So you can see I wasn't no pampered pet. I got fed after a fashion, and now and then he'd buy me a suit of clothes, but outside of that I shifted for myself. Mostly, when I wasn't in school, I hung out at Nick's pool parlor or around Kelly's garage, tellin' 'em how I was gonna strike it rich some day and what I'd do when I did. That would always get a laugh, 'specially the part about my rollin' back here in a shiny big car smokin' a twenty-five-cent cigar. By the way, son, better have one—in that box on the bureau. Stick one in your pocket too. Flash it on old Whipple and tell him Mr. Gunn has 'em made special for him in Tampa.

Yeauh, they thought it was funny, me sayin' what a whale of a guy I was gonna be some day. But I didn't care. I knew I had it in me —— Felt it, right here. Used to tell Ella about it, too, when she'd listen. 'Course, she'd only giggle. That's the easiest thing Ella does, though, and it don't mean no more than breathin' to her. One of

Ella Says She Don't Know How I Come to be There and Giggles When I Get Thrown Out on My Ear. Giggles!

these fatties, Ella is. But I like 'em that way, being such a skinny myself; and there was something about Ella's giggle that kinda got me—so sort of chuckly and good-natured, as if she was laughin' with you instead of at you.

Anyhow, Ella Spooner was about the only girl that ever took any notice of me at all, what with me always being dressed so poor and this long nose of mine and the face pimples. I dunno as you could blame 'em. But Ella wasn't such a star with the boys either, on account of her weight. So we kinda teamed up. Anyhow, she'd let me walk home from school with her sometimes, unless the South Siders got to teasin' us too hard. Their favorite act was to follow along, when they spotted us together, shoutin':

"Simple Simon
Met a pieman,
Simple, Simple Simon!"

Which was because Ella's old man kept a bakery, and I was supposed to be kinda simple on account of keepin' my mouth open. Adenoids—I had 'em out only last winter.

'Course, when they started ridin' us that way, I'd have to stop and let 'em take it out on me while she went on. I couldn't fight, but I always could put up an argument that would get 'em switched to something else; anything from who had the first swim in mill brook last spring to when the circus was comin' again.

Then Ella'd shy away from me for a few days until she forgot or got lonesome for somebody to giggle at. I'll admit I liked her a lot, even if she did have a double chin and walked with a waddle. There was something in that easy, friendly smile that was sort of soothin', 'specially to a kid like me that hardly anybody ever looked at that way. She had nice eyes, too—light blue and kinda dreamy. And I used to like to watch the dimples come and go in her cheeks and the way the little wisps of light hair curled about her soft neck. She had such a clean look too.

But her strong point was that she'd listen while I told her how I wasn't always gonna stick around South Adnock, but that one of these days I meant to slide out and get to where folks didn't kid me, and strike it rich. Then she'd giggle. Afterward, though, she'd stare at me and ask:

"How rich, Gabby? Like Mr. Otis Adams, that owns the woolen mill?"

"Aw, him!" I'd say. "Why, I'll be able to buy and sell Ote Adams."

"Honest?" Then more giggles. "But what you gonna do to get that much?"

"Oh, I can't tell yet," I'd say. "Oil maybe, or gold up in Alaska. There's a lot they ain't found yet; or I might just stop in New York and hit that Wall Street game for a gool. When I do, though, know what I'm gonna do?"

"What?" she'd ask

"Come back for you, Ella," I'd tell her. "You'll wait, won't you?"

'Course she never quite said she would, but she didn't say she wouldn't, either. But she didn't have to say. We got thick, all right. There was evenings on her side porch —— Well, you know, I thought I could count on Ella. But say, you can't trust any of 'em. I got wised up to that later on. In a pinch they'll double-cross you. Ella did, when her old man found me waitin' in the swing seat behind the honeysuckle vines one evenin'; says she don't know how I come to be there and giggles when I get thrown out on my ear. Giggles!

Well, that was my finish in South Adnock. I'd just been fired by Doc Stone, and it didn't look like anybody in town had any use for me. So I walked out on the whole lot. Actually, I mean. With only what I stood in and a week's pay in my pocket I started hiking down the state highway.

Now, most fellers, in a case like that, would end up in a hobo camp, wouldn't they? I didn't. You can call it luck or anything you like, but I knew I had it in me to make good. You see, I'm different. I knew I was never meant to be a bum, and when you feel like that you can't lose Not if you stay with it.

Look what happens to me: The second day out, down near Hartford, I stops to watch a guy tryin' to put a blow-out patch on a flivver roadster. He was makin' a botch job of it, too, so I steps in and shows him how—havin' helped often in such work at Kelly's. Well, he gives me a lift and, naturally, we got talkin'. I tells him how sore I was on South Adnock, and why, and how my girl had turned me down and everything.

"Where you headed for?" he asks.

"Anywhere," says I.

"Huh!" says he.

He don't make any more cracks for a while after that Then one of his spark plugs soots up and I gets that firin' for him, and pretty soon he loosens up about himself Seem's he's an assistant head waiter who's just closed a punk season at some White Mountain resort. Penney's the name—Milton Penney. He's got a couple of months before he's due on his winter job, so he's bought this second-hand boiler and plans to save carfare by drivin' South in it But he's already decided it's gonna be a lonesome trip and that he don't know much about balky motors.

"How about going clear through with me?" he asks.

"How far?" says I.

"Florida," says he

"You've bought a passenger," says I.

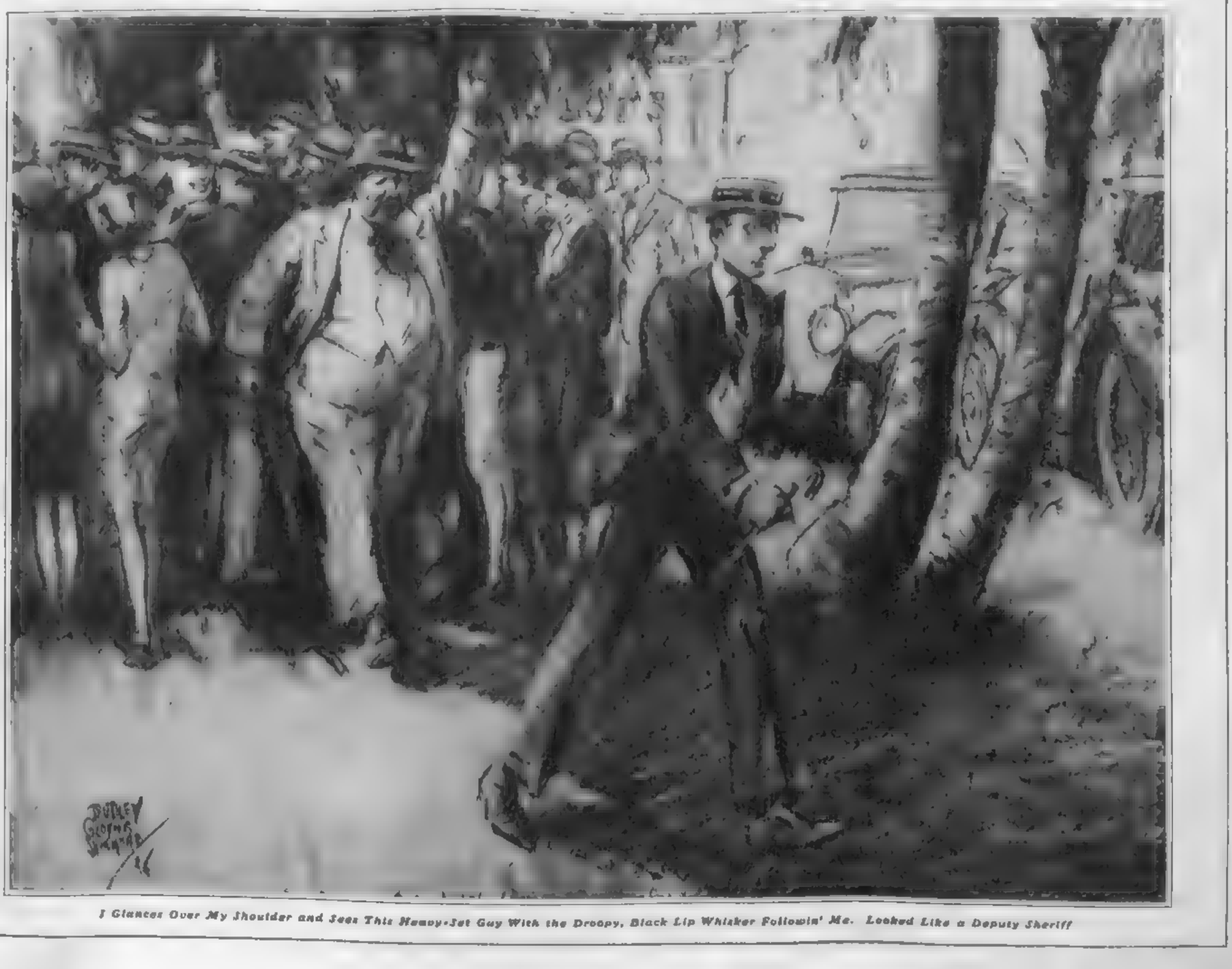
He tells me I'll have to sleep in the car nights and rustle my own grub.

"That don't make me scared," says I. "I guess I got enough to get through on. But after I get there, what?"

"If the chief hasn't signed up a full force," says he, "you might edge in on some kitchen work. I don't guarantee anything."

"You don't have to, Mr. Penney," says I. "I been hearin' about this Florida boom and I don't care how

(Continued on Page 116)



I Glances Over My Shoulder and Sees This Heavy-Set Guy With the Droopy, Black Lip Whisker Followin' Me. Looked Like a Deputy Sheriff

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription To the United States and Possessions Argentina, Bolivia Brazil Chile Colombia, Costa Rica Cuba Dominican Republic Ecuador, Guatemala Haiti Isle of Pines, Labrador Mexico Newfoundland Nicaragua Panama, Paraguay Peru Republic of Honduras Salvador Spain and Uruguay $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.00 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above by subscription post paid, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 17, 1926

The Only Help Worth While

NO CIVILIZED country in the world is entirely free from the spreading plague of paternalism. Always an enervating influence, paternalism never does more to sap the virility of a nation than when it takes the form of organized effort to make the effectives carry the ineffectives, to force the thrifty and energetic to provide for the shiftless and idle and to compel those who achieve modest success by living useful lives to bear the burden of the defectives, the lame ducks and the human misfits.

Examples of such efforts which have the compulsion of law behind them are the various dole systems, the subvention of mismanaged industries, old-age pensions, public-housing enterprises, and all the similar devices which have been put into operation in sundry European countries within the past decade. Work becomes agony to him who has been paid for loafing. Old-age pensions may suppress the natural urge toward thrift and prudence; and so on down the line. I Should Worry is the motto of the beneficiaries of these measures. No other would fit.

In America we have been comparatively free from the inroads of this plague, but we can scarcely hope to continue forever unscathed by it. Within recent months state housing schemes were seriously discussed in New York; a subvention for the gold-mining industry was asked for on the stated ground of public policy; and costly uneconomic schemes are forever springing up like mushrooms after September rains.

Over considerable sections of the country there is a deep-rooted belief in the minds of voters that the nature of their activities is such that every time they fail in their endeavors, whether through scarcity of capital, ignorance of their business, lack of energy, bad judgment or imperfect methods, Uncle Sam should come bustling to the rescue, solve their difficulties, set them on the path to Easy Street and charge up the cost to the nation as a whole.

There are two great groups of ineffectives which it is now fashionable to expect the state to dry-nurse and keep from distressful want. In the first group are the sick, maimed and unfortunate, the defective and criminal classes and the intemperate, the shiftless and the improvident. Civilization is so accustomed to this exaction that it makes the best of it; but now comes a second and newer group which also demands preferential treatment. The ineffectives of this group are of a far higher type. They are able-bodied, hard-headed and for the most part industrious. They are ineffective only because they are unable to employ their labor to the best advantage, because they are so entangled in old traditions, outworn methods and trade abuses that they are beaten before they start.

The British coal industry is an admirable example of such conditions. The industry is greatly overmanned. Production costs have been rising while world prices have been sliding off. About eighty per cent of the output is still produced by old-fashioned hand labor. Seventy per cent of the tonnage has been mined at a loss. Miners and operators alike, through sheer pig-headedness and inability to grasp a new idea, have stunted the normal development of the industry.

Ineffectives of this type, whether they are found at a Welsh pit mouth or on an American farm, present singularly difficult problems. They appear before us in two distinct characters. We may study their performance as economic units and show, easily enough, wherein their methods are incorrect and wherein their procedure makes a stronger bid for failure than for success. Instructive as this diagnosis may be, it would have small effect in reducing their debt to the storekeeper, in buying shoes for the children or in enabling them to turn over a new leaf forthwith and to begin next Monday morning to lead a better economic life. Speaking by and large, they are members of a swarm and can only move with it at the same rate and in the same general direction.

Considering these ineffectives merely as economic units, it is easy enough to point out their shortcomings; but the moment they are studied as human beings and their struggles and labors are fairly appraised, sympathy blunts the indictment against them. Quite as often as not, it is seen that those who fail because they are pursuing incorrect methods and systems are harder workers, better citizens and more generous contributors to the world's wealth than those who make a better living with less work and fewer hardships, simply because they are swimming with the current rather than against it.

This fact should never be overlooked; for though it would be poor public policy to help these men in the fight for existence by the patent-medicine methods for which their spokesmen clamor, a sympathetic hearing should not be denied them, nor should any pains or expense be spared to put them in a position to give themselves that self-help which is the only help of permanent and undeniable value.

The Best Reading

IT IS becoming quite a commonplace for people to say that they prefer biographies to all other kinds of reading. Under this heading they usually include autobiographies, memoirs and reminiscences. The remark itself is made by all sorts of persons—young and old, men and women, intellectuals and tired business men. It is a sign of the times, but the meaning of the portent is not yet quite plain.

In the proportions of its popularity, this sort of book is a new thing. But the eager desire to read about men and women does not seem to have choked out the existing consumption of fiction, poetry, drama and special articles or books of essays. Largely, the taste for biography has been added to the taste for other sorts of reading. It has tapped new strata of readers; or if it has won over devotees from other branches, these in turn have found new followers.

All these considerations are of but small concern. What is important is that biography should be written in a spirit of truth-seeking and sincerity. Unfortunately a great and rather sudden demand often results in a supply correspondingly large but of distinctly inferior grade. The temptation is quite too obvious. Whenever a great or near-great man dies the story of his life is slapped together quickly enough to go on sale before public interest has a chance to wane.

Too many so-called biographies are written in the same style and spirit that characterize the morocco-bound write-up of the celebrities of this or that community, large or small. The idea for such an ill-assorted collection comes out of the fertile brain of a hard-up individual. Each celebrity or victim pays five hundred dollars for an engraved portrait of himself. But he gets his money's worth in the manner of treatment, which makes maple sirup sour by comparison.

Too many biographies, we must repeat, are of this fashion. But there is another type, which consists of tearing every shred of decency from the subject and bringing out an assemblage of faults where he who runs may gloat. There is the publicity-seeking biographer who sets out with a loud shout to destroy the Washington or Lincoln "myth."

Great biographers are just as necessary as great novelists, not only for the literature but for the education of a people. They should do their best for their subjects, but without flattery. Any and every human being has the right to be portrayed reverently, whether with typewriter or paintbrush, for he or she is wonderfully made. Painters like Rembrandt and Sargent never suppressed vices or invented virtues. Great artists do not need to do so, for all Nature's works are marvelous to them.

The pressing need is not for subjects but for biographers. Paltry, shallow stuff much modern biography has been. Life is full of rich debits and credits, of lights and shadows; but it takes an honest as well as a discerning eye to see them.

More Athletics Means Fewer Jails

DRASTIC enforcement of the law, characterized by speedy trial, adequate sentences and freedom from the injudicious activities of parole and pardon boards, is so intensively advertised as a cure-all for the national epidemic of crimes of violence that we are in danger of ignoring other agencies which, though less spectacular, have proved singularly effective.

Every writer on the period of lawlessness through which we are passing has directed attention to the steadily decreasing age of persons arrested for crime. In New York City and State the average age is now under twenty-two years, and the number of arrests has been increasing at a disheartening rate. Study of the backgrounds of these young criminals seems to warrant the conclusion that they went wrong, not for lack of beneficent home influences, but because parental guidance between the ages of ten and twenty afforded no training for the freedom and responsibility of adult life.

Such training can sometimes be given outside the home more successfully than within it. The Boy Scouts is only one of a dozen organizations which have achieved distinguished success along this line.

A local association which has a remarkable record to its credit is the Public Schools Athletic League of the City of New York. Public and private initiative, working hand in hand, have enabled this association to furnish schoolboys with armories to play in in winter, playgrounds for summer use, athletic equipment, trophies, medals and opportunities to engage in competitive games under supervision. Four hundred thousand public-school students are enrolled in this organization and take part in its activities. In the past twenty years more than five million youngsters of school age have been connected with it. Friends of the league declare that during this twenty-year period not a single one of these five million members appears on the records as having been arrested for crime and not one has been sent to a reform school.

Though it cannot be maintained that organized athletics is a never-failing specific for the prevention of crime, there are substantial grounds for believing that it is one of the more potent and beneficent agencies for keeping boys and girls out of mischief and for affording harmless channels for superabundant animal spirits. Moreover, if athletics teaches anything, it teaches a sense of fairness and sportsmanship.

Criminal instinct cannot thrive in a boy who has been steeped in the ideas of honor which are inseparable from all amateur sport worthy of the name. Possibly if we spent more on school athletics we should not have to spend so much on courts and jails.

Britain Explodes the Red Bogy

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

THE history of Britain is a history of precedents. Whatever the crisis with which he is confronted, the Britisher is comfortably accustomed to feel that he has only to turn up the back files and deal with the trouble in the tried and scheduled manner.

But on the morning of Tuesday, May 4, 1926, the British nation woke up to a condition of affairs for which there was no precedent whatever. For authentically, the first time in its checkered story it was confronted with a centrally controlled strike of every organized worker in the land. The general strike, that cherished dream of the revolutionary so long dismissed with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders by the average law-abiding citizen, was a fact.

An all-powerful general council, speaking with authority for the whole body of trades-unionism, had not only—startlingly, for the very first time in Britain—specifically proclaimed that general strike; it had, at midnight on the third to fourth of May, ordered out the workers in every key industry from one end of the country to the other and announced that it would, as and when it deemed necessary, order out the workers in the second line of industries.

It was, significantly, a general strike, directed not against any particular group of employers, but against the government itself. Its proclaimed purpose was to put such pressure on the government as would compel that government to accept the refusal of the workers in the bankrupt mining industry to tolerate a cent off their wages or a minute on their hours, and either by subsidy, by pressure on the employers or by nationalization, to continue that industry on the terms dictated by the Miners' Federation. Its unconfessed and publicly disclaimed but understood purpose was to test the stability of parliamentary government when challenged by the full force of labor, controlled by men whose avowed eventual object was the conversion of society from a capitalist to a socialist basis.

The whole world realized the full implications of that challenge, and the whole world turned its fascinated attention to Great Britain. Upon the issue of the struggle depended directly at least the future of Europe, and indirectly the future of the world. Ever since 1919 Britain had been under the shadow of a vaguely formidable red menace which was no inconsiderable factor in the arrest of her industrial and commercial prosperity.

The general strike which paralyzed Great Britain on May fourth was no fortuitously spontaneous phenomenon. It had been long prepared. Its first seeds were sown as far back as that unmitigated industrial tyranny of the mid-nineteenth century, when the uncontrolled rapacity of cynically selfish, newly rich employers, eager only for profits and contemptuous of the human standards of their employes, not only compelled those workers to organize in self-defense but laid up in the hearts of the industrial masses a bitter heritage of suspicion and hatred for a subsequent generation.

That type of employer, though far rarer, is not extinct in Britain today. He and his predecessors are chiefly responsible if millions of British workers are poisoned with an inflamed class consciousness which sees in all those who direct industry, who initiate it, who finance it and who facilitate it by professional and clerical work, only enemies and not men of one common race whose fortunes are indissolubly linked together in the greater or less prosperity of the nation. That class consciousness, intensified through long years of virulent propaganda by the curious mixture of genuine idealists, hypocritical humbugs, glib-tongued work-shys, sinister plotters and neuropathically malignant haters of a society which has denied them sufficient prominence, who constitute the intelligentzia of the socialist movement in Britain as in every other land, was the ultimate factor in the great upheaval.

It was not, however, the directly determinative factor. The British general strike was by no means the spontaneous revolt of industrial masses bitter with an acute sense of social injustice. It was a deliberately engineered affair, the

(Continued on Page 80)

"Mother! There's Father Sitting in His Suspenders Again"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Now, Don't Bother to Move, Mum. I'll Just Cut Up Close to Where Ye're Settin'"

Exceptional Opportunity for the Right Party

The Alley Cat Fair

CATS hold a rally. Cats gave a ball,
Cats gave a circus in an alley last fall.
'Twas a charitable rally in a Cincinnati alley,
And they had a Russian ballet—
And all.

A hoity-toity Persian in a new Parisian hat—
That Cincinnati kitty was a pretty natty cat—
Sold hot mouse pie
For the other cats to buy.
But charity is charity; they bought it with celerity.
The money taken in by this haughty, stylish dresser
Was to buy cat meat for the kittens of Odessa
And the starving cats and kits in
Spitzenberg or Blatz or Blitzen.

The Persian sang a version of the Ding-Dong ditty—
She was pouty, cute and pretty, was that Cincinnati kitty—
And got an encore.
Before the ballet took the floor
A Cheshire cloum aped the Latins and the Britons,
Doing Russian vaudeville, with yowlings and spittin's,
And put it over big with the younger set of kittens.

It was curtains on the rally
When the ballet quit the alley.
So they tallied up the score—
Sending seven cans of salmon to the cats of Singapore.

—*Charles LeRoy.*

The Coming of Another Dawn

FROM THE PELLSBURG, ILLINOIS, PALLADIUM

HENRY THOREAU FINNEY, son of Walter B. Finney, the popular East Elm Street mortician, who graduated from Ledbitter College in 1925, has decided to go into journalism and literary work in New York City. His thesis, Was Beaumont Really Fletcher, and if So, Why? attracted wide attention. Good luck, Hank!

FROM THE NEW YORK MORNING ATOMIZER—ONE MONTH LATER

Henry Thoreau Finney has been added to the book-review section of the Atomizer.

FROM THE NEW YORK MORNING ATOMIZER—ONE WEEK LATER

THE CONRAD MYTH—BY H. T. F.

We have never been, so to speak, a Conradical. After all, Conrad was only Conrad. He was not Homer, nor Beaumont, nor yet Fletcher. This critic grants that Conrad possessed a certain mountebank virtuosity in distilling essences of showmanship, but to one who sees beneath the surface, it is clear that Master Joseph strove for super-poignancy by methods merely melodramatic. He was not good theater in the Elizabethan sense. Rather he stooped to the tawdry technic of the moving picture, with all its cheap and nasty evasion of life, and therefore of art. . . .

FROM THE WEEKLY LITERARY SNIPE—ONE MONTH LATER

H. Thoreau Finney—H. T. F.—is now assisting Byron Blum in the movie criticism for the Morning Atomizer. Finney's work on the book-review section got him the job.

FROM THE NEW YORK MORNING ATOMIZER—ONE WEEK LATER

POT SHOTS AT PICTURES—BY H. T. F.

Frankly, we did not know whether to weep or yawn at the new Plonsky-Hi-Art opus, Whose Wife? now on view at the Bijou-Jewel. We compromised by doing both. Drivel! But what movie isn't? The direction by Lansing Keeple was moronic. Irma Lamb, the star, simpered and tittered blondly through six pallid reels. And they call it acting! Shades of Duse! If this is the art of the cinema give us a flea circus!

FROM THE NEW YORK MORNING ATOMIZER—ONE WEEK LATER

POT SHOTS AT PICTURES—BY H. T. F.

Heigh-ho! Another Plonsky-Hi-Art pearl, with Irma Lamb, directed by Lansing Keeple. Why?

Duty held us in our seat through three tepid reels of Congo Love. Then we went out and threw stones at telegraph poles. Anything were better than eying such hand-embroidered tripe. Clearly Master Keeple never heard the dictum of Beaumont and Fletcher. . . .

FROM THE FILM YAWP—SIX WEEKS LATER

Plonsky-Hi-Art has bought an original story, Is Love All? authored by H. Thoreau Finney.

FROM THE FILM YAWP—ONE WEEK LATER.

The Plonsky-Hi-Art production, from an original story by H. Thoreau Finney, has been retitled Love Is All. Irma Lamb will play the lead. Lansing Keeple will handle the megaphone.

FROM THE DAILY SNOOZE—TWO WEEKS LATER

Among the guests at Irma Lamb's party at the Fitz were Sol Berg, Moe Berg, Ike Berg, Lee Berg and H. Thoreau Finney.

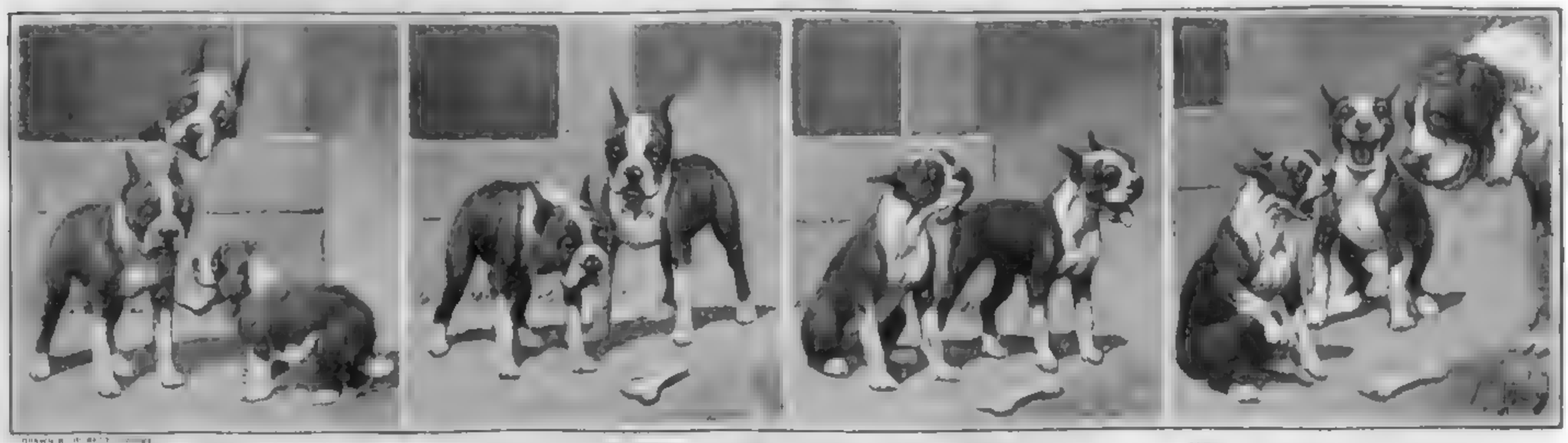
FROM THE NEW YORK MORNING ATOMIZER—TWO WEEKS LATER

POT SHOTS AT PICTURES—BY H. T. F.

. . . and Irma Lamb! A delight in the highly entertaining Plonsky-Hi-Art picture, The Girl With the

(Continued on Page 100)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Mother Sent You This With Her Compliments, Mrs Beans. She Said I Needn't Tell You We Couldn't Use It"

"Beans, Just Look at This Bone! Not a Thing on It. Now Why Do You Suppose Old Mother St. Bernard Sent it to Us?"

"Well, Vi, Here Comes the Old Girl Herself. Perhaps She'll be Able to Clear Up the Mystery"

"Dear Mrs. Beans, My Children are Having a Little Surprise Party and as I Don't Bake Until Tomorrow I Know You'll Loan Me Some of Your Delicious Puppy Cakes"

Just that delicious flavor you always like in VEGETABLE SOUP!

32 different ingredients

What a wonderful dish vegetable soup is—when it's properly made! It is so hearty and nourishing, yet even when you're not especially hungry it coaxes and pleases your appetite.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is real food—thirty-two blended ingredients—with a flavor that never fails to attract and delight the taste.

This is the soup that housewives are so fond of serving for their luncheon or supper as the one hot dish of the meal, because it is very substantial and also so easily and quickly prepared. And for the children the generous quantity of healthful vegetables and invigorating beef broth make it especially beneficial.

12 cents a can

THE CHINESE PARROT

"Better Tell Me the Whole Story Now. It'll Go a Lot Easier With You if You Do"

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IN ANOTHER moment Madden was with them there by the car, and they felt rather than saw a quivering, suppressed fury in every inch of the millionaire's huge frame. With an oath he snatched the flash light from the hand of Charlie Chan and bent over the silent form in the back of the flivver.

The glow from the lamp illuminated faintly his big red face, his searching eyes, and Bob Eden watched him with interest.

There in that dusty car lay the lifeless shape of one who had served Madden faithfully for many years. Yet no sign either of compassion or regret was apparent in the millionaire's face—nothing save a constantly growing anger. Yes, Bob Eden reflected, those who had reported that Madden lacked a heart spoke nothing but the truth.

Madden straightened and flashed the light into the pale face of his secretary.

"Fine business!" he snarled.

"Well, what are you staring at me for?" cried Thorn, his voice trembling.

"I'll stare at you if I choose, though God knows I'm sick of the sight of your silly face."

"I've had about enough from you," warned Thorn, and the tremor in his voice was rage. For a moment they regarded each other, while Bob Eden watched them, amazed. For the first time he realized that under the mask of their daily relations these two were anything but friends.

Suddenly Madden turned the light on Charlie Chan. "Look here, Ah Kim, this was Louie Wong, the boy you replaced here—savvy? You've got to stay on the ranch now—after I've gone, too—how about it?"

"I think I stay, boss."

"Good! You're the only bit of luck I've had since I came to this accursed place. Bring Louie into the living room—on the couch. I'll call El Dorado."

He stalked off through the patio to the house, and after a moment's hesitation Chan and the secretary picked up the frail body of Louie Wong. Slowly Bob Eden followed that odd procession. In the living room Madden was talking briskly on the telephone. Presently he hung up the receiver.

"Nothing to do but wait," he said. "There's a sort of constable in town. He'll be along pretty soon with the coroner. Oh, it's fine business! They'll overrun the place—and I came here for a rest."

"I suppose you want to know what happened," Eden began. "I met Louie Wong in town, at the Oasis Café. Mr. Holley pointed him out to me, and ——"

Madden waved a great hand. "Oh, save all that for some half-witted cop. Fine business, this is!"

He took to pacing the floor like a lion with the toothache. Eden dropped into a chair before the fire. Chan had gone out, and Thorn was sitting silently near by. Madden continued to pace. Bob Eden stared at the blazing logs. What sort of affair had he got into, anyhow? What desperate game was afoot here on Madden's ranch, far out on the lonely desert? He began to wish himself out of it, back in town, where the lights were bright and there was no constant undercurrent of hatred and suspicion and mystery.

He was still thinking in this vein when the clatter of a car sounded in the yard. Madden himself opened the door, and two of El Dorado's prominent citizens entered.

"Come in, gentlemen," Madden said, amiable with an effort. "Had a little accident out here."

One of the two, a lean man with a brown weather-beaten face, stepped forward.

"Howdy, Mr. Madden. I know you, but you don't know me. I'm Constable Brackett, and this is our coroner, Doctor Simms. A murder, you said."

"Well," replied Madden, "I suppose you could call it that. But fortunately no one was hurt. No white man, I mean. Just my old Chink, Louie Wong."

Ah Kim had entered in time to hear this speech, and his eyes blazed for a moment as they rested on the callous face of the millionaire.

"Louie?" said the constable. He went over to the couch. "Why, poor old Louie! Harmless as they come, he was. Can't figure who'd have anything against old Louie."

The coroner, a brisk young man, also went to the couch and began an examination. Constable Brackett turned to Madden. "Now we'll make just as little trouble as we can, Mr. Madden," he promised. Evidently he was much in awe of this great man. "But I don't like this. It reflects on me. I got to ask a few questions. You see that, don't you?"

"Of course," answered Madden. "Fire away. I'm sorry, but I can't tell you a thing. I was in my room when my secretary"—he indicated Thorn—"came in and said that Mr. Eden here had just driven into the yard with the dead body of Louie in the car."

The constable turned with interest to Eden. "Where'd you find him?" he inquired.

"He was perfectly all right when I picked him up," Eden explained. He launched into his story—the meeting with Louie at the Oasis, the ride across the desert, the stop at the gate, and finally the gruesome discovery in the yard. The constable shook his head.

(Continued on Page 32)

Double action *Single cost*

A Sunbrite cleansing does two things

1. It scours off dirt and stains

2. It sweetens and purifies

Sometimes housekeeping seems just a series of cleaning jobs. There is always something to scour; always something to "sweeten up."

But now cleansing has lost half its drudgery. For you can do the two necessary kinds of cleaning in one simple, easy job!

Sunbrite makes this possible. **Sunbrite,** the "double action" cleanser! It takes off dirt and stains like magic. But it doesn't stop there.

Sunbrite has a sweetening, purifying power. As this remarkable cleanser scours, it sweetens and freshens; destroys all clinging odors and flavors.

No more of that extra business of boiling your utensils with a sweetening agent, *after* you have scoured and cleansed them. **Sunbrite** saves all that.

"Double action" means economy of time and energy and money. For **Sunbrite** is not an expensive cleanser. With every can you get extra value in a United Profit Sharing coupon.

Let **Sunbrite** do *all* your cleansing jobs. Then you can be sure that your kitchen and bathroom are not only spotless but really sanitary.

Quick Naptha White Soap Chips are wonderful in the washing machine!

Swift & Company

Just use this soap in your washing machine once and you'll want it regularly! Its fine flake form dissolves instantly; it loosens the dirt like magic, yet is so mild it will not harm a delicate fabric.

SAVE THE COUPON ON EVERY CAN AND EXCHANGE FOR PREMIUMS

(Continued from Page 30)

"All sounds mighty mysterious to me," he admitted. "You say you think he was killed while you was openin' the gate? What makes you think so?"

"He was talking practically all the way out here," Eden replied; "muttering to himself there in the back seat. I heard him when I got out to unfasten the gate."

"What was he sayin'?"

"He was talking in Chinese. I'm sorry, but I'm no Sinologue."

"I ain't accused you of anything, have I?"

"A Sinologue is a man who understands the Chinese language," Bob Eden smiled.

"Oh." The constable scratched his head. "This here secretary, now ——"

Thorn came forward. He had been in his room, he said, when he heard a disturbance in the yard, and went outside. Absolutely nothing to offer. Bob Eden's glance fell on the tear across the back of Thorn's coat. He looked at Charlie Chan, but the detective shook his head. "Say nothing," his eyes directed.

The constable turned to Madden. "Who else is on the place?" he wanted to know.

"Nobody but Ah Kim here. He's all right."

The officer shook his head. "Can't always tell," he averred. "All these tong wars, you know." He raised his voice to a terrific bellow. "Come here, you!" he cried.

Ah Kim, lately Detective-Sergeant Chan of the Honolulu police, came with expressionless face and stood before the constable. How often he had played the opposite rôle in such a scene—played it far better than this mainland officer ever would.

"Ever see this Louie Wong before?" thundered the constable.

"Me, boss? No, boss, I no see 'um."

"New round here, ain't you?"

"Come las' Fliday, boss."

"Where did you work before this?"

"All place, boss. Big town, litta town."

"I mean where'd you work last?"

"Lailload, I think, boss. Santa Fe lailload. Lay sticks on glound."

"Ah -er— well, dog-gone." The constable had run out of questions. "Ain't had much practice at this sort of thing," he apologized. "Been so busy confiscatin' licker these last few years I sort of lost the knack for police work. This is sheriff's stuff. I called him before we come out, an' he's sendin' Captain Bliss, of the Homicide Squad, down tomorrow mornin'. So we won't bother you no more tonight, Mr. Madden."

The coroner came forward. "We'll take the body in town, Mr. Madden," he said. "I'll have the inquest in there, but I may want to bring my jurors out here tomorrow."

"Oh, sure," replied Madden. "Just attend to anything that comes up and send all the bills to me. Believe me, I'm sorry this thing has happened."

"So am I," said the constable. "Louie was a good old scout."

"Yes —and—well, I don't like it. It's annoying."

"All mighty mysterious to me," the constable admitted again. "My wife told me I never ought to take this job. Well, so long, Mr. Madden. Great pleasure to meet a man like you."

When Bob Eden retired to his room, Madden and Thorn were facing each other on the hearth. Something in the expression of each made him wish he could overhear the scene about to be enacted in that room.

Ah Kim was waiting beside a crackling fire. "I make 'um burn, boss," he said. Eden closed the door and sank into a chair.

"Charlie, in heaven's name, what's going on here?" he inquired helplessly.

Chan shrugged. "Plenty goes on," he said. "Two nights now gone since in this room I hint to you Chinese

Thaddeus Gamble

are psychic people. On your face then I see well-bred sneer."

"I apologize," Eden returned. "No sneering after this, even the well-bred kind. But I'm certainly stumped. This thing tonight ——"

"Most unfortunate, this thing tonight," said Chan thoughtfully. "Humbly suggest you be very careful or everything spoils. Local police come thumping onto scene, not dreaming in their slight brains that murder of Louie are of no importance in the least."

"Not important, you say?"

"No, indeed. Not when compared to other matters."

"Well, it was pretty important to Louie, I guess," said Eden.

"Guess so too. But murder of Louie just like death of parrot—one more dark deed covering up very black deed occurring here before we arrive on mysterious scene. Before parrot go, before Louie make unexpected exit, unknown person dies screaming unanswered cries for help. Who? Maybe in time we learn."

"Then Louie was killed because he knew too much?"

"Just like Tony, yes. Poor Louie very foolish, does not stay in San Francisco when summoned there. Comes with sad blunder back to desert. Most bitterly unwelcome here. One thing puzzles me "

"Only one thing?" asked Eden.

"One at present. Other puzzles put aside for moment. Louie goes on Wednesday morning, probably before black deed was done. How then does he know? Did act have echo in San Francisco? I am most sad not to have talk with him. But there are other paths to follow."

"I hope so," sighed Bob Eden. "But I don't see them. This is too much for me."

(Continued on Page 35)

"Life's Funny," He Began. "Full o' Queer Twists an' Turns. I Thought This Was Just One More Secret for Me an' the Desert Together"

Look for even smoother Ford starting from today's Mobiloil "E" .. because ..

Today—with all the old characteristics retained—Mobiloil "E" offers you still another desirable quality. Through keeping the transmission bands soft and pliable, it prevents jerkiness in starting or stopping. *It thus actually increases the life of these bands, thus cutting substantially your cost of upkeep.*

Two factors in a single oil .. a rare combination.

The importance of this achievement lies in the fact that the new result is achieved at *no expense of added carbon deposit.*

This important point has been the aim of the Mobiloil engineers and chemists. Mobiloil "E" gives smoother starting and stopping at no sacrifice of the other essential factors in Ford lubrication. The improved oil in all respects gives still more efficient lubrication.

An economical demonstration

It will cost you only a little over a dollar to fill your Ford crankcase with the new Mobiloil "E." Any Mobiloil dealer will be glad to assist you in discovering for yourself the new smoothness of operation that follows the use of this unique lubricating oil in your Ford car.

Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chrysler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 & 6)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

Out of America's great hotels came this wonderful drink

ICED POSTUM

You can easily serve it at home

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH MILK	ICED POSTUM MADE WITH WATER
Dissolve 8 level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.	Dissolve 8 level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.
Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold milk.	Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water.
Sugar to taste, and serve with a little cracked ice.	Sugar to taste, and cream. Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glassful—or beating into the drink, with an eggbeater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glassful. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

"IT IS MY DISCOVERY," said Charles, the genial head waiter whose thoughtfulness had done so much to make New York's newest grill a success from the start. "I brought it with me from Philadelphia, where I worked before. Now it is a great favorite, particularly after the theatre, when so many dislike to take the drinks that make them sleepless."

You crave a new summertime treat! Here it is—a drink that is different and delightful—to serve at mealtime or any time you need refreshment.

You can have it ready in a jiffy! No tedious process of brewing or boiling, and cooling. The drink is nearly cold when it is made. Only a little ice or ice cream is necessary to bring the frost out on the glasses.

And the refreshment from Iced Postum is *real*—not the false reaction that comes from an artificial stimulant. You can drink all the Iced Postum you want at dinner, or late at night, with no fear of sleeplessness.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. There isn't a trace of caffein or any other artificial stimulant in it. Prepared in the usual way, with water, it is as wholesome a drink as you could want—and combined with milk, it is a wonderful body builder. Children, too, will gain from the milk drink a wealth of growth-promoting nourishment.

Serve Iced Postum at dinner tonight, and listen to the family's praise of your discovery! You'll find Instant Postum at your grocer's.

If you would prefer to try this new summertime drink at our expense, accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum, to see what it means to be free from drug stimulation. I will send you one week's supply of Postum, to start the test, and my own directions for preparing it—both iced and hot.

"Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. For one week's free supply, please indicate whether you prefer Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1926, P C Co.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.—S.E.P. 7-26

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐

Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) ☐

Check which you prefer

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

(Continued from Page 32)

"Plenty for me too," agreed Chan. "Pretty quick I go home, lifelong yearning for travel forever quenched. Keep in mind, much better police do not find who killed Louie Wong. If they do, our fruit may be picked when not yet ripe. We should handle case. Officers of law must be encouraged off of ranch at earliest possible time, having found nothing."

"Well, the constable was easy enough," smiled Eden.

"All looked plenty mysterious to him," answered Chan.

"I sympathized with him in that," Eden admitted. "But this Captain Bliss probably won't be so simple. You watch your step, Charlie, or they'll lock you up."

Chan nodded. "New experiences crowd close on this mainland," he said. "Detective-Sergeant Chan a murder suspect. Maybe I laugh at that when I get home again. Just now, laugh won't come. . . . A warm good night ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Eden. "How about Tuesday afternoon? Madden's expecting the messenger with the pearls then, and somehow I haven't a stall left in me."

Chan shrugged. "Two days yet. Stop the worry. Much may manage to occur before Tuesday afternoon." He went out softly.

Just as they finished breakfast on Monday morning, a knock sounded on the door of the ranch house, and Thorn admitted Will Holley.

"Oh," said Madden sourly. His manner had not improved overnight. "So you're here again."

"Naturally," replied Holley. "Being a good newspaper man, I'm not overlooking the first murder we've had round here in years." He handed a newspaper to the millionaire. "By the way, here's a Los Angeles morning paper. Our interview is on the front page."

Madden took it without much interest. Over his shoulder Bob Eden caught a glimpse of the headlines:

ERA OF PROSPERITY DUE, SAYS FAMED MAGNATE

P. J. Madden, Interviewed on Desert Ranch, Predicts Business Boom

Madden glanced idly through the story. When he had finished, he said, "In the New York papers, I suppose."

"Of course," Holley answered. "All over the country this morning. You and I are famous, Mr. Madden. . . . But what's this about poor old Louie?"

"Don't ask me," frowned Madden. "Some fool bumped him off. Your friend Eden can tell you more than I can." He got up and strode from the room.

Eden and Holley stared at each other for a moment, then went together into the yard.

"Pretty raw stuff," remarked Holley. "It makes me hot. Louie was a kindly old soul. Killed in the car, I understand." Eden related what had happened. They moved farther away from the house. "Well, who do you think?" Holley inquired.

"I think Thorn," Eden answered. "However, Charlie says Louie's passing was only a minor incident, and it will be better all round if his murderer isn't found just at present. Of course he's right."

"Of course he is. And there isn't much danger they'll catch the guilty man, at that. The constable is a helpless old fellow."

"How about this Captain Bliss?"

"Oh, he's a big, noisy bluff with a fatal facility for getting the wrong man. The sheriff's a regular fellow, with brains, but he may not come round. Let's stroll out and look over the ground where you left the car last night. I've got something to slip you—a telegram—from your father, I imagine."

As they went through the gate the telegram changed hands. Holding it so it could not be seen from the house, Bob Eden read it through.

"Well, dad says he's going to put up the bluff to Madden that he's sending Draycott with the pearls tonight."

"Draycott?" asked Holley.

"He's a private detective dad uses in San Francisco. As good a name as any, I suppose. When Draycott fails to arrive dad's going to be very much upset." The boy considered for a moment. "I guess it's about the best he can do, but I hate all this deception. And I certainly don't like the job of keeping Madden cool. However, something may happen before then."

They examined the ground where Bob Eden had halted the car while he opened the gate the night before. The tracks of many cars passing in the road were evident, but no sign of any footsteps. "Even my footprints are gone," remarked Eden. "Do you suppose it was the wind, drifting the sand?"

Holley shrugged. "No," he said, "it was not. Somebody has been out here with a broom, my boy, and obliterated every trace of footsteps about that car."

Eden nodded. "You're right. Somebody—but who? Our old friend Thorn of course."

They stepped aside as an automobile swung by them and entered Madden's yard.

"There's Bliss now, with the constable," Holley remarked. "Well, they get no help from us, eh?"

"Not a bit," replied Eden. "Encourage them off the ranch at earliest possible moment. That's Charlie's suggestion."

They returned to the yard and waited. Inside the living room they heard Thorn and Madden talking with the two officers. After a time Bliss came out, followed by the millionaire and Constable Brackett. He greeted Holley as an old friend and the editor introduced Bob Eden.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Eden," said the captain. "Want to talk to you. What's your version of this funny business?"

Bob Eden looked at him with distaste. He was a big, flat-footed policeman, and no great intelligence shone in his eyes. The boy gave him a carefully edited story of the night before.

"Humph!" said Bliss. "Sounds queer to me."

"Yes?" smiled Eden. "To me too. But it happens to be the truth."

"Well, I'll have a look at the ground out there," remarked Bliss.

"You'll find nothing," said Holley, "except the footprints of this young man and myself. We've just been taking a squint around."

"Oh, you have, have you?" replied Bliss grimly. He strode through the gate, the constable tagging after him. After a perfunctory examination the two returned.

"This is sure some puzzle," said Constable Brackett.

"Is that so?" Bliss sneered. "Well, get onto yourself. How about this Chink, Ah Kim? Had a good job here, didn't he? Louie Wong comes back. What does that mean? Ah Kim loses his job."

"Nonsense!" protested Madden.

"Think so, do you?" remarked Bliss. "Well, I don't. I tell you I know these Chinks. They think nothing of sticking knives in each other—nothing at all." Ah Kim emerged from around the side of the house. "Hey, you," cried Captain Bliss. Bob Eden began to worry.

Ah Kim came up. "You want'um me, boss?"

"You bet I want you. Going to lock you up."

"Why foah, boss?"

"For knifing Louie Wong. You can't get away with that stuff round here."

The Chinese regarded this crude practitioner of his own arts with a lifeless eye. "You clazy, boss," he said.

"Is that so?" Bliss' face hardened. "I'll show you just how crazy I am. Better tell me the whole story now. It'll go a lot easier with you if you do."

"What stoahy, boss?"

"How you sneaked out and put a knife in Louie last night."

"Maybe you catch 'um knife, hey, boss?" asked Ah Kim maliciously.

"Never mind about that!"

"Poah old Ah Kim's fingah plints on knife, hey, boss?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bliss.

"Maybe you takee look-see, find velvet slippah plints in sand, hey, boss?" Bliss glared at him in silence. "What I tell you—you clazy cop, hey, boss?"

Holley and Eden looked at each other with keen enjoyment. Madden broke in: "Oh, come now, captain, you haven't got a thing against him, and you know it. You take my cook away from me without any evidence, and I'll make you sweat for it."

"Well, I"—Bliss hesitated—"I know he did it, and I'll prove it later." His eye lighted. "How'd you get into this country?" he demanded.

"Melican citizen, boss. Boahn San Flancisco. Foahty-flive yeah old now."

"Born here, eh? Is that so? Then you've got your chock-gee, I suppose. Let me see it."

Bob Eden's heart sank to his boots. Though many Chinese were without chock-gees, he knew that the lack of one would be sufficient excuse for this stupid policeman to arrest Chan at once. Another moment and they'd all be done for.

"Come on!" bellowed Bliss.

"What you say, boss?" parried Ah Kim.

"You know what I said. Your chock-gee—certificate—hand it over or by heaven I'll lock you up so quick ——"

"Oh, boss—ce'tificate—a'light, boss." And before Eden's startled gaze the Chinese took from his blouse a worn slip of paper about the size of a bank note and handed it to Bliss.

The captain read it sourly and handed it back. "All right; but I ain't through with you yet," he said.

"Thanks, boss," returned Ah Kim, brightening. "You plenty clazy, boss. Tha's aw. Goo'-by." And he shuffled away.

"I told you it looked terrible mysterious to me," commented the constable.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, shut up!" cried Bliss. "Mr. Madden, I'll have to admit I'm stumped for the time being. But that condition don't last long with me. I'll get to the bottom of this yet. You'll see me again."

"Run out any time," Madden invited with deep insincerity. "If I happen on anything I'll call Constable Brackett."

Bliss and the constable got into their car and rode away. Madden returned to the house.

"Oh, excellent Chan," said Will Holley softly. "Where in Sam Hill did he get that chock-gee?"

"It looked as though we were done for," Eden admitted. "But good old Charlie thinks of everything."

Holley climbed into his car. "Well, I guess Madden isn't going to invite me to luncheon. I'll go along. You know, I'm keener than ever to get the answer to this puzzle out here. Louie was a friend of mine. It's a rotten shame."

"I don't know where we're going, but we're on our way," Eden answered. "I'd feel pretty helpless if I didn't have Charlie with me."

"Oh, you've got a few brains too," Holley assured him.

"You're clazy, boss," Eden laughed as the editor drove away.

Returning to his room, he found Ah Kim calmly making the bed.

"Charlie, you're a peach," said the boy, closing the door. "I thought we were sunk without warning. Whose chock-gee did you have anyhow?"

"Ah Kim's chock-gee, to be sure," smiled Detective-Sergeant Chan.

"Who's Ah Kim?"

"Ah Kim humble vegetable merchant who drive me amidst other garden truck from Barstow to El Dorado. I make simple arrangement to rent chock-gee short while. Happy to note long wear in pockets make photograph look like image of anybody. Came to me in bright flash Madden might ask for identification certificate before engaging me for honorable tasks. Madden did not do so, but thing fit in plenty neat all the same."

"It certainly did," Eden agreed. "You're a brick to do all this for the Jordans and for dad. I hope they pay you handsomely."

Chan shook his head. "What you say in car riding to ferry? Postman on holiday itches to try long stretch of road. All this sincere pleasure for me. When I untie knots and find answer, that will be fine reward." He bowed and departed.

Some hours later, while they waited for luncheon, Bob Eden and Madden sat talking in the big living room. The millionaire was reiterating his desire to return East at the earliest possible moment. He was sitting facing the door. Suddenly on his big red face appeared a look of displeasure so intense it startled the boy.

Turning about, Eden saw standing in the doorway the slight figure of a man—a stooped, studious-looking man who carried a suitcase in one hand—the little naturalist of the Oasis Café.

"Mr. Madden?" inquired the newcomer.

"I'm Madden," said the millionaire. "What is it?"

"Ah, yes." The stranger came into the room and set down his bag. "My name, sir, is Gamble—Thaddeus Gamble—and I am keenly interested in certain fauna surrounding your desert home. I have here a letter from an old friend of yours, the president of a college that has received many benefactions at your hands. If you will be so kind as to look it over ——"

He offered the letter and Madden took it, glaring at him in a most unfriendly manner. When the millionaire had read the brief epistle, he tore it into bits, and rising, tossed them into the fireplace.

"You want to stop here a few days?" he said.

"It would be most convenient if I could," answered Gamble. "Of course, I should like to pay for my accommodations."

Madden waved his hand. Ah Kim came in, headed for the luncheon table. "Another place, Ah Kim," ordered Madden. "And show Mr. Gamble to the room in the left wing—the one next to Mr. Eden's."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," remarked Gamble suavely. "I shall try to make as little trouble as may be. Luncheon impends, I take it. Not unwelcome either. This—er—this desert air, sir—er—I'll return in a moment."

He followed Ah Kim out. Madden glared after him, his face purple. Bob Eden realized that a new puzzle had arrived.

"The devil with him!" cried Madden. "But I had to be polite. That letter!" He shrugged. "Gad, I hope I get out of here soon!"

(Continued on Page 69)

Now You Can Beautify Your Rooms— Make Them Really Artistic—At Little Expense!

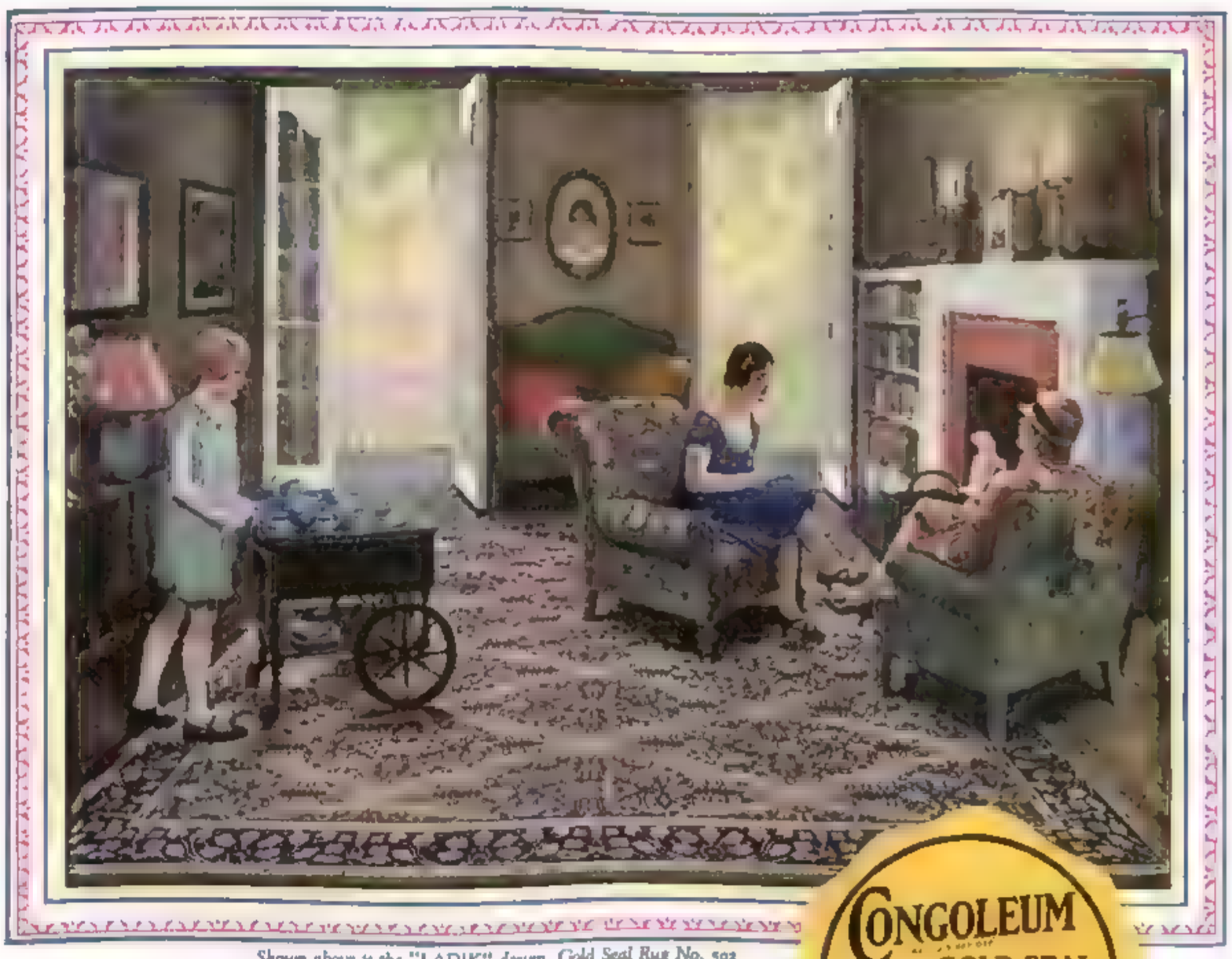
WOMEN today are finding out that charm in a room is not a matter of expense. Proper use of colors—there you have one of the main secrets of delightful, welcoming rooms.

Everywhere the shops are overflowing with artistic furnishings that are moderately priced. Thousands of women are furnishing their homes attractively, yet within the limits of a modest budget.

And you, too, can transform your rooms with color. Read Anne Lewis Pierce's helpful, informative hand-book, *Color Magic in the Home*, and you'll see how easily any woman can bring new beauty into her home.

You'll be interested to note how throughout the booklet Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs are used "to provide the color keynote." For Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs come in so many beautiful and artistic patterns and colorings that it's easy to choose an appropriate rug for any room in the house!

See them at your dealer's. Sizes range from small mats to 9 x 15 foot room sizes.



Shown above is the "LADIK" design, Gold Seal Rug No. 502

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

Rugs that are masterpieces of design

The screen picks up the blue note in the border of the interesting "KASHMIR" pattern (No. 504) and emphasizes it just enough to give unity to this attractive corner. The curtains take advantage of the red in the figure to add an harmonious gaiety to the scene.

DESIGNS that are rich in colors to set off the decorative scheme in the living room or dining room, dainty floral effects that go so delightfully with bedroom furnishings, trim geometrics to make the kitchen a model of neatness and cheerfulness—there are Congoleum patterns for every room.

And with the help of *Color Magic in the Home* it's simply fascinating to build up a harmonious color scheme from the rug you like best. Of course you don't need to redecorate completely. As Miss Pierce says, "just plan your color scheme, and then as you replace worn-out rugs and curtains and recover your chairs—fit your purchases to it."

But besides the magical inspiration in the lovely colorings, *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs introduce an extra note of comfort into homes by the time and trouble they save.

No hard sweeping or beating—only the lightest mopping—is required to clean them; nothing stains or penetrates their durable, waterproof surface; and though they require no fastenings, they never curl at the corners.

This Gold Seal, pasted on the face of every genuine Gold Seal Art-Rug is your positive assurance of complete floor-covering satisfaction. If you want to get full value for every cent you spend, don't fail to look for the Gold Seal on the rugs you buy.

Below is the "NASSAU" design—a novel Dutch Tile pattern, ideally suited to kitchen, dining room or pantry. It's Gold Seal Rug No. 570.

Above is the "JASMINE" design—picture how perfect it would be with simple draperies and upholstery in matching plain colors! It's Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 538.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Kansas City
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans Cleveland Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

Free

Anne Lewis Pierce's new booklet is something every housewife should read! Written in a friendly, practical manner it shows how to brighten up your home and make it really artistic.

CONGOLEUM NAIRN INC.
1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Kindly send me a free copy of Miss Pierce's helpful booklet, "Color Magic in the Home."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ S E P 6

THE STAR OF BURMA

"Look the Stone Over for Me. Test it in Every Way. I Wish to Buy It"

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY R. ALLEN COLEMAN

THE sun rises in the east; the moon also, the planets, and most of the stars; but now and then an exceedingly bright star rises elsewhere. This star rose in Chicago. Just when it rose is not clear; Donovan first heard of it an hour after midnight in his smoke-filled room.

"This quiet life worries me," he had been saying, as he advanced the queen's bishop's pawn two squares. "I feel storm in my bones. If something doesn't happen within two days we shall draw a cloud-burst."

O'Day met the pawn's advance by advancing a pawn of his own. "The night is young," he replied then.

"Our older diamonds found adventures," continued Donovan. "It's these moderns that lie back and sulk."

"The Carlatt diamonds were new stones."

"That was a mass adventure. What is the Cullinan doing? It's a modern. Or the Excelsior? The Cullinan is the largest diamond ever found, yet it lies in the King of England's treasure chest as meek as a rhinestone. It has never so much as been plotted against."

"The night is young," repeated O'Day.

Donovan refilled and lighted his pipe; then he, too, repeated his thought. "A cloud-burst," he said.

The telephone bell rang sharply. Crossing to the stand, he took down the receiver. One o'clock is not too late to finish a close game of chess, but it is somewhat late for callers.

"Hello," he called into the instrument. "Yes, this is he talking. Redelos, of course. . . . Yes, Mr. Kistna. . . . To look at an important new diamond? Oh, I can't see you tonight! Drop in at the office in the morning. . . . You can't wait until morning? Just a moment." He looked across the room inquiringly.

"Have him come up," said O'Day.

"He wants to consult the jewel experts of Redelos," Donovan explained. "I think he hardly knows me by name." Into the instrument he said: "Very well. Take the elevator to the sixth floor. My door opens from the end of the hall to the left. The attendant will show you."

"An important new diamond at one o'clock in the morning?" asked O'Day. "Informal, to say the least. Kistna, he told you? I don't recall any such name in diamonds."

Donovan drew at his pipe thoughtfully. "You will recall it. The mines of Kollar in India are on the Kistna River. The Koh-i-nor has Kistna associations; the Hope diamond also, and the Great Mogul. I wonder if he selected the name himself."

"He may be a Hindu," O'Day suggested.

But when the man was admitted, Donovan saw that he was not dressed in Hindu fashion, nor did his features carry anything on them of the Dravidian, nor of the Aryan either, unless at the distance of modern Italy.

"Please to excuse me for disturbing you so late of business hour," he began, glancing from one man to the other as if startled to find two men in the room instead of one.

Donovan included O'Day with a gesture. "Colonel O'Day is also of Redelos Indemnity. You can speak freely before him."

"Have you the diamond with you?" asked O'Day.

Again the newcomer looked startled. Instead of replying, he turned to Donovan with a movement of the hands that might have meant anything.

"He wouldn't have," said Donovan. "No one is going to take that risk at this hour."

The man who called himself Kistna smiled sadly. "I come to request the appointment for Major Glenbrook. He have the diamond."

"My office at nine o'clock, if convenient for you," said Donovan promptly.

"He cannot wait. He wish the appointment for one hour."

"One hour from now?"

"If you will be the kindness to grant the favor."

"Sorry, but it can't be done."

"At the hotel. The major awaits you at his suite."

"Is this Major Glenbrook an American major?" asked O'Day.

Kistna shrugged his expressive shoulders. "It is a title," he replied, without explaining the title.

"And you yourself?"

"I have the honor to serve as the secretary."

Donovan looked at Major Glenbrook's secretary appraisingly; the face seemed familiar, yet he could not place it. He confessed to himself that he did not like the man's looks, and did not like his errand. Important diamonds are not handled so.

"This Major Glenbrook," he said at last, "is asking me to call at his hotel at two o'clock in the morning. Why?"

"It is his request."

"I do not call on prospective clients in this way. Please excuse me to the major and explain that I make it a rule."

"He have the huge diamond," persisted Kistna.

"I don't doubt it."

"You would kindly see him in these room?"

"Tonight?"

"If not inconvenient, please."

"But why tonight? Why all this haste?"

"His most important request."

Donovan caught O'Day's eye, who managed to convey his suggestion without moving a muscle. "See the man," Donovan understood him to mean.

"Very well. Get your major here with his diamond before two o'clock. But I will not see him alone at that hour. Colonel O'Day must be present also."

"I go to inform," said Kistna.

As he backed toward the door Donovan could not help asking: "How large is this diamond?"

"Oh, extremely large size."

"Twenty carats?"

Again Kistna smiled sadly. "That is baby diamond. Two-three hundred carats."

"In that case," Donovan replied, "I advise him to remain indoors. Chicago is no city for a new diamond of that size, nor an old one either."

"The major have hunt tigers in India," was the reply. "This little darkness is nothing."

"In India!" said Donovan.

"He have live in India, yes."

"It's his affair, of course, but if I were he I should feel more uneasy on a city street at this hour."

Major Glenbrook, wearing London-cut clothes and bearing a monocle in his eye, arrived on the moment. Kistna walked on his right, a special officer in uniform on his left. He was introduced by the name Kistna had given; but Donovan recognized him instantly as one of the wealthier of the minor Indian potentates, the Maharaja of Shan, for whom he had examined a large diamond five years before. Redelos at first had refused to accept the risk, but later an arrangement was made. Later still, the diamond was stolen, through a murder.

That diamond had boasted of an ancient pedigree that antedated that of Shah Jehan. Ahmednuggur had owned it before his downfall. The stone in its modern form was a pear-shaped blue-white pendant of nearly three hundred carats. Few diamond experts had even seen it; yet its size was such, and its fame, that it was almost as well known to the trade as the Orloff. At the present moment its loss was fourteen months old, and the chances of recovering it seemed slender. Donovan believed that it had been split up and recut.

"We are already acquainted," said the maharaja.

"Your Excellency!" cried Donovan.

"I ask you as a favor to address me by the other title. I wish to pass unrecognized."

"What brings you upon such a visit at this hour? Not a diamond, surely."

"Why not?" asked the other.

"I did not think that a stone in the world any longer would have had the power."

"After the diamond I lost?"

"After owning and losing such a diamond."

"Yet I'm replacing that diamond with a finer. I've come halfway round the world just to see it. I wanted you to look it over for me before I bought it."

"A finer? There isn't such a stone in the world."

"What should you say if I showed you a pear-shaped diamond of almost the same weight?"

"Its equal in color?"

"Far finer."

"I should say it must be your diamond disguised by a little skillful recutting."

"Can you add to the weight of a diamond? This stone is six carats heavier. Can you change the color of a diamond? This stone is a fancy bluish green."

Donovan was about to speak of color in diamonds, but caught himself sharply. "There isn't any such diamond," he said instead. "The Dresden Green weighs forty carats; the blue Hope, forty-four and a half; the yellow Tiffany, one hundred and twenty-eight and a half. What colored stone is larger?"

"The Star of Burma," replied the maharaja.

"I never have heard of it."

"But I myself have seen it. It's in Chicago at this moment. It's in this room." The speaker produced a leather-covered box from an inside pocket. "See it for yourself."

As he spoke he laid the box on the table under the lamp and threw back the lid. The diamond revealed caused not only Donovan, but O'Day also, to gasp in admiration. It lay in its white-satin cradle like a landscape in spring, every facet glowing, a full-fashioned pear-shaped pendant, its color a delicate bluish green.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Donovan.

"Look the stone over for me. Test it in every way. I wish to buy it."

"I can't let you leave it with me. That diamond ought to be kept behind steel."

"Test it while I wait."

"My polariscope is at the office. I can't test it for internal strain. Diamonds have been known to explode from the heat of the hand."

"Then do the best you can," said the maharaja.

The test was unnecessary, but Donovan tried the stone with a corundum crystal for hardness. Then he immersed it in alcohol to test it for stains, although he knew that it bore none, and for cemented surfaces, although none were or could be present. Next he placed upon the table a cardboard box of his own, containing a troughlike lining of heavy white paper folded over itself. He lifted the diamond from its bath, dried it and laid it in this box, from which it gleamed up at him more brightly than ever.

"I wish to see it against a duller background," he said, giving a reason other than the one that prompted the act.

After that he leaned over it with a glass, ostensibly to search it for flaws facet by facet. He examined it so for almost an hour without changing its position in the cradle. Then suddenly he lifted it out and began looking over it more rapidly. When he had peered into the last of its clear windows he laid it back in its own box.

"It's true diamond?"

"True diamond," he replied.

"Any flaws?"

"None of importance."

"Looks like a fine stone," said the maharaja.

"It's the finest fancy diamond in existence."

"Then you believe I may safely buy it?"

Donovan's reply was made softly and without emphasis, but it fell with startling unexpectedness upon the ears even of O'Day, who was used to his turns of thought.

"No," he said.

"You advise me not to buy this wonderful diamond?" asked the maharaja, when he had regained his breath.

"Not quite that. I advise you that you cannot buy it safely. I advise you not to buy in haste."

Donovan was not looking at Kistna as he spoke, but out of the tail of his eye he caught a movement of impatience, and when he turned his head to glance at him more directly, he thought he saw his black eyes flare up in anger.

"What do you demand in a diamond?" asked the maharaja.

"All the visible virtues and all the concealed. About what you would demand in a woman."

"What concealed virtues, for example?"

"The virtue of a history. Who owns it now? Who owned it yesterday? The diamond is the finest of its kind in existence, and yet up to tonight I had never heard of it, nor had any other man in the trade."

"I had heard of it," said Kistna.

Donovan smiled deprecatingly; his words may or may not have contained barbs.

"No other man in the trade except you."

"The stone exists, nevertheless," said the maharaja.

"I know it exists; but where is it from? South Africa? Brazil? India? You would not marry a girl without learning all you could about her. Her family would be weighed; her own personal history also. Buying the finest diamond in the world is surely not unlike marrying the finest woman in the world."

"Your objections are too indefinite," said the maharaja.

"Let me see the diamond again tomorrow," said Donovan.

"Tomorrow may be too late," grumbled Kistna, throwing a black glance in his direction.

"Why?" asked Donovan mildly.

"Another purchaser wishes to buy it."

"Another, Mr. Kistna? What other?"

But Kistna refused to name the other possible purchaser and sank back into silence.

"Even so, my advice is to wait."

The maharaja took up the diamond, gazed again into its flashing depths, caressed it with his fingers. Then, replacing it in its box, he thrust this back into his inside pocket and rose to leave. "Perhaps I shall buy it anyhow," he said. "Perhaps I shall show it to you tomorrow—if it remains unsold by then. I will make up my mind. Thank you and good night."

"Either way, look us up."

"I will do that."

"I will follow you out, I think," said O'Day, crossing the room for his coat and hat. "My wife will be worried."

"Can't we set you down?"

"Thank you. I have a car."

But when the door had closed upon the maharaja and Kistna and the special officer in uniform and the blue-green diamond in the maharaja's inside pocket, Donovan said:

"I wish you'd wait a few minutes, chief. I have something I want to talk over with you."

II

DONOVAN listened. The sound of lightly dripping water was heard, and the sound of O'Day's breathing; beyond these ghosts of sounds, nothing. The hour was 3:35. He had just turned out the darkroom red light, replacing it with white, and the click of the switch had reverberated through the effect of silence like a pistol shot.

When the film was fixed he transferred it from the hypo to the wash tray, and the delicate sound of the overflow became added to the silence.

"The washing will do for tonight," he said after a while, breaking the silence.

He spoke nervously, shrinking from the sound of his voice like a man calling across a darkened church. But his hands did not shrink from their duties. Lifting the film from the water, he stripped it between his fingers, placed a clamp upon one corner and hung it on a wire overhead.

"That's that," he said more firmly. "Now to reach the maharaja before the break."

"He can't be in any personal danger," replied O'Day.

"Suppose these crooks double-cross each other? Wouldn't he be in personal danger? Or suppose they become frightened?"

"Can we reach him past Kistna?" asked the other.

"Not direct—not if Kistna suspects that we know. You might reach him through his hotel, indirectly."

"Odd situation," said O'Day.

"As odd as any I have ever heard of. Shall we try his hotel?"

"Listen!"

"I heard it too. It was nothing. The man on the floor above is an owl like ourselves."

"I think the Star of Burma is getting on my nerves," said O'Day. "And I don't know why, either."

"We both know why, chief."

"What was that? That wasn't from the floor above."

"That was the elevator door closing," replied Donovan.

"I'm glad for one thing—I'm glad you didn't let the maharaja lend you that diamond. We should have had to stay up guarding it with drawn pistols."

"Do you know, I'm rather sorry." Donovan glanced swiftly toward the door. "I could have sworn I heard somebody outside," he went on, lowering his voice still further. "Wait!"

Stealing to the door, he flung it suddenly open. The hall outside proved to be empty.

"On your nerves, too," said O'Day.

"That's why I'm sorry. I'd rather climb out on a girder myself than see a friend out there. So would you. Imagined dangers are always worse than the real."

Suddenly for the second time that night the telephone bell began ringing, this time with clamorous loudness. Donovan instinctively leaped for the switch to press out the light. Yet the summons itself had not changed. Whether because of the blue-green Star of Burma, or because of the whispers surrounding him in the night, or because of the lateness of the hour, he felt the menace of its challenge much as a burglar might feel the menace of a spoken word in a strange house. O'Day was affected likewise and reached for his pistol. Donovan instantly restored the lights. O'Day instantly put up his pistol. The two men smiled at their whiff of panic, which after all was not precisely panic.

Donovan crossed to the telephone to receive the message. "Kistna again, as like as not," he said.

"Or the maharaja," O'Day suggested.

But the call proved to be not from Kistna, nor from the Maharaja of Shan, but from a woman, who asked in a low voice to speak to Mr. Donovan.

"I'm he," replied Donovan. "The head nurse, yes. . . . Yes, I get that. St. Geraldine's Hospital. . . . I get that. Colonel O'Day had an accident on the way home. . . . Seriously hurt, you say? He asked to have you call me? I'm shocked. Tell him I'll start for the hospital at once."

He turned to O'Day, all traces of nervousness gone. O'Day likewise, merely from hearing him speak, seemed to have recovered his poise.

"Did you hear that, chief? The gang includes a woman. She says you're in St. Geraldine's Hospital suffering from a severe accident and you've sent for me."

"Who's behind it? Kistna?"

"Either Kistna or somebody else. I make a guess that somebody in Kistna's gang means to offer me a bribe—somebody who doesn't know Redelos."

"You're not going, Donovan?"

"I want to know who is interested, and so do you. It sounds like imported goods to me."

"I'll follow you in the car, in case anything goes wrong," said O'Day.

"Don't. But if you could reach the maharaja ——"

"Anyhow, take your pistol."

Donovan grimaced, but slipped the weapon into his pocket. "See you later," he said.

He did not reach the elevator before his coat had settled on his shoulders, but he almost did so. On the way out he maintained the appearance of haste.

A vacant taxicab stood at the curb opposite the entrance. This he commandeered, after noting its number and the number of its license plate.

"St. Geraldine's Hospital," he ordered crisply. "Let's have a little action."

The action began as the car leaped forward. The driver, a crop-eared Sicilian who had been driven from his native island by Mt. Etna, was a born brigand. He turned the corner on two wheels, then straightened out into the boulevard for a sprint. Midway of the second block he jammed down the brakes, swerved toward the curb, and drew up before a shadow that proved to be a man, although his face could not be made out.

"This gent'man mus' travel by you t'ree-four blocks," explained the Sicilian.

Donovan moved over without protesting; the stranger crowded through the door; the latch clicked; again the car shot forward. A moment later they passed a street lamp and he saw that he was seated beside Kistna. Kistna, using the same light, must have made sure he was seated beside Donovan,

(Continued on Page 40)

In explanation . .

PRACTICALLY all automobile bodies have an outside covering of steel. But not all such bodies are the same underneath. There are two different types of internal construction.

One type employs a wooden frame. The other is constructed entirely of steel—a steel frame and a steel covering welded into a single unit.

Due to this outward resemblance between the two types of bodies, thousands of motor car buyers mistakenly believe that they are getting a body built entirely of steel. And they confidently rely on it to give them the safety and protection which they know all-steel construction brings.

If, when you buy your next car, you wish the advantages of all-steel construction, make sure that the body of the car you buy has a *frame* of steel as well as a surface of steel.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.

PHILADELPHIA
DETROIT

Originators of the Budd All-Steel Automobile Body

(Continued from Page 38)

for after glancing sharply at him he addressed him by name.

As the Redelos man had suspected it would be, his proposal was in the nature of a bribe. He may have lacked the courage to offer money. Instead he produced a three-carat diamond set in a platinum pin.

"Would Mr. Donovan be so kind as accept slight token for his trouble?" he asked.

"A beautiful stone," said Donovan at the next light, to see what would follow.

"Finest color," said Kistna.

"It could hardly be more pleasingly mounted."

"Turgard's work. So glad you esteem it."

"And what am I expected to do in return for this beautiful diamond?"

"Not anything. No. Not wanted to do anything."

"In that case, why give it to me?"

"Your trouble in looking at Star of Burma," said Kistna.

"But that was no trouble. I was glad to see the stone."

"You have advise the maharaja your judgment," said Kistna.

"I advised him to learn more about its history. Who is selling it? Who now owns it? Who owned it previously? Who owned it before that?"

"Who owned it before?" Kistna lowered his voice. "The Czar of Russia," he replied.

"No such stone was ever listed among the crown jewels," said Donovan. "On what evidence do you say that?"

"It is not so unlikely. You do not know. You have already advise the maharaja to not hurry."

"Then what?"

"Then—nothing more," said Kistna. "You have said all."

"You mean it would be better if I stopped advising him further, for the present?"

"Not necessary to speak more."

"But suppose I do not stop?"

"That is not sensible," said Kistna "You advise him the excellence of the diamond, and advise him the untrustfulness of ownership. What more?"

"Suppose I help him look into its ownership?"

"Now you make a jest."

In a way Donovan was caught off guard. He had thrust his pistol into the right pocket, but that pocket proved to be the one nearest Kistna, and Kistna's pistol proved to be lying in the pocket farthest from Donovan, so that when he tried to reach his weapon Kistna's left hand blocked him, but his own left hand could not block Kistna from reaching his pistol. A moment later he felt the hard muzzle pressed into his stomach.

"Hold up the hands, you Donovan!" he heard.

He had no choice but to obey. Kistna swiftly disarmed him; then, stopping the car, had him searched by the driver for further weapons and saw his wrists tied together. He himself placed the gag in his victim's mouth. Before returning to his seat behind the wheel the driver pulled a loose sack over the gagged man's head so as to conceal from him the route of their flight.

"Please listen close," said Kistna. "In my country we do not consider the human life so important, if it stand in the way. Not you. Not the maharaja even. If you stand in way of me I kill you like that."

Donovan felt the muscles of the man tighten, as muscles will do under stress of emotion. Kistna had meant what he said. After a moment he felt the muscles relax.

"I am tell you something else," Kistna continued. "The Colonel O'Day stood over telephone when you answer. So very true. He arrange to follow you in his own car, not so? Funny fellow! You expect me to let us be follow? He sees another taxi behind and follows that to Jerusalem and Cairo. They pass you when you pick me up."

Although he could no longer look out, Donovan knew that the car was again in motion.

He had been listening to a recurring rhythmical sound from the moment the taxicab set forth with him as a passenger. It came from one of the wheels, and may have been caused by a swinging link of chain or by a bit of wire picked up by a spoke. The sound was not loud, but it persisted; and as the speed increased, its tempo increased likewise.

"Not that it makes any difference to me," he had thought, "but if I were on a dark road at night I could tell how far I had traveled by counting the clicks."

As the sack settled down upon his shoulders he remembered this. He had noted his position, block by block, and the direction of his movement, as a man is able to do after driving the streets of a city for some years. When the car again started forward he was therefore able to keep a mental log by counting the revolutions of the tally wheel.

He made a swift calculation, using round numbers and guessing at the diameter of the wheel. "Around five hundred revolutions the mile," he thought. "We've gone half a mile south."

He meant half a mile from their stopping place. Later he felt the car slacken speed and then turn to the right; but by that time the distance south from their stopping place had increased to nearly eight miles. Making a mental note of the distance, he began counting afresh. At the next turn he did the same, and thereafter at each change in direction; and because he knew the country, he was able each time to form a picture in his mind of his position. An occasional street car track or railroad crossing helped him verify his figures.

The taxicab came to a stop at the end of a half-mile stretch of unpaved road.

"Kindly descend and making little disturbance," said Kistna.

After that, Donovan had an impression of steps, a porch, long halls, further steps in broken flights, further halls, and at the last a pinched, steep stairway the width of his shoulders. When he had climbed this stairway his hands were freed and the sack removed from over his head.

III

UPON becoming accustomed to the light, Donovan saw that he had been thrust into a disused attic. Where the sloping roof pitched downward at either side its height became negligible, but in the center a man could stand upright. It contained no windows, a twenty-five-watt lamp suspended by a cord at one side acting as sun and moon and all the stars.

"An attic under a west gable," he decided. "If I were alone I probably could cut my way out through the roof."

But he was not alone, and besides had no tools with which to work. Even his pocketknife had been taken from him. His pockets contained his watch, his keys, a few coins—nothing else of metal.

Against the door sat the crop-eared Sicilian of the taxicab with a sawed-off shotgun on his knee. The important Kistna had not remained.

He looked at his watch. The hour was 4:30. He remembered absently that the sun had an engagement to rise at 4:30, although only a technical one in Chicago. He wondered how long he would be held a prisoner. Until night, he felt sure; probably until the following night. Until then the brigand at the door was his absolute master, with the power over him of life and death.

"And I might have prevented it," he thought gloomily. "About time I was sharpening my perceptions."

A moment later, however, a perception stole over him that caused him to glow like a Pharisee from the mere pride of nurturing it.

The roof was supported at the eaves; but midway between eaves and ridgepole half a dozen upright timbers had been introduced to keep it from collapsing under the snows of winter. The light on the cord had been hung between two of these uprights. Donovan, seated on a box at rear center, faced this light. Every movement he made in consequence was fully lighted.

The perception that stole over him was this: Although his guard could see him plainly, and every object in the attic, including the upright timbers, he could see only the lighted nearer side of the timbers. Along one of these upright timbers ran an iron water pipe, and along this pipe, but separately attached to the wood, an insulated wire. These the guard could not see. Even Donovan could not see them plainly, but he saw them plainly enough to know what they were.

"That's the telephone wire," he thought.

But a doubt instantly entered. It might be the telephone wire, and probably was, but it might also be the light cord instead. He tried to follow it among the shadows against the roof. Then he tried to trace back the cord from the light, but lost it also among the shadows.

"I know how to find out," he thought. "If I blow the fuse it's a light cord; if not, it's telephone."

The experiment naturally had to be concealed from the guard. Pretending to feel very drowsy, he nodded sleepily, awoke, dozed off again, again rubbed his eyes; then, yawning, he rose and dragged his box to the upright. The guard tried to stop him at the point of the shotgun, but he was permitted to lean his forehead against the timber.

After that his actions became more stealthy. He began by slipping his stick pin out of his tie. Cupping the pin in his palm, he allowed his hand to steal behind the post against which he leaned, felt out the position of the wire, tested the hardness of its insulation; then, wrapping the head of the stick pin in a fold of his coat lapel, he thrust its point through the outer fabric until it emerged beyond, grazing the copper core in its passage. He left it so, held by the insulation.

"Now for the fireworks," he thought.

He could have learned what he wished to know by touching the pin with his thumb and the water pipe with his fingers, but he was not so foolish as to do that. He might have lost a hand. Instead he pressed the head of the pin slowly toward the pipe, using the cloth of his coat for insulation. Even so the act was not without its danger. If the short-circuiting that followed were to cause a flash, or were to blow out the fuse and leave the attic dark, the guard might lose his head and fire.

"I could probably dodge his fire," he thought, "but the noise would raise the house. I'd rather not. Still, if I have to I can. Every man has to take risks."

He held himself poised for a spring; then, pressing the pin slowly backward, felt it make contact with the pipe. No flash resulted, nor any slightest flickering of the light. He breathed easier. The wire undoubtedly led to the telephone, as he had hoped and expected.

His further movements were made more boldly, for they were delicate movements hardly observable even by a trained eye in the open.

A telephone instrument normally lies in an uncompleted, or open, circuit, the weight of the receiver on its hook maintaining the hook in depressed position. When the receiver is lifted off, the hook rises, closing the circuit, whereupon a signal is given at the central exchange and the operator there replies. A telephone circuit is commonly completed through a return wire. Lifting off the receiver merely acts to connect the wire leading from the battery at central with the return wire. Instead of through this return wire, the circuit can be completed through the ground.

Donovan was not within reach of a telephone and could not lift off the receiver; but by using his stick pin as a switch or bridge he could close the circuit in another way. The water pipe offered a perfect ground connection. The signal that resulted would be the same, no matter how the circuit was closed and opened.

Meanwhile a question had arisen in his mind. The wire consisted of two twisted strands, one of which was the battery wire, the other not. Which wire was which?

"If I could see the tracer thread I could tell from it. In the Loop district the tracer thread for the battery wire is red, I remember, but in the outlying districts it is green."

The tracer thread is the spiral colored thread that is woven into the insulation to identify the wires. The wish to see this thread led him to pull the wire sideways far enough to catch the light, yet not so far that it caught the eye of his guard. The next moment he saw that he had made contact with the right wire.

He now began pressing the head of the stick pin intermittently against the water pipe; but instead of giving mere purposeless signals, as one does when he joggles the receiver hook, he alternated the contacts in a rhythmical pattern. He made thus three short contacts in a group, then three longer contacts, then three more short contacts, much as a telegrapher might do through the intermittent pressures of a telegraph key. A telegraph operator would have read the signal, using the International Morse code, as an S O S call.

"Assuming that I'm right about that wire," he thought, "I could send a message through central."

He could, that is to say, provided central knew the Morse code, which did not seem likely. "Anyhow, it's better than doing nothing."

He repeated the signal continuously for a few minutes; then, when he believed he had the attention of central, he began spelling out a message in Morse, asking O'Day to be notified that he was held prisoner in a roadhouse attic; and he gave the approximate position of the road house. He repeated this message until his fingers grew weary; but all the guard saw was his closed eyes and nodding head.

Meanwhile, things began to happen elsewhere, notably in the suburban telephone exchange of Simla.

The girl at the switchboard saw the light flash up, but as she was engaged in completing a long-distance call she could not respond instantly. The flashing was repeated three times after that, but always in the same pattern—three quick flashes, three long flashes, and then again three quick flashes. The number, she noted, was J 17, a country phone.

Throwing in the plug, she listened for the call number. There was no reply; but the attention signals continued, one piled upon another and each the same, like so many bricks in a wall or books of an edition.

"Number, please?" she asked; and when there still was no response: "Very well. Take it out then joggling the hook."

But still the patterned signals continued rhythmically, each consisting of the three short flashes, the three long flashes and the three short flashes.

"That's funny," she thought.

The hour was very early and she was alone in the room, so that she could not ask for advice. The exchange was not a large one. After making two or three further efforts to hear J 17 she leaned back in her chair to watch the flashes.

The pattern repeated itself endlessly, like the click of car wheels upon the joints of ill ballasted rails, or like the flow of colors in a drug-store sign. She could not see why it should do so. A flaring-up of the signal in a solid incandescence she could have understood, for sometimes patrons forget to return the receiver to its hook. Such a signal at this hour of the morning might even be a call for help. But these broken flashes!

As she sat looking at them, puzzled but fascinated, suddenly the pattern of the signal changed. Instead of regularly recurring flashes in the pattern dot-dot-dot, dash-dash-dash, dot-dot-dot, she now saw a patternless succession of short and long flashes and blanks. These seemed to be grouped obscurely into larger units. The broken rhythm of them suggested vaguely the clicking of a telegraph sounder.

(Continued on Page 43)

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office

Suppose— you could save one-fourth of what you now spend for hosiery and lingerie!

Ask any of the millions of women who are regular patrons of Real Silk Hosiery Mills Service and they will tell you that there is a *double economy* in buying silk hosiery and lingerie the Realsilk way—*direct from the manufacturer* through the Bonded Representative who calls at the home.

First, they have found that Realsilk values are unduplicated, enabling them to procure hosiery and lingerie of utmost luxury at moderate prices.

Second, they have learned that they enjoy an additional economy, due to the superior wearing qualities of the merchandise, itself.

For, the Realsilk method of Corporate Distribution (direct-to-consumer selling) eliminates intermediate costs, and these savings are reflected not only in the selling prices of our products, but in finer materials and better workmanship, as well.

In fact, many women who buy silk hosiery and lingerie through the Bonded Realsilk Representative *save fully one-fourth* of what they formerly spent for these essential items.

Besides, they may make their selections with greater accuracy and comfort at home, where the entire wardrobe is near-at-hand for reference.

If you are not enjoying this money-saving hosiery and lingerie service, a note to our Mills or a 'phone call to the nearest Realsilk Branch Service Office will bring a Representative to your home promptly.

The Utmost in Luxury at Moderate Prices

REALSILK

HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

and

LINGERIE

SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR MILLS TO THE CONSUMER AT A SAVING

OUR 10,000 BONDED REPRESENTATIVES CALL DAILY AT HOMES AND OFFICES

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS · [*World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie*] · INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U.S.A.

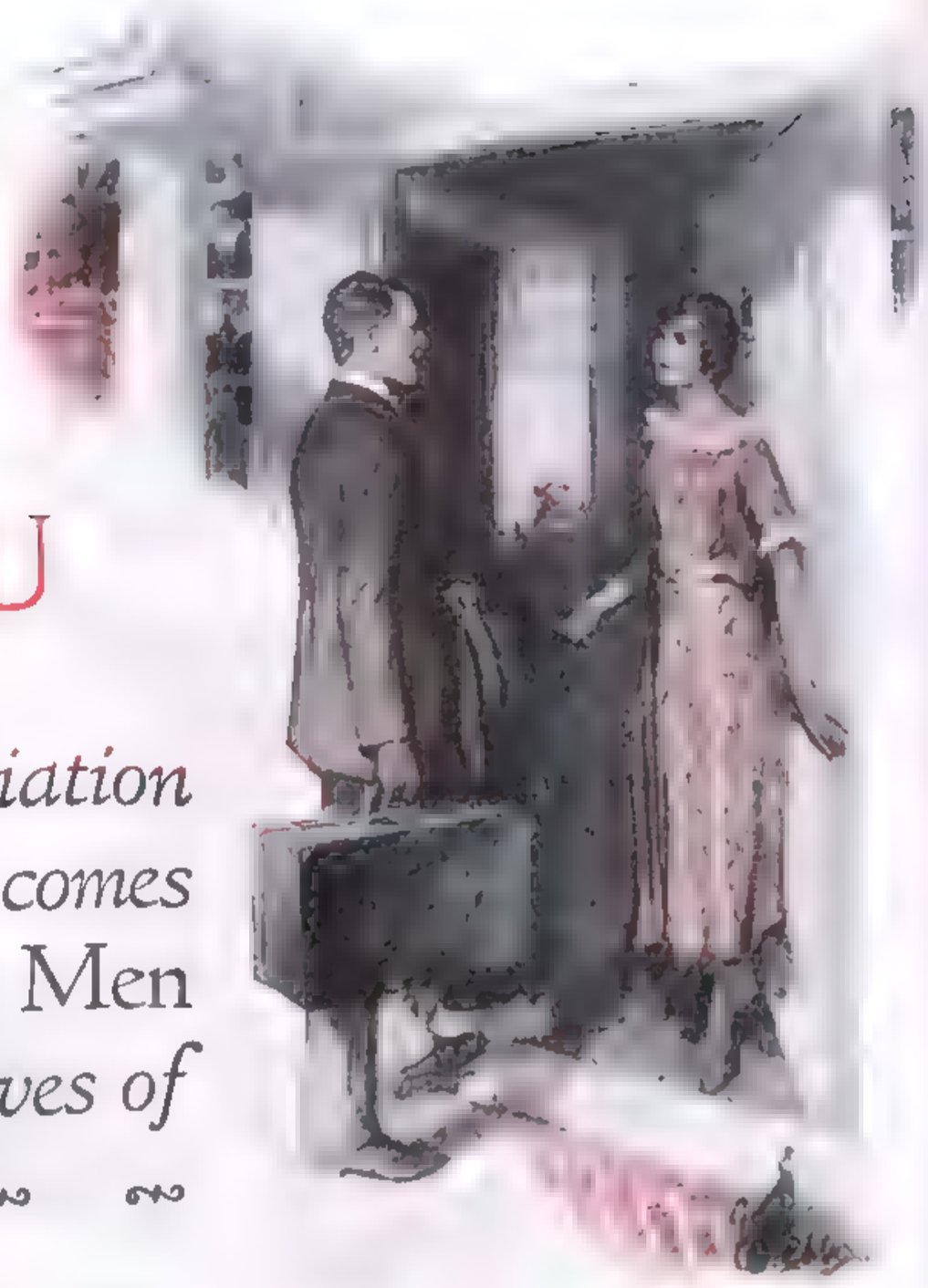
360 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. CONSULT 'PHONE DIRECTORY FOR YOUR LOCAL OFFICE

© 1926, R.S.H.M.

Ladies

WE THANK YOU

This is a message of appreciation to America's homekeepers. It comes from the thousands of Fuller Men *and from officials and executives of this company.*



The Fuller Man carries Fuller service to ten million homes several times a year. He brings each housewife one of these useful gifts.

LAST January, we told you of the immense task of calling upon ten million homes two or three times a year. We sought an expression of your regard for Fuller service.

We did this in an advertisement in this publication in which we said frankly: "Ladies, We Apologize."

Your response was immediate and conclusive.

By an avalanche of letters and by word of mouth to Fuller Men at your door, you registered the verdict that Fuller service is a necessary aid to the successful operation of the home.

But you did not stop there.

You sent the names of hundreds of men whom you wished to assist in securing pleasurable and profitable employment and who you believed measured up to rigid Fuller requirements.

That these men merited your endorsement is proved by the large percentage now wearing the Fuller Trade-mark Button.

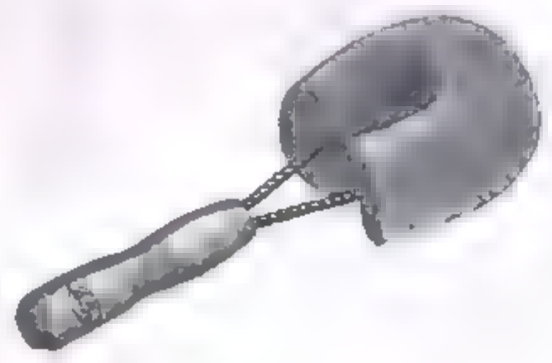
It is a real pleasure, therefore, thus publicly to express our thanks.

We are grateful both for your commendation and for your help in enabling us to maintain those high standards of Fuller service to which you are accustomed.

The demand for Fuller service is ever growing. This requires a constantly growing organization.

If you have in mind a man you would like to see established in a prosperous, home-town enterprise, write his name and address below. We will be glad to have your name and address, so that we may express our appreciation directly to you.

[*Any man interested in learning more of this opportunity should send in his own name at once.*]



This Handy Brush may be used about the house in a hundred and one different ways.

Bring the luster of newness to dull surfaces with Fuller Furniture Polish.

The Fuller Brush Co.

The Fuller Brush Company, 1063 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen:—May I recommend:

Name_____

Street No._____

City_____ State_____

My name and address follow:

Name_____

Street No._____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 40)

"That may be what they are," she thought, and sat upright. "They may be telegraph signals."

In that case, of course, they contained a meaning, although what that meaning was she could not guess any more than if she had been hearing Chinese. She did not know the Morse alphabet.

She watched them longer, the fascination of them growing. Someone at J 17 was plainly trying to say something to her — someone who knew telegraphy. Probably the message was important. She decided to take it down as nearly as she could upon paper, and reached for her pencil; but she saw even as she began to write that by the time she could show it to the station agent, the occasion for it would have passed.

That idea may have been impracticable, but it suggested another that was not. The local telegraph office was not open, but the Chicago offices were. The next moment she had Chicago on the line and was asking excitedly for a telegraph connection. A moment later still she was explaining to the receiving clerk what she wished done. Someone was trying to telegraph a message by joggling the receiver hook, and she wished it read. After that she had but to plug in and relay the signals direct.

Time passed; one minute, five minutes, ten minutes. Donovan continued spelling out his message, even though he could not be sure that the wire was the telephone wire leading into the house, or that it was a telephone wire at all. He was obliged to talk blindly, without knowing that he was heard

Suddenly all that became changed. Not only did he know he was heard but he himself began hearing the speech of others. He heard them speak through his eyes, but he heard them. He had caused a signal light to flash up in the Morse code before central. Suddenly the light suspended in the attic likewise began to spell out words in Morse.

"Donovan, Donovan, Donovan," it called. "S O S, S O S, O'Day talking through the power station," said the light. "Do you hear me, Donovan?"

"I hear you," Donovan spelled out against the water pipe.

"Is Kistna there?" asked the light.

"He left twenty minutes ago," replied Donovan.

"Did he have a car?"

"None that I know of. He came in the taxi with me."

"What number was that taxi?" asked the light.

Donovan gave both the taxi number and that of the license plate.

"Has he a good driver?"

"I think he's his own driver. The former driver is here with me."

"Where are you?" asked the light.

Donovan repeated his estimate of his position.

"I already have that. I mean, in what part of the house?"

"A west gable without windows."

"How are you guarded?" asked the light.

"A Sicilian gunman sits inside the door with a sawed-off shotgun. Outside, I don't know."

"Can you describe this Sicilian?"

"Height five feet eight or nine, of stocky build and with thick black hair. He seems to have traded his driver's cap and coat for Kistna's. His nose is long and hooked, and he has cropped ears. A large wart on his chin helps to mark him. He has no mustache."

"That's enough," the light interrupted. "Can I help you in any way?"

"If you could get in touch with the maharaja ——"

"I'm talking from his hotel," said the light.

"Is he still in possession of the diamond?"

"He refuses to say."

"Did you tell him what we knew?"

"He refuses to listen. He refuses to have anything to do with me except in your presence"

"Kistna is on his way to see him," said Donovan.

"I'll try to take care of Kistna until you get here. Anything else?"

"Kistna's a gunman. Watch your step."

"I know he is," replied the light.

"I hear noises downstairs," said Donovan. "A car has just driven up."

"That's a car from Simla that I sent out. It's a police car, and has speed in its legs. I'll have you met at the city limits by another. Get back here fast."

"I hear knocking at the front door. A man is coming through the hall in a great rush. Now he's on the lower stairs. Now he's on mine. Now he has his key in the lock. Now he's inside saying something to the guard. I can't hear his words, but his voice is that of the man who let us in. Now I can hear his words. He's saying that the house is surrounded and the game is up. Now he's turning to me. He has just told me I'm free to go. He's asking me ——"

But Donovan had suddenly found it advisable to thrust his stick pin into the cloth of his coat. When the new man walked over to make his hurried inquiry all he saw was a drowsy prisoner leaning against an upright.

The Taxicab Came to a Stop at the End of a Half-Mile Stretch of Unpaved Road.
"Kindly Descend and Making Little Disturbance," Said Kistna

IV

I THINK that the maharaja's older diamonds blinked a little knowingly when they saw the chessboard, for chess is a Hindu game, and some of them, notably the Kollar stone on the maharaja's ring finger, had seen a thousand years of quiet play between men like him and Donovan. But his newer diamonds lay back and dreamed.

Yet the blue-green Star of Burma, cradled in its box at the maharaja's elbow, did not look to be dreaming, and it was so newly his that he had still to purchase its substance.

The chessboard stood on a table in the sun room beyond the parlor. The suite was O'Day's, and had been for nearly three hours, but at the present moment it was largely occupied by others. At the table sat the maharaja and Donovan. In the background stood a special officer in uniform, as like the officer of the night before as tick is like tock. In its box beside the chessboard lay the diamond he had been hired to guard, of the hue of the blue-green sky, of obscure lineage, but blindingly beautiful for all that.

A bell boy entered the outer room, after knocking, with an envelope addressed to Major Glenbrook.

O'Day, who had been telephoning, took the message. He might have delayed delivering it, or even suppressed it altogether, but did not.

Its contents had an immediate and a disturbing effect upon the maharaja; he blinked, removed his monocle, became red in the face, sputtered for anger like a teased monkey.

"My secretary has been arrested," he said when he could speak. "Which of you is responsible for that outrage?"

"I have the honor to be," said O'Day.

"Why? Why?"

"Major Glenbrook may remember that I tried to gain his attention, but he refused to hear me."

"Kistna must be released instantly!"

"Instantly is a very short time. Must is a very difficult word. I will send for Kistna, but I will not release him."

The maharaja became rapidly cooler. "On what charge was he arrested, may I ask?" he inquired.

"Grand larceny. Abduction. Highway robbery. Murder."

"And where were you"—the maharaja turned upon Donovan—"where were you when he was arrested?"

"His arrest must have occurred soon after my rescue by the police," replied Donovan mildly.

"Your rescue from whom?"

"From Kistna and his gangsters."

"But that is absurd!"

"Not so absurd. You may remember that I advised you not to buy this diamond in haste. My advice today is, not to buy it at all."

"I shall buy it!" snapped the other.

Donovan smiled at the farther wall. "Of whom?" he asked at last.

"It is held in trust by a broker here in Chicago. Of him. Its ownership is withheld."

"Does this broker guarantee title?"

"Why should he, if he delivers the diamond itself?"

"The diamond may have been stolen," said Donovan.

O'Day withdrew into the outer room to answer a knock, leaving the connecting door ajar.

"I ask you your own question," said the maharaja. "You suggest that the diamond may be stolen. I ask you, from whom?"

"Please sit perfectly still and listen!" commanded Donovan sharply.

O'Day was heard to open the outer door, voices were heard, and then, above them, Kistna was heard speaking. He entered like a March storm. Someone closed the door behind him with a softness that emphasized the turbulence of his entrance.

"Have your men take their filthy hands off me!" he cried. "Why am I arrested? Why am I here?"

"Donovan tells me you're trying to sell a stolen diamond," said O'Day.

"What stolen diamond?"

"The Star of Burma."

"What affair is it of his if I am?"

"He considers that he is interested. You might ask him."

"Let him say it to my face!" cried Kistna.

"That's why I sent for you. I'm expecting him here any minute to do just that."

"To make that silly charge? He'll never come!"

"I think he'll come," said O'Day.

"I know he won't, for I saw him take a train out of town."

"You saw Donovan take a train?"

"Your friend Donovan."

"You didn't see anything like that, Kistna. You saw him take a taxi out of town."

"He drove to the station with me," said Kistna.

"Wrong again. He didn't drive to the station with you, but he will."

"Produce your man! You can't do it! I tell you, Donovan has left town!" Kistna shouted.

"Suppose we step into the other room, where we can talk the matter over more quietly," O'Day suggested.

When Donovan looked up, Kistna was standing in the doorway between two policemen. "You were saying ——" he began, addressing the maharaja.

But the Maharaja of Shan had been offended by the tone of Donovan's demand for silence.

"I was saying that I meant to buy this diamond," came the placid reply. "As for

Cool and Smart

A man's first Van Heusen is a very pleasant experience. He discovers that feeling of perfect, easy fit—as if his collar had been tailored especially for him. To his comfort he discovers that starch, linings and bands are conspicuous by their absence. He looks in the glass—and pronounces his new Van Heusen *the World's Smartest Collar.*

For your further comfort—and smartness, too—the new Philcuff Shirt is recommended. Its cuffs, made on the Van Heusen principle, are *reversible.*

VAN HEUSEN
Patented
the World's *Smartest* Collar

12 · SMART · STYLES · PHILLIPS-JONES
50 · CENTS · EACH · NEW · YORK · CITY

Kistna, I shall have him released as soon as I can reach a lawyer."

"You mean to buy a diamond that you know was stolen?"

"But I don't know that, you see."

"You ought to know it. It was stolen from yourself."

"This blue-green diamond?"

"This diamond."

"No; I have never owned such a stone."

"We in Redelos remember more clearly, for we insured it and paid you for its loss. Does Your Excellency forget the world-famed Shan pendant?"

"Not the same diamond. No slightest resemblance."

"The same diamond," said Donovan.

"Oh, but Donovan! Where is your knowledge of diamonds? That stolen pendant weighed two hundred and forty carats. This diamond weighs two hundred and forty-six carats. Can a diamond increase in weight like a pig in a cornfield? A diamond cannot, and no one knows it better than yourself."

Donovan smiled deprecatingly, as if at the too great knowledge ascribed to him.

"Sir John Mandeville said that he often made diamonds grow larger by nourishing them with May dew, but of course he did not. No, a diamond cannot increase in weight, but a carat can decrease in weight. At one time the British carat was ten per cent heavier than the present international or metric carat. Even now the carat standard varies. You say, the stolen diamond weighed two hundred and forty carats. Had the same diamond been weighed a few years earlier it would have weighed two hundred and twenty-one. Did that diamond grow while you owned it?"

"That diamond was white and this diamond is colored," Kistna interjected.

The maharaja grew thoughtful. Donovan suspected that Kistna had said a word too much; for no man, and least of all a Maharaja of Shan, likes to have his arguments placed in his mouth by his secretary.

"I was about to speak of the point myself," he replied at last. "The Star of Burma is of the color of green ice. My stolen diamond was water-white. Can you change the color of a diamond?"

"Does Your Excellency happen to have a loose white diamond about you?" asked Donovan.

"I have not. Why?"

"I could have changed its color in your presence."

"Change the color of this stone," said the maharaja, stripping the Kollar stone from his ring finger. "Do you mean it?"

"Naturally, or I should not have said it."

Donovan pushed back his chair and took from the drawer of the table a leaden box, and from the box a small glass tube, at the bottom of which lay a pinch or two of a grayish powder. Placing the ring upon the box, he laid the tube upon it so as to bring the powder as close as possible to the diamond.

"Some diamonds will respond in a few minutes," he said. "Others require an hour or more to be affected. This is a borrowed outfit, but I think it will answer."

"What's that you have? Radium?"

"Radium bromide. Watch the diamond blacken."

"Blacken?"

"In five minutes it will have turned opaque. Don't worry. I can dissolve off the film."

"In how long?" asked the maharaja with growing uneasiness.

"Four or five days. The graphite film is extremely resistant."

The maharaja snatched back his ring. "I'll take your word for the blackening."

"You can try it yourself upon a diamond fragment. I believe you own a supply of radium bromide."

"Radium chloride," corrected the other.

"Either one; it does not matter."

"Your Excellency ——" began Kistna.

"Take him away," said the maharaja. But to Donovan he said: "We were speaking of colored diamonds, not blackened diamonds."

"Yes. But may I ask a question? Is your supply of radium a large one?"

"The largest in India," replied the maharaja.

"And is it accessible?"

"Only to me and my household, except by permission."

"Is it accessible to Kistna?"

"Freely accessible to him, yes."

"Some years ago the scientist Sir William Crookes performed some interesting experiments upon diamonds; among others, he buried a white diamond in radium bromide and set it away for a year. He had noticed that radium would blacken a diamond. At the end of the year he dissolved off the blackened surface. The diamond underneath had changed its color to a delicate bluish green."

"Through and through?"

"Deeply enough. You will find the account in The Proceedings of the Royal Society."

The maharaja sprang to his feet and began pacing the floor. After a moment he returned to the table.

"Do you believe that this diamond was colored so?" he asked.

"I know that it was," said Donovan.

"Prove it!"

Donovan produced from his pocket a small envelope containing a photographic negative.

"This diamond is radio-active," he said. "Here is the film it blackened through lightproof paper. The only explanation of the fact is that it has lain for a considerable time in contact with radium. I suspected as much last night when I placed it in my own lined box. O'Day helped me develop it."

"In that case ——" began the maharaja, and stopped.

"In that case this diamond is your own diamond the thieves were trying to sell you. And I may point out that since Redelos paid you for its loss, the diamond is now our diamond. I have an idea that you can buy it back. That's what I meant when I advised you to learn its history. If you had bought it of Kistna you would have lost your money."

The Pacific From the Golden Gate, San Francisco

THE rising aristocracy of motoring which centers around the Hupmobile Eight is granting allegiance to a principle as well as to a distinguished name. For buyers of the finer cars are now discovering the new prestige of driving a straight eight, when—as in this Hupmobile—it represents the final development of a well-nigh perfect engineering principle, embellished with beautiful coach-work • • • Seven body types, enclosed and open, $1945 to $2495, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

In the fine car field, the trend is undoubtedly toward Eights

The Distinguished

HUPMOBILE

Eight

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

GEORGE LEWIS
One of Universal's Youthful Stars

This announcement is a continuation of the Greater Movie List which was begun in last week's issue. Once more I suggest that you keep all of these lists intact as a guide to your better entertainment for the months to come.

"The Whole Town's Talking"—featuring EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN—adapted from the stage success by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Directed by Edward Laemmle.

"The Ice Flood"—featuring KENNETH HARLAN and VIOLA DANA—adapted from Johnston McCulley's novel.

"The Bargain Bride"—featuring beautiful MARY PHILBIN in a remarkably dramatic story by A. Brode.

"Butterflies in the Rain"—featuring LAURA LA PLANTE and JAMES KIRKWOOD. From the sensationally dramatic newspaper story by Andrew Soutar. Directed by Edward Sloman.

"Too Many Women"—a fast-moving comedy drama abounding in clean fun and the exhilarating freshness of the ocean and lovely women. Featuring NORMAN KERRY. From Gabriele Reuter's sensational book.

This will be an exceptionally brilliant year for HOOT GIBSON and no less than seven stories have been chosen for him—all of them by celebrated Western writers. The titles indicate their spirit. Here they are: ***"The Texas Streak," "The Silent Rider," "The Prairie King," "Ace High," "The Buckaroo Kid," "A Hero on Horseback"*** and ***"Cheyenne Days."***

Don't hesitate to write me if you want any further information about any of these pictures or any that have gone before. I like your letters and enjoy answering them. Incidentally don't forget to see ***"The Flaming Frontier"*** and ***"The Midnight Sun."***

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Laura La Plante and Hoot Gibson

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

WHY MEN GO UP IN BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 21)

all the passenger had to do was go with it. Quite simple. This scheme, however, is no more impractical than hundreds of others that are constantly submitted to the patent offices of the various civilized and enlightened nations.

The idea of the modern balloon was conceived by two French boys named Montgolfier. According to legend, one November night in 1782 the brothers were looking in the fireplace, when one turned to the other and said something like: "See, brother, the smoke ascends. Why cannot we make it carry a weight up with it?"

They did. After making several small paper bags rise after being filled with hot air and smoke, they built a larger bag, which was sent up amid vast official demonstration, which consisted of cannon salutes, marching of soldiers, speeches and prayers. The date of this first public ascension was August 27, 1783. There was no passenger.

A Monster From the Sky

But the excitement of this first ascension was nothing compared to the landing of the same balloon. When the first balloon arose it climbed up to about 3000 feet and disappeared in the clouds. The people watching naturally supposed it would keep going up until the ropes caught on the door knobs of Paradise. But about forty-five minutes later it came down at a village fifteen miles away. In those days people had not the remotest knowledge of things that were going on daily in such widely separated places, so the news of a balloon ascension had not traveled fifteen miles, and the people of the near-by hamlet had no idea that the first balloon was going to land in the outskirts of town about the time of the evening when everybody was out driving the cows home.

A chronicler of the day, who evidently covered this first landing, wrote an interesting story on it:

"On first sight it is supposed by many to have come from another world. Many flee; others, more sensible, think it an enormous bird. After it has alighted, there is yet motion from the gas it contains. A small crowd gathers courage from numbers and approaches by gradual steps, hoping meanwhile the monster will take flight. At length, one bolder than the rest takes his gun, aims carefully within range, fires, witnesses the monster shrink, gives a shout of triumph, and the crowd rushes in with flails and pitchforks. One tears what he thinks to be the skin and so causes a poisonous stench. Again all retire; shame no doubt urges them on, and they tie the cause of alarm to a horse's tail, who gallops across the country tearing it to shreds."

It is interesting to note that the first balloon that went up was shot at, and the last one has probably been shot at, and most of those in between have been blazed at by somebody with a gun. In April, 1926, several balloons went up from Little Rock, Arkansas, in the National Elimination Race, and some of those which drifted over the Blue Ridge Mountains were fired at by people on the ground. This temptation to see things fall from the sky may be another long-forgotten desire that harks back to something, but balloonists declare: "It's a darned uncomfortable feeling, especially when you are floating down low." Balloons are seldom hit by random rifle fire in this way, as the distance of the target is deceiving. One mountaineer was asked if he could see any reason why one should be shot at: "No, sir. I hain't never exactly plugged at one myself, but it looks like a target that can't nobody miss."

After the French peasant shot to pieces the first balloon that ever went up, the government issued a proclamation explaining that balloons were harmless, and added that they would "some day prove serviceable to the wants of society."

A Burnt Offering

Balloons have evidently filled some of the wants of society according to the French prophecy, because they are still in use. There are more balloons in the world today than ever before except during the busiest days of the war. The captive balloons are a military necessity, but these have a habit of breaking away when least expected and becoming free floaters. It is estimated that there are about 600 regular free balloons in the United States, and more are coming on. No strict account has ever been kept of the number of balloons scattered around through the country, but whenever county fairs open, a member of the committee merely has to whisper that a balloon ascension would be a fitting way to open the fair, for the applications to pour in from balloonists offering to do anything from certain death on down.

Balloons are bought and sold all the time, but few people know about it. It is somewhat like the piano business; thousands of pianos are bought each year, yet few people can think of anybody offhand who wants to buy a piano. No balloon salesmen are going around the country except venders of the toy variety.

"Samples too hard to carry," one manufacturer said.

No used-balloon sales are advertised, no new models are demonstrated.

The people who go in for lighter-than-air activity are rather clannish, and their

(Continued on Page 48)

Crowds Assembled at Kelly Field, Texas, to See Balloons Weigh Off in the National Elimination Race

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Buy separately or in assortments

You'll enjoy it all summer—

WHY not make a comfortable porch swing for your veranda? The whole family will enjoy it and you'll be rightly proud that you made it yourself.

With a set of good tools you can learn to make furniture like a porch swing or a table for the summer cottage. You can also do many odd jobs about the home. But good tools are necessary. Stanley Tools are in nearly every carpenter's kit. And Stanley Tools are used in thousands of manual training classes.

You can buy Stanley Tools separately and so gradually make up your own set.

For your convenience there are also sets of Stanley Tools in a wide variety, from No. 904, containing 12 Stanley Tools in a sturdy oak chest, at $15, to No. 850, which holds 49 Stanley Tools in a beautiful cabinet, at $95. And there are assortments of the same good tools in strong cardboard boxes containing simple directions in each for making your own chest. Prices $5 to $20.

Ask your hardware dealer to show you the line of Stanley Tools. And send for our Catalogue No. 34, which describes Stanley Tools both separately and in assortments. Address: The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

The best tools are the cheapest to use
Ask your hardware dealer

STANLEY TOOLS

THE MOST COMPLETE LINE

(Continued from Page 46)

wants are passed around among the fraternity.

The biggest event in all aviation history was when the first balloon went up carrying human beings. This feat was performed three months after the first public ascension in France. A balloon seventy-four feet high and forty-eight feet in diameter had been made and the idea had been expressed that the thing might possibly carry a grown man or two off the earth. The thought was fascinating, and it grew. A call was made for volunteers. Two men, M. Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d' Arlandes stepped forward and offered themselves as martyrs to natural philosophy in about the same way that a modern scientist would let a rattlesnake bite him in order to find out exactly how long, in minutes and seconds, it takes for the poison to kill.

The day of the big sacrifice was set. Hot air was the medium for lifting this first man carrier, and in order to keep it going a fireplace had been built in the car and a stick for punching the fire was provided. Extra fuel was piled in the basket. The original aeronauts were helped aboard, and immediately somebody handed them two wet sponges. The wet sponges were to be squeezed over the fire if the blaze got too big.

No hanging or guillotining had ever attracted a more enthusiastic crowd than this first live-balloon ascension. The two men were cut loose after prayer. The balloon arose and floated over the Seine while the spectators gaped. The following account was written by the marquis after the flight:

"I waved my arm. Pilâtre cried, 'You are doing nothing and we are not rising!' I stirred the fire and then began to scan the river, but Pilâtre cried again: 'See the river. We are dropping into it.' We again urged the fire, but still clung to the river bed. Presently I heard a noise in the upper part of the balloon which gave me a shock, as though it had burst. I called to my companion, 'Are you dancing?' The balloon by now had many holes burnt in it, and using my sponge, I cried that we must descend. My companion explained that we were now over Paris and must cross it. Therefore, raising the fire once more, we turned south till we passed the Luxembourg, when, extinguishing the flame, the balloon came down, spent and empty."

The Value of Reading

All the early balloons were highly decorated with pictures. A favorite scene was a large fish accompanied by a V-formation of angels blowing long dinner horns.

A short time after this first glorious flight a gigantic balloon 130 feet high and capable of lifting about eighteen tons was built at Lyons, and seven people were found who would take a chance on going up in it.

On the day set for the ascent all hands climbed aboard and the ropes were cut. The balloon went up like a skyrocket to nearly 3000 feet. There it hung ominously for several minutes. Then something popped; a rent appeared on one side, and as the passengers watched, the split became longer and longer; the gas began escaping, and down came the balloon. By some kind of miracle nobody was killed. The ecclesiastic opinion was expressed that the Lord had spared the aeronauts as a warning for man to keep out of the air and quit trying to crowd the birds from their natural domain. Anyway, it put a quietus on ballooning for a while.

But it was not long before people had again ventured into the air, and even women went in for it. One British lieutenant took up a lady friend many years ago, when he wanted to try out a newfangled valve that he had invented, and she had a very harrowing experience. The lieutenant's valve was a safety device that was supposed to prevent balloons from dragging the passengers across the country before the wind after touching the ground. This has always been a serious drawback, especially if the rip panel gets hung. The British officer got the lady high into the air when two loud explosions were heard. He shouted that he believed the balloon was bursting, and immediately the lady fainted. When she woke up she was in a hospital and the lieutenant had been picked up dead. Witnesses said the balloon fell with great velocity and struck a tree. By rare luck the tree broke the force of the fall in such a way as to spare the unconscious lady.

Going up in a captive balloon just to look around and to say "I've been up in a balloon" was a favorite sport at one time, especially at fairs. One of these balloons was operating at a sort of fair in France several years ago, and when it was hauled down to within 100 feet of the ground the cable broke. There were nine men and women sightseers aboard. The balloon shot up through the clouds to 9000 feet, but one man jumped when the cable broke. After careening through the sky for several minutes, the balloon began sagging in the middle as if to form a parachute. One of the passengers who knew something of balloons from books and had read accounts of famous narrow escapes, explained that everything would probably be all right, as the gas bag was beginning to parachute. About that time the balloon began bursting.

A Free Translation

Aghast, the passengers watched. Seams opened in the flabby side of the big bag and the loose fabric blew out like slit ribbon. The balloon started earthward.

Then the man who knew something of balloons and narrow escapes told the passengers to climb into the rigging so that when the balloon came to the ground the car would hit first and take up most of the shock. He set an example by clambering up himself. The plan worked, and as all the gas had not escaped by the time the balloon hit the ground, nobody was seriously hurt. But if these eight surviving sightseers ever went up in another balloon there is no record of it, nor do extant records show that these people ever attended another fair.

People who know nothing about balloons have no business going up in them, unless a trained aeronaut is present. It is easy to do the wrong thing in the air. For example, a raw hand at ballooning may observe a little sack of sand, after he gets up, lying in the bottom of the basket, and thinking it was left in there by mistake, may toss it overboard. This might be fatal, as the balloon would go up so quickly that it would burst. Aeronauts usually tell new passengers about these things. A favorite admonition is:

"Be careful and don't spit overboard, or we'll go up to glory!"

And some balloons are so very sensitive that even a difference of one pound in weight will make them go up.

It is also very necessary that such orders as are issued to the helpers in a balloon ascension be clear and without chance of misunderstanding; otherwise a man may find himself going up when he did not want to and when he least expected. An incident of this kind occurred at Triest once upon a time, and was due to the aeronaut's inability to make his Italian helpers understand the orders and directions.

In a mixture of English, French and some Italian, the balloonist had told his helpers that when the time came to let go the ropes, all should release their holds immediately and together; otherwise a man or two might get tangled in a rope or hold on too long and get carried up to the sky. It is natural for people to cling to things under excitement, and people had been known to forget to release their hold upon balloon ropes and had found themselves dangling in mid-air. The Triest crew had been made to understand this, and the idea of dangling in the air several thousand feet up was strong in each man's mind. Nobody wanted to be caught napping.

(Continued on Page 50)

Fisher prestige is today expanding more solidly and more rapidly than ever before. The leadership which is indicated by the emblem —Body by Fisher—is finding this year a recognition and a preference among closed car buyers which is far above previous heights

FISHER BODIES

BODY BY FISHER

Penny wise and pound foolish? Yes . . the picture tells you why

THE first time the owner of this car sat in the rear seat, and looked through the window at the left, he realized the folly of his "penny wise" policy in buying glass. Note the distortion of vision caused by the waves and irregularities in the sheet glass at the left. Compare it with the clear view through the Plate Glass window at the right.

To glaze or reglaze a car with common glass is a small economy for which the car-owner pays dearly in eye-strain and the increased hazard of driving. Plate Glass costs a little more. But Plate Glass permits perfect vision. Looking through Plate Glass is like looking through the air itself. Then, too, it is tougher than sheet glass, and more resistant to breakage.

Insist upon having Plate Glass on the car you buy. It does not trick your eyes. And its brilliancy and beauty lend distinction to your car. Specify it for glazing when replacing broken panes. Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued from Page 48)

The hour for the ascension was almost at hand. The aeronaut climbed into the rigging of the balloon to make some adjustments and was sitting astride a half-inch rope when he softly called to the crew to "Let up a bit" on one side. These were dangerous words. The crew interpreted the order as a free translation of "Let her go!" And they did.

What happened is best described by the aeronaut himself:

"The consequence was that the parachute broke off the netting and fell to the ground, entirely lost to me, while I was carried up without any means of making a speedy descent, sitting on a sling of rope below a balloon, which, being without a valve, was quite impossible to control. Higher and higher I rose, and was very soon over the sea, with a strong wind blowing me away from the land. My first thought was that I was lost, but I quickly roused myself to think of what I could do to save myself. I had no valve to let out the gas, and if I stayed on the balloon it would be perhaps two hours before it came down of its own accord through natural exhaustion of gas. If I remained I should by that time be about seventy miles out in the Adriatic Sea, and it would be dark.

"What way could I find out of this terrible position? There was only one thing I could do and that would be extremely dangerous. However, nothing could be worse than having to stay where I was; so I resolved to try it. I thought if I could manage to crawl up the netting, and with my weight bearing on one side, turn the balloon somewhat over, it would allow some of the gas to escape through the open neck and make the balloon descend. I knew I had to be extremely careful how I went about it, or either of two things might happen—I might let out too much gas and descend with such rapidity as would inflict serious injuries when I hit the water, or the balloon might shoot out of its netting and let me fall headlong to be dashed to death on the sea below.

"I had started with some two hundredweight of lifting power, and was by this time a mile and a half away from land, at a height of 4000 feet with only a loop of rope half an inch in diameter for a seat. To remain on the balloon was certain death, so I resolved to take the risks I have mentioned, and left my seat on the rope, and thrusting my legs in amongst the leading lines, commenced climbing up the netting. Of course my weight was always underneath, and as I moved upward the position of the balloon changed. I soon got the neck at the place usually occupied by the equator of the balloon when it is in normal position, but it made very little difference."

You're Sure to Lose

"It was now time to exercise great caution in my movements, so I gradually tilted the balloon more and more, until the neck was about two-thirds up, when the gas suddenly began to rush out. I brought the neck down a bit so as to keep what gas was left, and the balloon, which had become about half empty, started to come down with great rapidity, the rush of air forming it into a sort of parachute. The speed of my fall increased every moment, and in about four minutes I fell into the water on my back with a tremendous smack. I was then about three and a half miles from the shore. I released my hold on the balloon and looked about for help. I could see a small steamer coming to my rescue and knew I was safe."

The same thing that happened to the gentleman in Triest could happen today, for the art of ballooning has advanced but little. In fact, the principle of handling balloons has not changed since the first flight. It is remarkable that the two men who made the first ascension manufactured their own lifting gas, in the form of hot air, while on the flight; a feat which is not done today, but which would be most advantageous. Modern balloons are inflated with hydrogen or helium, and it is almost impossible to make these gases without a laboratory. The older balloons filled with hot air came down as soon as the air within the envelope cooled to the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, and the descents were not always gentle. Ballooning today is a losing proposition, as it has always been—in going up, ballast is lost; in coming down, gas is lost.

Contrary to popular conception, balloons do not rise of their own accord. The light gas within a balloon's envelope has no inherent lift of its own. A gas bag goes up because it is squeezed by the air. The atmosphere near the surface of the earth, being much denser than the gas within a balloon, exerts pressure on the spherical sides of the bag and pushes it up into the region of the sky where the air is more rare, and the weight of the displaced air counterbalances the weight of the balloon and its load.

Why Balloons Go Up

An ascending balloon is analogous to a piece of cork released under water. The cork does not come to the surface of the water merely to see the light of day, as some of the older scientists of medieval times asserted, but because the water squeezes it out along the line of least resistance; and just as a perch must strain harder to pull a big fishing cork under the water than a little one, so does a big balloon require more force, in the form of weight, to pull or hold it down in the dense air stream at the surface of the earth. This squeezing of corks and balloons is due to the displacement of water and air respectively—the elements try to move in and fill up the space occupied by the foreign bodies, and if the foreign bodies are lighter in weight they lose the battle of position and get shoved out along the easiest route, which is up in both water and air.

A man in a balloon, however, can alter the size of his gas envelope and thereby make it rise or fall. If gas is let out the balloon is made smaller in size and it displaces less air, and the result is a descent into denser air. To go up, a balloon is not exactly made larger by putting in more gas, but ballast is thrown out, which is the same thing in effect, as it is making the same-sized balloon carry a lighter load. The term "lift" applied to the weight that goes up with a balloon is not entirely appropriate, but is convenient and universally used.

Buoyancy would probably be a better word and it is also used to considerable extent within the art. The buoyancy, or lift, of gases depends upon their purity. Hydrogen gas is the lightest used in balloons. One thousand cubic feet of hydrogen of 98 per cent purity will lift 78.6 pounds, provided the temperature of the weather is twenty degrees Fahrenheit and the air is heavy enough to support thirty-one inches of mercury in an inverted glass tube. This is a little above the average for usual conditions. Under mean weather conditions 1000 cubic feet of hydrogen will lift about sixty-eight pounds, and a similar amount of helium under the same conditions will lift sixty-three pounds.

During the winter months about 14 per cent more lift is obtained with balloon gases. This is because the cold air is denser and heavier, and therefore exerts a tighter squeeze on the spherical gas bags.

When a balloon runs into a stratum of warm air it usually sinks a little distance, but as soon as the gas gets warmed by the air the sphere swells, displaces more air and goes up again. But a balloon will never lift as much in warm air as in cold, because the warm air is lighter—that is, considering volume for volume. A balloon goes up like a skyrocket when it emerges into bright sunlight after floating under a cloud.

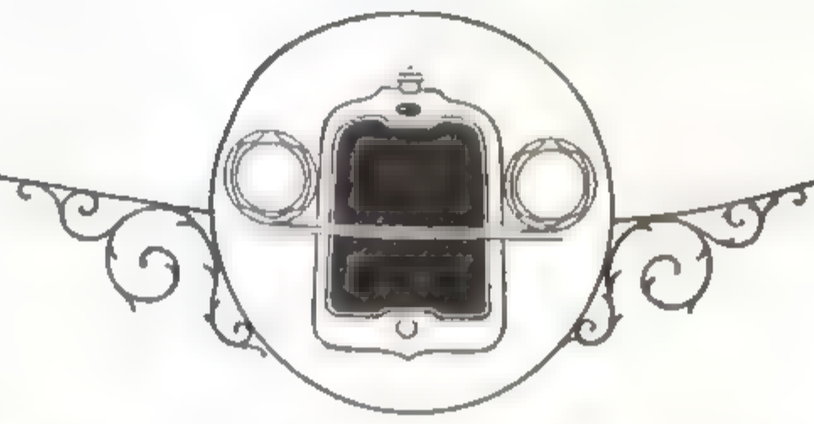
About the only remedy for a rapidly ascending balloon is to valve out gas. The gas is released in small quantities as long as the statoscope bubble breaks furiously to the right in the slot. The bubble rides in

(Continued on Page 52)

OAKLAND

presents

the Greater Oakland Six



With

77 Important Refinements

featuring

Smart New Bodies by Fisher

in striking two-tone Duco Colors

Vital Engine Developments

and the latest triumph of-
advanced Oakland Engineering

***The* Rubber-Silenced Chassis**

in addition to

The Harmonic Balancer

or

No Increase in prices

Now on display at Oakland-Pontiac dealers' showrooms

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Pipe-dreams should never end in a nightmare

THERE's more botany than poetry in Whowasit's epigram, "Tobacco—there's no herb like it under the canopy of heaven." Obviously, the boy knew his herbs. For tobacco was ever such stuff as dreams are made of. . .

And if you've dreamed of the peace and comfort of a pipe. . . yet always found pipe-smoking a terrible nightmare, it's a Scotchman's bet you never tried Granger Rough Cut!

For with Granger Rough Cut all your pipe-dreams come true. It's *pipe* tobacco. Ripe old Kentucky Burley, the choicest pipe tobacco grown. Mellowed by the old Wellman Secret. And cut specially for pipes—in large, slow-burning, cool-smoking flakes.

Cool. . . spicy. . . mild and mellow, Granger Rough Cut is just about the finest tobacco any man ever dreamed of. It's real PIPE tobacco!

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

(Continued from Page 50)

the center of the curved slot when the balloon is floating at an even height. A good aeronaut can frequently guess when a balloon will stop climbing, and he valves gas accordingly.

No satisfactory way has been found to prevent the loss of gas and ballast in ballooning. With helium gas selling at around thirty dollars a cubic foot, valving becomes a most expensive proposition; in truth, it is so expensive that it cannot be done except in emergency. To prevent a big airship from becoming too light after its motors have used considerable oil and gasoline, a water-recovery system has been developed, in which moisture is condensed from the atmosphere. This helps counterbalance the weight of the used fuel without spilling valuable helium. Balloons still use the cheaper hydrogen because they must nearly always be deflated after landing. Aeronauts prefer to use hydrogen as a rule, because it is easier to fly by valving gas. An airship, with its motors, can fly to a landing place where a large crew can help it down to earth, but a balloon too often must descend at some distant place where civilization is sparse, and if an aeronaut had to lug a half-filled balloon around after he landed, it would be inconvenient and almost impossible.

Modern balloons and airships have automatic as well as hand-operated valves. The only trouble with the former is they are too automatic. On helium-filled airships the automatic valves are often reduced to prevent too much automatic loss of the precious gas. Reduction of the automatic valves saves gas in this way, as an example: An airship or balloon moving along may strike a warm current of air or run into bright sunlight, and begin to rise, whereupon the automatic valves immediately open and let out gas. But a skilled aeronaut may have knowledge of or be able to make a good guess that a cool stratum of air lies a short distance above, and his gas cell will contract upon striking it and a descent will result. Or a balloonist may begin rising beneath the clouds, and he knows that when the sphere touches the cool damp vapor the gas cools and down the balloon comes. But the automatic valves, not possessing this human knowledge, start work on their own and act only on the circumstances of the moment. A veteran Army sergeant of the Balloon Section once expressed the matter fully when he said:

"Trouble with automatic valves is they can't look ahead and they ain't got no sense and never will have."

The reduction of automatic valves in the lost airship, Shenandoah, was to prevent undue leakage of helium through these non-thinking valves.

When a Man Goes Up in the Air

When a man goes up in a balloon he never knows where he will land. It has been asserted that this element of uncertainty is one of the fascinations that cause men to go up in balloons. A balloon travels with the air currents and can never go against them. The only direction in which an aeronaut can guide himself is up and down, but being able to accomplish this movement gives remarkable opportunity for forward motion. With the knowledge that wind direction changes at different altitudes, a balloonist can feel his way upward or downward until he strikes a wind that is traveling in the direction he wishes to go, and then all he has to do is keep his balloon in that air current. But sometimes no winds are blowing in the direction a balloonist wants to go. This situation is inconvenient, unfortunate and sometimes tragic.

A balloon journey can continue only as long as gas and ballast remain on hand. Both of these essentials are almost continuously lost in keeping the correct buoyancy, as previously described, but if an aeronaut is skillful and lucky, too, a balloon flight can be prolonged for many hours or several days, and cover great distance. In May, 1926, an Army balloonist remained in the air for forty-three hours.

Men have often gone up in the evenings and remained in the air all night for practice flights. Frequently the balloonists get more practice out of such trips than they were looking for. If a night remains clear and moonshiny, and the winds are kindly, nocturnal flights are pleasant. It is difficult to read maps at night. Reading a map means checking the map with the ground below, in aeronautical parlance, and if the sky becomes overcast so that landmarks cannot be discerned, the maps may as well be tossed overboard. Also, when people go to bed in the towns and the country and turn out their lights, nearly everything below looks alike. Sometimes a ground mist settles quickly and a balloonist will be afraid to attempt a landing through it, in which case he may prefer to remain up the rest of the night.

During the night, when the ground cannot be seen, a balloonist can easily drift out over an ocean or to some distant part of the country. Aeronauts have often seen the sun rise and chase the mist away from a shoreless ocean below. The only thing to do in such circumstances is remain up and hope for a wind that will blow toward shore. Many hopes for a shoreward wind have never materialized and balloons have disappeared without a trace.

Not Many Women Balloonists

A few years ago two balloonists went up for a night flight in the vicinity of New York. A wind was blowing inshore and by all that was meteorological and holy, the balloonists calculated they would probably land somewhere in the Middle West the next day. During the night the balloon took a course of its own. The next morning the aeronauts looked below for a suitable place to land. The country seemed very sparsely settled, and they wanted to find a town near which to land so the balloon could be easily hauled to a train for shipment home. They kept going, but no town came in sight and even the houses finally disappeared. After several hours' running before a brisk northward wind, they decided to land anyway. They came down and began looking for someone to ask their location, but nobody could be found. The air was unusually cold, there were no roads, and wild game was plentiful. After many hours of privation and wandering the men came upon an old Indian, who guided them to the nearest post of civilization, where they learned that they had been traveling toward the North Pole for nearly a whole day and a night, and they were then in Northern Canada.

Again, two balloonists very recently went up from a Virginia flying field in a balloon for a night flight. They did not lose their way. But the winds on that particular night all blew toward the Great Dismal Swamp, and there they ended. The balloonists had no choice but to keep on going and to hope an outside wind would be encountered sooner or later. When over the middle of this vast and unexplored forest swamp, where many men have entered and few returned, a calm set in. The balloon hung there precariously all night while the men listened to the owls and bullfrogs and realized that if the balloon took a plunge they probably would be on their last long flight.

Balloons sometimes run into a layer of thin air and immediately take a plunge toward the earth. This is an exciting time for the aeronauts aboard. The momentum that a falling balloon picks up may carry it to the ground with great force, and the only way to check the descent is to throw out ballast. In these cases sand is frequently cast overboard without untying the sacks. In emergency the instruments and personal belongings, such as watches and knives and keys, go out. Baskets have been cut away and the aeronauts have climbed into the netting; men have thrown away their shoes, coats, pants, stripped to their underwear, in efforts to check a falling balloon.

Not many ladies go up in balloons.

Men HAD to be Men ~ ~ ~ *in those days!*

ONLY twenty years ago, a trip by automobile was as much a test of *manpower* as of *horsepower.*

The cars of those early days broke down at the most inopportune times and places. "Get out and get under" was a popular song, with direct and bitter meaning to many a grease-stained motorist.

Happily, those crude, cumbersome horseless carriages are no more. Here and there, behind a dilapidated barn far from the main traveled road, you may find an occasional one peacefully falling apart.

THEIR TIRES ARE DUST—THEIR BOLTS ARE RUST

Looking down from the heights of modern automotive achievement, these pioneer cars seem as primitive as the chariots of ancient Egypt. Heavy, clumsy, uncomfortable, noisy—and with huge cylinders they were gluttons for gasoline.

A clanking chain drove the rear wheels. Argument waxed hot over the comparative merits of two-cycle and four-cycle engines. Kerosene lamps lighted the way for those venturesome drivers who set forth after sundown. Rear seat passengers entered from the back, or clambered over the sides. The closed car was unknown.

THEY PUSHED AND CRANKED THAT WE MIGHT RIDE

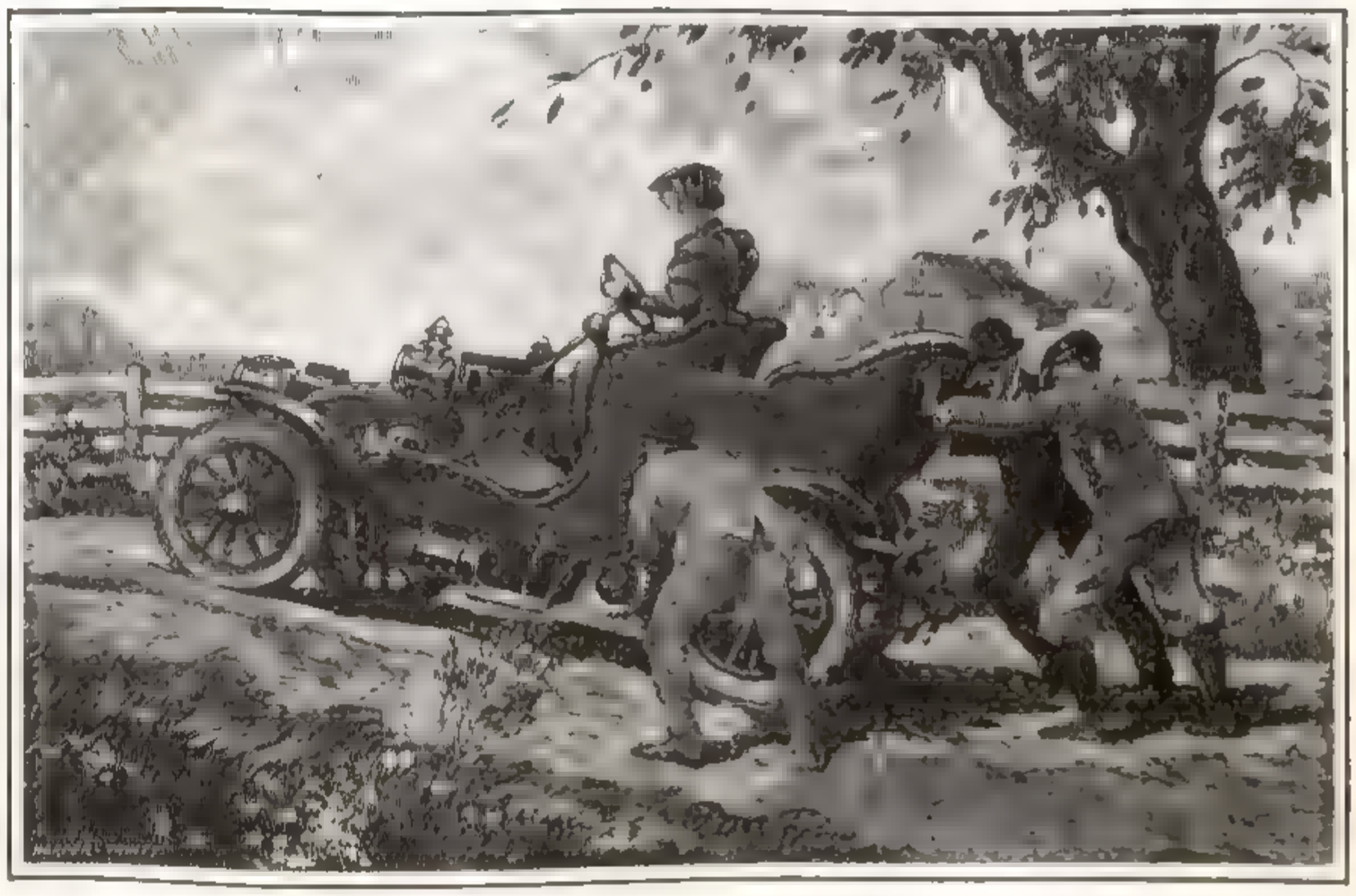
And yet these strange appearing, temperamental, unreliable cars of the early century were the direct ancestors of the modern motor car. They spit and snorted, back-fired and stalled—but out of such trials and troubles came knowledge and improvement.

Today, the motorist's problem is not one of finding a car that will run, is dependable, comfortable, and good-looking. He no longer need get out and push to make the last few feet of a hill, or take his "daily dozen" at the end of a starting crank.

WITH THE NEW DAY HAVE COME NEW PROBLEMS

He is concerned instead with the difficulties of an entirely new set of motoring conditions—of crowded traffic—of starting, stopping and turning with quickness and ease—of obtaining maximum safety, comfort and economy—of roominess without excessive bulk, and beauty without extravagant cost.

To serve its owner satisfactorily, today's car must possess—in addition to tried and proved principles developed out of past experience—a new nimbleness, a new ease of handling and driving, a new economy, greater roominess, comfort and beauty.

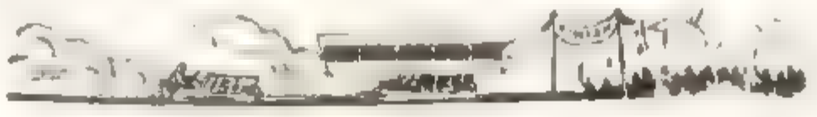


These are the conditions and these the problems Paige engineers were first to recognize fully. Long ago, Paige began to meet and master these new-day driving needs.

PAIGE AND JEWETT—THE FIRST NEW-DAY CARS

And because Paige—looking ahead—planned and built along soundly progressive lines, it is in Paige and Jewett Sixes that you find today the fullest and truest embodiment of new-day engineering.

Where old cars were sluggish and obstinate, Paige and Jewett respond eagerly to your lightest touch. Instead of grinding slowly to a stop, Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes bring you to instant rest—and flashing acceleration whirls you swiftly away again. Strength without excessive weight and lively power without extravagant waste get maximum value out of gas and oil. Wide vision gives added safety. Driving ease is matched by riding comfort—and a beauty such as only the builders of "The Most Beautiful Car in America" know how to create!



MEASURE ALL CARS BY THE STANDARDS OF THE NEW DAY

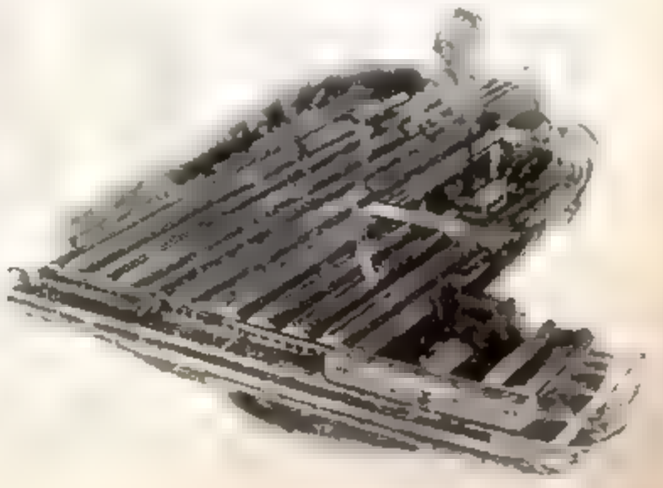
Examine and drive the Paige or Jewett Six. Match it against any and all conditions of modern motoring and then you will realize what Paige means by a "new-day car"—and you'll have no other!

No Wonder Paige and Jewett Have Built One of the Permanent Successes of the Industry

Building only cars of the highest quality for 17 years—this year's Paige and Jewett cars embody all of the fine workmanship and enduring quality of former Paige cars—with the added features of quicker acceleration, surer and safer stopping, easier handling and finer economy so necessary in this changed New Day.

Because of the splendid past this institution has enjoyed and because of the splendid contribution it is making to the solution of today's increasingly complex transportation problems—the position of the Paige Motor Car Company is one of the soundest and strongest in the industry. It occupies a new plant generally regarded as the finest ever built by any motor car manufacturer. Its assets are more than $20,000,000. Its dealer organization blankets the world—and it is still growing.

In 17 years Paige has never known an "off" year. Paige has never been reorganized; never refinanced. And because the selfsame men who founded this organization 17 years ago are its directing heads today, there will be no change either in the quality of Paige-Jewett cars or in the soundness of Paige-Jewett policies



PAIGE & JEWETT SIXES

New-Day Cars for New-Day Needs

(791)

"Gasoline? Sure!"

Fully protected by U. S. and Foreign patents

"My Telegage says we have 11 gallons—enough to spare you some. I've been in the same fix myself—before I got my Telegage."

The K-S Telegage is standard equipment on these leading cars:

Wills Ste. Claire 8
Paige
Willys-Knight 66
Nash Advanced 6
Oakland (some models)
Studebaker
Wills Ste. Claire 6
Oldsmobile
Willys-Knight 70
Reo Sedan Bus
Ruggles Bus
Commerce Bus

Accessory price complete, ready to install on cars below

$8.50

Dodge	Available for 1924 to 1926
Jewett	1922-25
Jewett "New Day"	1926
Buick Standard 6	All
Overland 6	All
Nash Special 6	1925
Nash Special 6	1926
Nash Advanced 6	1922-25
Hudson	1921-26
Olds 6	1925-26
Oakland 6	1924-26
Reo	1923-26
Flint 40	1924-25
Essex 6 11 gal. tank only	
Pontiac	All
Ajax	All
Chrysler 58 and 60	All
Chrysler 70 not equipped with dash gauge	All
Chrysler 70 equipped with dash gauge	All
Buick Master 6 not equipped with dash gauge	1924-26
Buick Master 6 equipped with dash gauge	1925-1926

WE used to be sorry for the man who ran out of gasoline. Now we wonder why he doesn't get a Telegage. Half a million motorists are enjoying the security and certainty about their fuel supply that only perfect accuracy can give.

A glance at the red column of the Telegage tells you everything you should know about your gas—how far you can go, when to buy, and how much. Dependable, because there are no moving parts to wear out. Its accuracy can be easily proven. With a gallon measure fill the fuel tank a gallon at a time. The red column of the Telegage will rise notch by notch, gallon for gallon.

Twelve leading cars now indorse the K-S Telegage by including it as standard equipment. Its dependable protection is now available as an accessory on many other cars. Ask your car dealer about the Telegage. He will install it easily and quickly. The tank unit fits in the float gauge opening, and a template (included) makes it simple to fit the Telegage on the instrument board. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. When writing give name, model, and year of your car, and enclose check for $8.50, the regular retail price.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
Chicago Branch: 2450 Michigan Boulevard

The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

A COLLECTOR OF FRIENDSHIPS

(Continued from Page 13)

very far beyond their noses. So I suggested to him that he go ahead and issue his proclamation, but instead of asking for a Democratic Congress, let him ask the people only to elect men, of either party, who will promise to uphold him in ending the war and making peace. If he'll do that I believe he'll get a Democratic Congress, and he'll get it without making trouble. This way"

He shook his head again. "I'll call up the White House as soon as my study is clear," he finished.

Months afterward he told me that he had telephoned the White House that morning, and had been satisfied the proclamation would not be issued as planned. But while he was on the ocean, bound for France, the wireless informed him that the President had accepted the policy dictated by the party wheel horses, who were frantic for reelection. It was as good as a gift of the election to the Republicans; every one of Woodrow Wilson's political problems at home in connection with the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations may be traced to that one injudicious step. And as the months passed and the sentiment in Congress crystallized against him, the President must have realized it to some extent too.

It was the first time he had flatly disregarded House's advice on a policy of vital importance, and House had been right and he had been wrong—terribly wrong, disastrously wrong. Neither ever referred to the incident, but the memory of it overshadowed both of them, an intangible barrier to the resumption of their former intimacy.

Don't misunderstand me. There was as yet no breach—only a slight accentuation of the increased formality between them which had been born of my unfortunate book. Perhaps if that book had not been written the President would not have been tempted to disregard House's counsel for that of men who were notoriously short-sighted. Certainly, if it had not been for these two preliminary clashes or dissensions, it is difficult to believe that the third stage in the disruption of their friendship could have produced as drastic consequences as it did.

The Third Stage

This third stage was not brought about by any one action or incident. It was the fruit of a gradual divorcement of their conceptions of the means to be employed for reëstablishing peace. Colonel House, as is generally known, had been closely associated with foreign affairs since 1914, when he made his first trip to Europe as the President's representative. After Bryan's retirement from the State Department, House had practically supervised the country's foreign policy; from the day of our entrance into the war he was, to all intents and purposes, Secretary of State. He knew not only all the principal statesmen of the belligerent countries but a host of important secondary characters—financiers, industrialists, labor leaders, economists, educators, journalists. He was on terms of familiarity with the various chiefs of state of the Allied nations.

The President, on the contrary, had never taken much interest in questions of foreign policy until he was compelled to do so by the development of the controversies with Germany over submarine warfare and with Great Britain over the blockade. In the first two years of the war he was not personally concerned with the issues at stake, except in a very academic way. His chief interest was to keep the United States out of the conflict; and as the tide of battle rolled on, his desire to attain this end became the stronger. It is but just to him to say that he was honestly, sincerely and conscientiously a pacifist, so long as he believed the national honor was not compromised and the people had not manifested their will to hostilities. He took very much to heart the slogan, He Kept Us Out of War, which was used by his adherents in the campaign for his reëlection in 1916. He accepted his success as implying a guaranty on his part to do his utmost to make that slogan good; and that is the reason why he leaned over backward, why he gave Germany every possible inch of rope, in the culmination of events from January to April, 1917, which finally pitched us into the caldron of Europe's hates and ambitions.

Wilson's "Other Self"

When he embarked for Europe in December, 1918, to take his place as the dominant figure at the Peace Conference, Wilson knew nothing at first hand of the personalities and racial animosities he would have to deal with. Up to this moment he had relied entirely on House—"my other self," as he called the Texan—to attend to the practicalities of such matters. It was to House, for instance, that he had committed supervision of the inquiry, the survey of the statistical and geographical issues which would come before the Peace Conference, the active direction of which House had intrusted to his brother-in-law, Dr. Sidney E. Mezes, president of the College of the City of New York, and Dr. Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society. Wilson's one vital interest in the work which lay ahead of him apparently was the project of a League of Nations, which House originally had planted in his mind. For the rest, he had a necessarily hazy intention to settle the thousand and one details essential to peace in accordance with his Fourteen Points; and if that intention seems almost comical today, remember that the liberal opinion of the world shared his optimism.

Now House had been in Europe for several months prior to the President's arrival. From his seat on the Supreme War Council, the colonel had observed the concluding chapters of the great Allied offensive which had hurled the Germans back toward the Rhine, beaten but unbroken; he had shared in the negotiation of the Armistice; for some weeks he had been wrapped in the miasma of greed and revenge which this sudden triumph had bred in the Allied countries; he knew from the American intelligence agents, who were already sifting through the Central and Eastern European countries, how dangerous were the submerged social forces unleashed by the various revolutionary movements; never an alarmist, he was alive to the menace of the first devastating spread of Bolshevism across the frontiers of Russia.

With all these factors in mind, House decided that the most desirable course for the Peace Conference to adopt was to make an arbitrary and temporary military peace in effect, a civil elaboration of the Armistice—without any loss of time, in order to create a note of order and permanency, to banish uncertainty. Then he would have the conference settle down at leisure to work out the complex threads of a definitive treaty, and meanwhile Europe could be resuming its normal life. Very few people agreed with him. Probably very few understood him. The prevailing sentiment demanded that the Germans' noses should be ground in the dust. And the idea of two treaties, first one, then another, inspired suspicion. All sorts of things might happen. No, the Europeans wanted to fashion forthwith a treaty which would give them the reparations and safety they demanded.

Undiscouraged, House turned to Wilson, freshly arrived, unaffected by the snarling and bickering, the bargaining and threatening, which already had Paris by the ears. I suppose that no man born of woman, since the Carpenter came out of Nazareth, had occupied the dizzy heights where Woodrow Wilson sat for those brief months at the end

(Continued on Page 56)

Put on Gabriel Snubbers before you start your tour, and the condition of the roads and detours ahead will make little difference to you. For Gabriels are guaranteed to give greater riding comfort, regardless of the road, and they also insure greater economy

37 manufacturers equip with Gabriels

25 drill their car frames for Gabriels

3100 Gabriel Stations sell Gabriel Snubbers on a 30-day money-back guarantee

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Co.
Cleveland, Ohio Toronto, Canada

The Exclusive Gabriel Superiorities

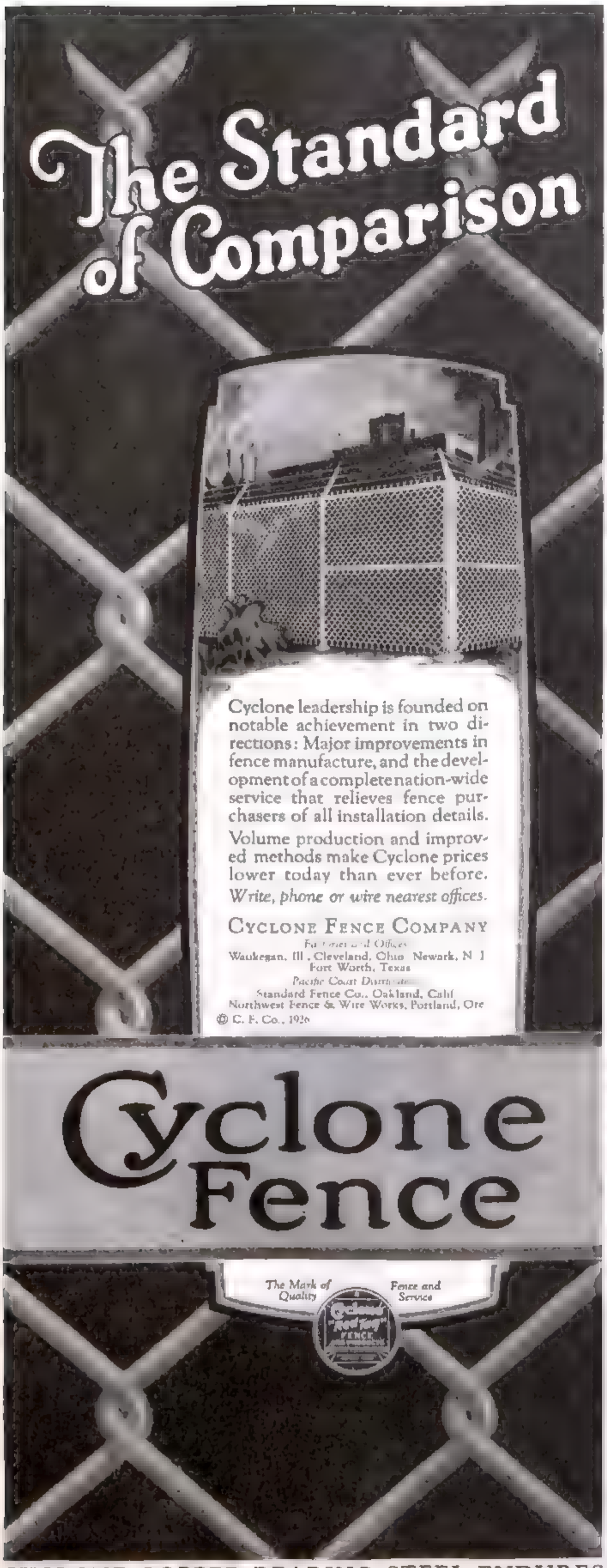
A—4½ coils—the patented and exclusive Gabriel construction—give 180 square inches of friction surface and up to 450 pounds of braking action, *and* the free play needed with balloon tires.

B—The spring which keeps the multiple coils in friction.

C and D—Base casting and floating casting.

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

Gabriel—and Only Gabriel—Is a Snubber


The Standard of Comparison
Cyclone leadership is founded on notable achievement in two directions: Major improvements in fence manufacture, and the development of a complete nation-wide service that relieves fence purchasers of all installation details.
Volume production and improved methods make Cyclone prices lower today than ever before.
Write, phone or wire nearest offices.
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY
Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio Newark, N. J.
Fort Worth, Texas
Standard Fence Co., Oakland, Calif.
Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Ore.
© C. F. Co., 1926
Cyclone Fence
The Mark of Quality
Fence and Service
CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

(Continued from Page 54)

of 1918 and the beginning of 1919. It was not good, it was not fair, to elevate any man so high, to ask of him so trustingly the impossible. But there Wilson found himself, and perhaps the one criticism he deserves is that he indicated a disposition to accept his deification at something approaching its face value. Surely, though, he tried the harder for that, and it is not for the little folk who tagged at his heels to fling mud at him. He was, whatever else may be said of him, a man who did what he believed to be right. He fought as his conscience directed him, and that is more than can be said of many of his opponents.

In the circumstances, the bulk of what was expected of him he could never have performed. But one thing he might have done, I think, was to compel the representatives of the Allied countries to agree to House's suggestion of a preliminary treaty, temporarily defining frontiers, arranging for disarmament, and so forth. He would not. His reason was his determination, at any cost, to see to it that the League of Nations was enmeshed with the terms of the treaty, and he feared that if the League was not created at once, reactionary sentiment would contrive to hamstring it, maybe exclude it altogether. Furthermore, he didn't then, and he never did, regard the European situation as seriously as House did

Of course he may have been right this time, and House wrong. Europe didn't go Bolshevist, as a number of sane people thought it might; and the several counter-revolutions in Russia, financed by France and Britain, resulted in a replenishment of the equipment of the Red armies. But we know this by hindsight, not foresight. Europe looked very unhealthy at the end of 1918. And it is beyond question that the protraction of the peace negotiations was a source of profound unsettlement, which reacted upon the statesmen in Paris, so that they worked in a continual atmosphere of hysteria.

Prescribing for a Sick World

Colonel House has never altered his own belief that the course he suggested would have made the path of the negotiators smoother. As to its helping the President in procuring Senate ratification for the treaty he brought home, no man can say more than this: If he had not been compelled to work at such a killing pace and under such enormous opposition, itself largely arising from the haste and confusion of the moment, he might have returned to Washington in a very different state of mind, psychologically, from that which induced him to attempt to cram the treaty, unamended, down the throats of senators most of whom would have accepted eagerly any offer of compromise.

One positive result of his disagreement with House over the method of establishing peace, however, was to make it easier for persons inimical to House's influence to widen the rift between them. It grew imperceptibly now, not from day to day exactly, but at least from month to month. It was inseparable, I take it, from the very fiber of political life that the extent of the Texan's influence should have aroused the jealousies of others; their voices were raised in Washington as well as in Paris. The effect was never appreciable, but like the old simile of the water dripping on the rock, a trickle of malice upon a mind already attuned to suspicion could not fail to achieve some results—particularly when it became obvious that the President and House entertained entirely different ideas as to the solution of the problems constantly arising.

House was an apostle of compromise; he met men easily, won their confidence, secured their faith in his sincerity. He liked to work with others: his mind was always open. Wilson was not used to maintaining contacts outside a small circle of confidants, usually inferior mentally to himself. He was accustomed to thinking out policies in solitary absorption, and he was worried when he had to bend his mind to more than one subject at a time. He knew nothing about the details of the various international problems which came before the Peace Conference; he was meeting for the first time the representatives of the other countries.

It was all very strange and tedious for him, but he addressed himself to the task with the unflinching personal bravery and conscientiousness which distinguished him. He didn't enjoy it; he didn't talk the same language as the members of the Council of Ten and the Council of Four, who gathered around a table to settle the ills of a very sick world. And for that matter, he was something of a puzzle to them, a queer, scholarly, affected man who persisted in talking as if he were addressing a class in civics. The truth was that he took himself and his purposes seriously, and the others were more than a little cynical.

Compromise and Adjustment

Likewise, the others were used to meeting House. House didn't exactly talk their language, but he understood it, and his feet were planted firmly on the ground. He knew the strategy of politics, the interplay of claims and counterclaims; he didn't make speeches in the middle of conferences and bargain meetings; they didn't have to break off negotiations while he called in experts to advise him on the geography or ethnical peculiarities of a region, or even explain to him, themselves, matters which had been under discussion previously. He knew the broad field of European politics; he had a sure grasp upon essentials; he wasn't disposed to couch his lance at idealistic windmills; he went straight for the facts of a situation, then weighed and balanced opposing demands until a middle path had been reached.

For example, House refused to be vastly concerned over the extravagant financial claims of the Allies. He knew that these claims, in the first place, were electioneering propaganda on the part of statesmen who had been jockeyed into the position of promising the peoples they represented prizes of war out of all proportion to what was feasible; and in the second place, he knew that you can't play tricks with money; it works out in dollars, francs and pounds, no matter how you twist it. In plain English, he was content to let the people of the Allied countries wake up to the realization that they could wring out of Germany what Germany could pay that and no more. He was content to leave the figure unstated, the amount to be determined later—as, in actual effect, it was determined finally by the Dawes Plan.

But House's stand on this point stirred Wilson's antagonism and resulted in stimulating the virulent gossip which several of the President's intimates delighted to pour into his ear at every opportunity. A sorry business, this. One unpleasant to contemplate. An affair of noisome social rivalries, personal spite, petty animosities. When the President went home the first time, leaving House as head of the Peace Commission in his stead—he had to leave House in charge, whether he liked to or not: of the other commissioners, Bliss, the ablest, was a soldier; Lansing the President didn't trust, and Henry White was a Republican—the shifting viewpoints of the two became more evident and the trouble mongers worked overtime.

House was genuinely concerned by the drift of events at home and abroad. He perceived the trouble the President was storing up as soon as the Boston speech was cabled to Paris. He had information as to the plans of the Republican majority in the new Congress and appreciated the rising tide of opposition to the President's policy in the Senate. At the same time Europe seemed to be heading from bad to worse. Nobody dared to prophesy what was going to happen in Germany. His colleagues among the European delegates were more hysterical than ever.

(Continued on Page 58)

Schrader
Balloon Tire
Gauge
The Schrader Tire Gauge has been standard for years. It is dependable, inexpensive, easy to carry and use. Sold by dealers everywhere.

"NOT ENOUGH"

the cause of most motoring troubles

NEARLY all car trouble comes from "not enough" of something. Not enough water, not enough oil, not enough gas, not enough grease.

Not enough air cuts short the life of good tires. Further, when tires are *unevenly inflated*, steering is more difficult, the car is off balance, and you ride with less comfort.

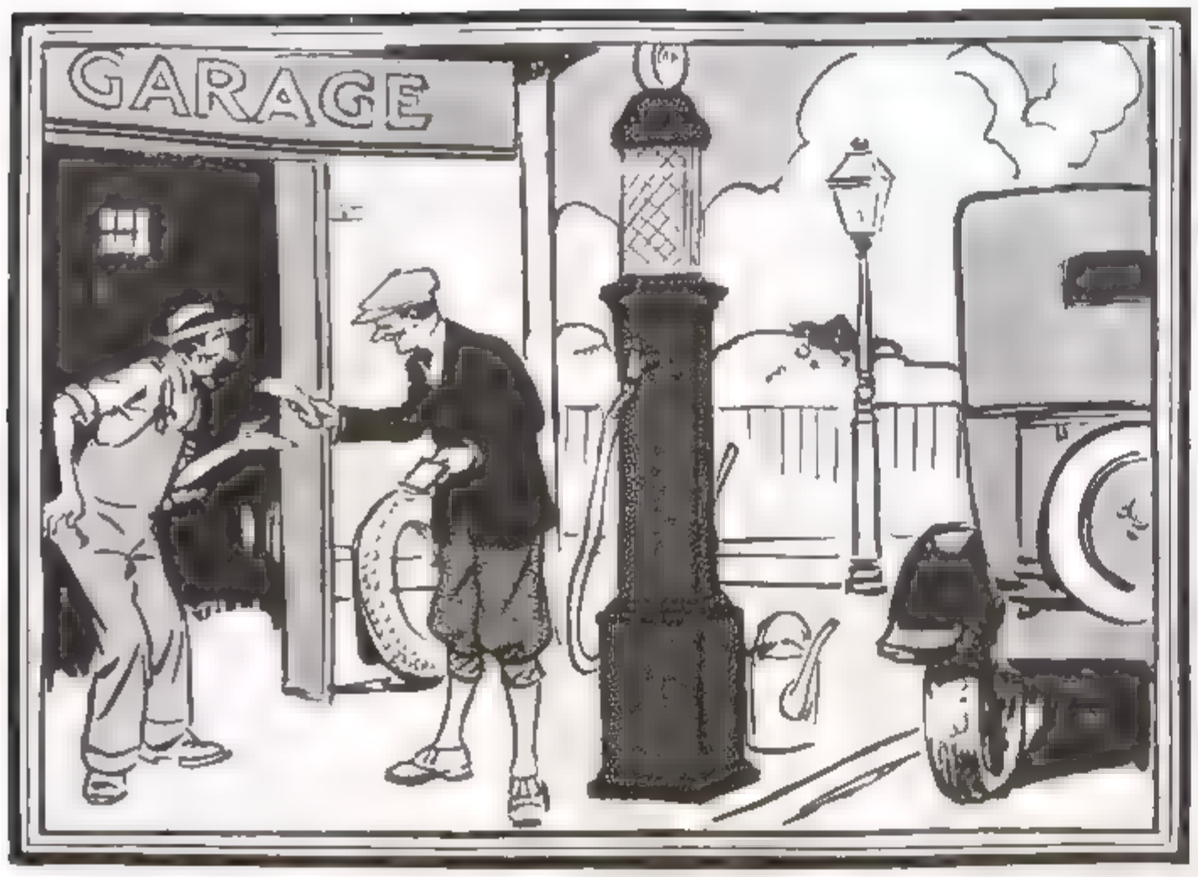
Use your tire gauge to check your inflation. Use it not only when you know you need air but when you wonder if you do. Check your air as you check your water, oil and gas.

Own a Schrader Gauge and use it frequently. It saves tires. It pays.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Calibrated in 1-lb. units—10 to 50 lbs. Made with ball foot—easy to use on ANY type wheel.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London



Drawing by Tony Sarg

The Garage Man's Terms to Travelers are Cash or—

A·B·A American BANKERS Association Cheques

"TRAVEL MONEY"

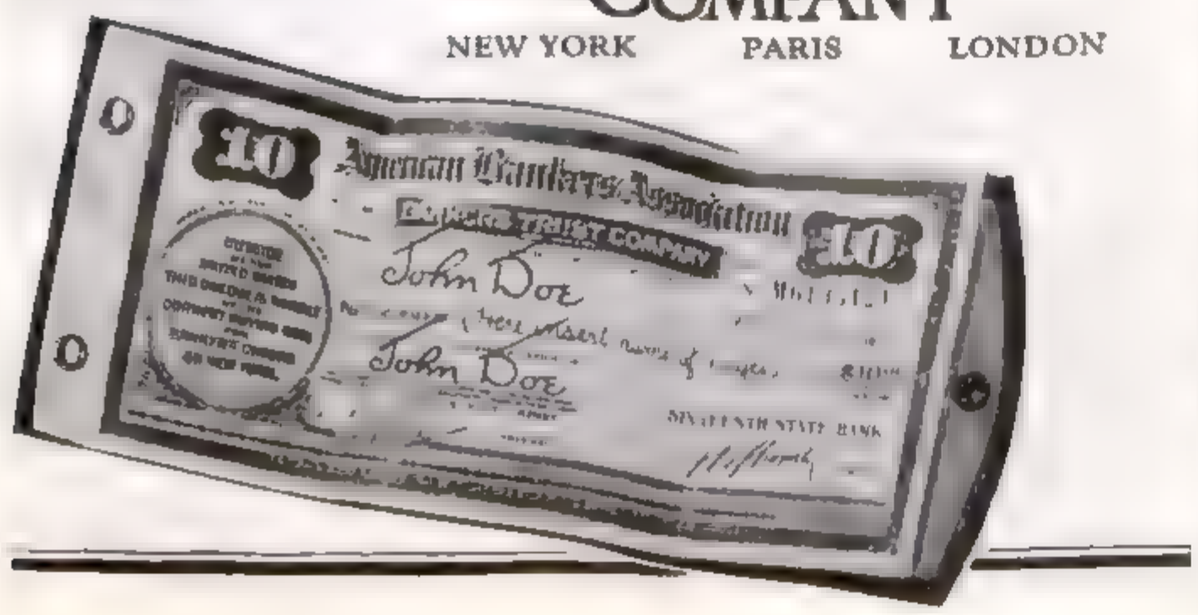
IDEAL for motor tourists. Safer than currency to carry on the person while traveling. Remove worry over possible loss of funds. Standard equipment for a pleasant motor trip. *Buy your A·B·A Travelers' Cheques at your local bank.*

Like the Magic Carpet, A·B·A Travelers' Cheques will take you wherever you want to go.

The Agent for the Member Banks for the payment of all American BANKERS Association Travelers' Cheques is

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON



(Continued from Page 56)

Like all men in difficult situations, he worked according to the system he knew best. He tried to simplify the difficulties in the path of drafting the treaty by his familiar recipes of compromise and adjustment. To say, as Wilson's supporters have, that he blithely undertook to allow the reactionaries in Paris to scrap the League of Nations is ridiculous no less than untrue. House, unperturbed as usual by nonessentials, never worried as much as the President about the League Covenant. He was convinced that as long as Britain, the British dominions and the United States, and their long roll of dependent allied states demanded the League, the League was a matter of course, something to be depended upon.

What he was worried about was the necessity of ironing out the European situation as rapidly as possible and quenching the awakening disaffection at home. Early in January he had assured me that there was not the slightest doubt the League would be adopted by the conference as conceived by its British and American sponsors; and during the weeks before the President sailed, he ticked off at intervals the principal points determined for the Covenant. So he allowed the League to be pushed aside during the President's absence while he and the several chiefs of state groped for answers to the knotty questions which Wilson had postponed in order to complete his cherished scheme.

Colonel House Receives

The mistake House made was in not realizing at this time the extent to which Wilson had turned from him the width of the breach. Naturally he had no sense of guilt. He knew that he and the President had disagreed more often in recent months. He was uncomfortable because of a slight strain in their relations. But it never entered his head that the President was other than merely fretful and snappish, the consequence of overwork and nervous strain. He hadn't yet attempted to put one and one together, to trace back their divergence of interest in the past. Even when, immediately upon his return to Paris, the President issued that brief, belligerent statement, announcing that despite rumors to the contrary, the League Covenant would be an integral part of the treaty, House did not fully understand the degree of Mr. Wilson's resentment.

His first realization of the state of his chief's feelings toward him was obtained through an incident not without a touch of grim humor. More and more, while the President was away, the foreign diplomats had come to depend upon House's aid, not alone in matters at issue with the Americans but also in those between themselves. His rooms in the Crillon were the scene of most of the important conferences, especially the informal gatherings at which differences of opinion were conciliated in preparation for strictly official meetings. And this kept up after the President returned to Paris.

The premiers resumed their regular sessions with Wilson, but their real problems they brought to House's study, and the Texan endeavored to help them, in the belief that in so doing, he was lightening the President's burden.

One afternoon, however, Mr. Wilson happened to stop in at the Crillon, unannounced. He met General Smuts leaving the colonel's apartments, and found Monsieur Tardieu in conference with House. Tardieu, of course, promptly removed himself; but the President had barely broached the subject on his mind when a secretary reported that Monsieur Venizelos was outside. House apologized to the President, spoke with the Greek statesman in an adjoining room, and came back to resume their interrupted conversation. But in five minutes the secretary appeared again; Mr. Lloyd George wanted a word with Colonel House.

Out of Harmony

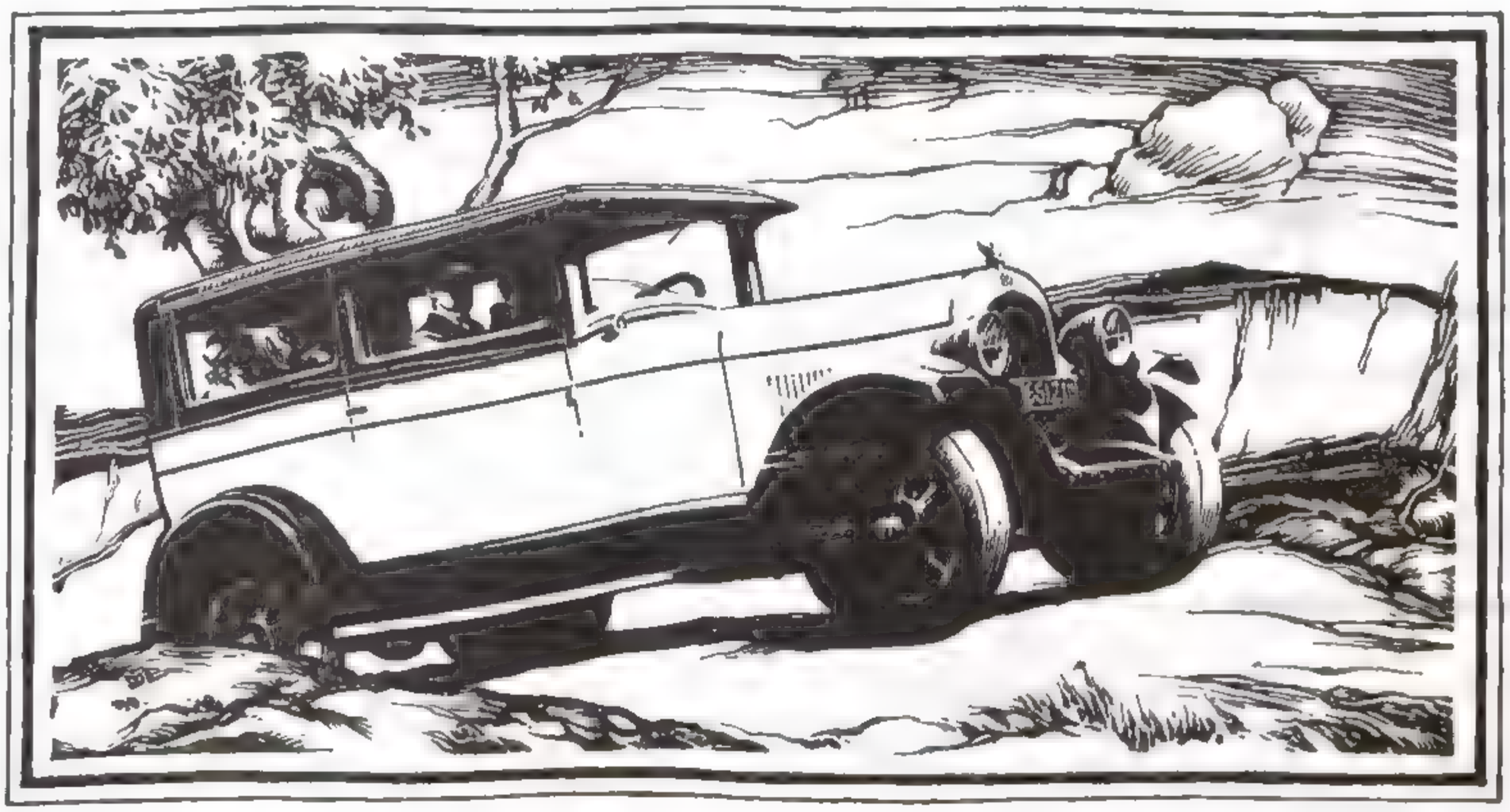
House asked the President if he should beg the British Premier to excuse him. Rather coldly, the President bade him see what Lloyd George wanted. And House left the President a second time. Lloyd George dismissed, the President took up their discussion where it had broken off, but he was still in the midst of it when a very embarrassed secretary announced that Signor Orlando desired to speak to the colonel. More icy than ever, President Wilson advised House to see the Italian; he, himself, would wait. And upon returning to his office the third time the harried Texan instructed his secretary not to admit the angel Gabriel, if that heavenly dignitary flew in, or anyone else, until the President had gone.

But the harm was done. The President apparently saw in this series of calls, most of them unscheduled, proof of the gossip alleging that House assumed the practical displacement of his chief. And from that day House understood that the old frank intimacy which had bound them together was departed.

Once more let me make it plain that as yet there was no separation. They met and talked and worked together; but in the nature of the case, harmony was lacking. The President was more restless, more arrogant, more determined in his will to do things his way. House, politic and adaptive, tried hard to be loyal, accepted decisions he thought unwise when dissent must have created a quarrel, strove with all his strength to keep up a pretense of solidarity, put the brakes on Lansing and White, who were more out of the picture than he was and much more critical of the President's course.

(Continued on Page 60)

A Row of Mulberry Trees at Williamsburg, Virginia, Planted by Order of the British Crown in 1619



Public Buys 18 Million Dollars' Worth of New Lower-Priced Lighter Six, Chrysler "60" in First Sixty Days

In the first sixty days following its introduction an enthusiastic motoring public has paid more than eighteen millions of dollars for the newest Chrysler, the new lighter six, Chrysler "60". Unfilled orders for many millions more are being rapidly met by vastly expanded production facilities.

This overwhelming success was inevitable for never before in the lower-priced six-cylinder field has the public been offered such compelling value as the new Chrysler "60".

In no other car approximating these low prices can you match the combination of these noteworthy features—

Sixty miles, and more, per hour; unprecedented acceleration; extraordinary gas economy, easily exceeding 22 miles to the gallon; the striking beauty of Chrysler dynamic symmetry; astonishing riding ease and roadability; the safety of Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes; oil-filter and air-cleaner; full-pressure lubrication; 7-bearing crankshaft; impulse-neutralizer; road levelizers front and rear; roomy and luxurious bodies.

CHRYSLER "60"—*Touring Car* $ ... *Roadster* $... *Club Coupe* $1169, *Couch*, $1101, *Sedan*, $1295

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton* $1195, *Couch*, $1195 *Roadster* $1225 *Royal Coupe*, $1165 *Brougham* $1245 *Sedan* $1345 *Royal Sedan*, $1295, *Crown Sedan*, $1895

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton* $2495 *Roadster* (wire wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional), $2595 *Coupe* (*five passenger*), $2695 *Sedan*, *five passenger* $2695 *Sedan seven passenger* $2795 *Sedan Limousine*, $2795

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Unit for unit, in the new lighter six, Chrysler "60" you have the same standardized quality which has given such dominance to the famous Chrysler "70" and to the superfine Chrysler Imperial "80" in their respective price groups—in engineering design, in materials, in craftsmanship, in rigidity of test and inspection, and in all characteristics of dependability and long life.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to demonstrate these superiorities.

See the new lighter six, Chrysler "60". Drive it. Convince yourself that nowhere will you find another six approximating it in price that can compare with this newest Chrysler achievement.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "60"

Are you an unsuspecting public?

Now, about this Complete Mennen Shave business....

Long ago, I decided that the only time anything got wished on an unsuspecting public was when the public, down underneath, was *wishing* for it.

That explains, certainly, how Mennen Shaving Cream became a national habit. Men, everywhere, cursing the torture of shaving with old-fashioned hard soap and wishing somehow—someday—

You know the answer. Today, Mennen stacks up a lather that makes the wiriest, bristlingest set of whiskers soft and limp. *Dermutation!* Even a dull razor can't help just naturally giving you a quick, super-clean shave. And with all the substitutes, no one has ever brought out anything that even touches it.

Same way about Talcum for Men. A human-nature instinct for a little more of the best, hung up by a feeling that chalky powder was woman's stuff.

Well, Talcum for Men was made to blend with any masculine skin. It doesn't show. It's antiseptic, shine-dispelling, soothing, protecting. Good, honest he-man comfort which the he-men are falling for by millions.

Which brings me to the third item on the Complete Mennen Shave—Mennen Skin Balm. Filling one more long-felt want. And boy, it's the real thing!

A little squeeze on your finger-tips rotated gently around the shaved area—a little tingly *bite*—then a zippy, fresh, fragrant coolness spreading all over your face. Greaseless—absorbed in half a minute. As delightful as a raise in salary.

Get the Complete Mennen Shave Habit. Nothing deserves better treatment than the face that has to go out every morning and face a cold, hard world.

Your druggist will fix you up for just a tiny nick in your pay envelope.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 58)

The last incident between the friends was House's intervention to compel the President to rescind a refusal of an invitation from the President of France, Monsieur Poincaré, to a state dinner in Wilson's honor the night of his final departure from Paris. This story is significant because it seems to emphasize the definite rupture of their friendship.

Wilson returned home to the fruitless struggle with the Senate majority, to fall sick and incapacitate himself—and, as many thought, to fight with pathetic fury for the substance of a shadow. House lingered on in Europe, nominally in charge of American interests, in fact continually hampered by the President's friends, gradually comprehending that he had utterly lost Wilson's confidence. He, too, became ill, and following the President's collapse, returned to New York, heartbroken, disappointed, in despair over the failure of his ambition to make his country the balance wheel of a new world order.

A House Divided

The two never met again. On Wilson's side there was a bleak and frosty silence. No word of explanation or denunciation passed the President's lips. There was no assertion by him at any time that he had barred House from his affections. In Paris they saw each other frequently up to the moment of the President's departure, and if their association lacked cordiality, it was courteous and mutually considerate. House had no reason to anticipate the treatment he received.

So far as he knew then the President continued to trust him, wished to make use of him, for all the coldness which Wilson evinced.

On House's side, there persisted the desire to serve, coupled with a refusal to compromise his personal dignity. He returned home, practically a dying man, only with the consent of the State Department.

Upon his return, and as soon as he was able, he sent word to the White House that he would very gladly do anything possible for his old friend. He received a courteous acknowledgment of the message, and that was the end. He doesn't know to this day any more than is set down here, much of it necessarily presumptive, as to the reasons which impelled Wilson to cut him off so arbitrarily.

I have talked to him about it many times. He has never showed feeling or resentment, but his least reference to it is instinct with sorrow. Dependent to an unusual extent upon friends for his satisfaction in life, House feels, with a poignancy not to be rendered in words, the destruction of the friendship he prized most. So far as I have been able to learn, it is the only great friendship he ever lost.

During Mr. Wilson's lifetime he was exceedingly scrupulous in all he did and said not to seem to presume on their former relations. This was strikingly demonstrated in what I fancy was the last communication he addressed to the President, in the early summer of 1920. Recovered from his own illness, he was going abroad for change and relaxation, and he was most anxious that his visit to Europe should not be regarded by the President as an excuse to meddle with international affairs, now that he no longer represented the Administration. I had come over from Washington to see him one day, and he opened the subject to me, asking what I thought he ought to do. I suggested that he write Mr. Wilson, simply stating the purpose of his trip. He liked the idea and asked me to draw up such a letter, which I did, on the back of a used envelope.

About this time, too, he talked of moving to Washington, because he thought he would find diversion in watching the machinery of Government at first hand and also would have opportunity to meet the persons interested in world politics; incidentally, because living there would be less expensive than in New York. At his request, I made some inquiries for him regarding real estate, but when it was announced that Mr. Wilson planned to continue his residence in Washington after quitting office, House changed his mind, remarking that it would be embarrassing for the President if the two of them should be thrown together in the constricted circles of the capital's society.

Once, after the President retired from the White House, Colonel House chanced to visit Washington. The newspapers reported that he left his card at Mr. Wilson's S Street home while the Wilsons were out driving.

He told me that he had taken pains to make certain the President would be out before he paid the call.

"So far as I am concerned," House said, "nothing has happened between us. I hold him in as much affection as ever, but for some reason, which he has not seen fit to mention, he does not desire to see me. The only thing for me to do, in the circumstances, is to show my friendship in such a way as will not cause him discomfort. That is what I tried to do."

The Dawes Plan Foundation

It isn't generally known that House has devoted all his energies since the so-called break to the furtherance of Wilson policies. He did what he could, quietly and under cover, in cooperation with the minority leaders in the Senate, to support the Treaty of Versailles. When the treaty failed he set himself to influence the Allied statesmen as much as possible to construe and execute the treaty in the spirit which would have prevailed had the United States been one of the signatories. Every summer he has spent abroad, watching closely the developments of politics, discussing their difficulties with the men he came to know so closely in the war years and at the Peace Conference. He outlined the first rough plans which were the foundation for the Dawes Plan, a chapter of history which will be told in due time

The League of Nations, of course, is his hobby, and he is in constant correspondence with its executives. Indeed, whenever a problem occurs in the intercourse of nations or there is a flare-up of racial trouble, it is five to one House is consulted by one side or both. His share in making peace in Ireland will never be forgotten. He worked privately to assist the late President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes in putting through the limitation of naval armaments. He has a finger in every major political campaign at home. Last winter President Coolidge invited him to the White House to discuss the Administration's plans for joining the World Court and participating in the Disarmament Conference summoned by the League at Geneva. What ghosts of sad memories must have plucked at the colonel's coat tails as he trod again the rooms in which he and Woodrow Wilson dreamed their great dreams of modeling civilization anew!

A Connoisseur of Men

It amazes me that he has never been discouraged—that is, never except once that I saw. That was just after he came home from France, with all his hopes, almost everything that he cared for, shattered. He lay on the couch in his little study in East Fifty-third Street with a rug over his knees. And that day his voice was querulous, there was bitterness in his glance—but not when he spoke of Wilson. And his courage immediately reasserted itself. His health restored, he commenced again to slip back and forth, from New York to Paris, London, Berlin, Geneva, a small gray figure, astonishingly young for his sixty-eight years. Doing what? Well, mostly making friends, trying to help old friends and digging up new ones.

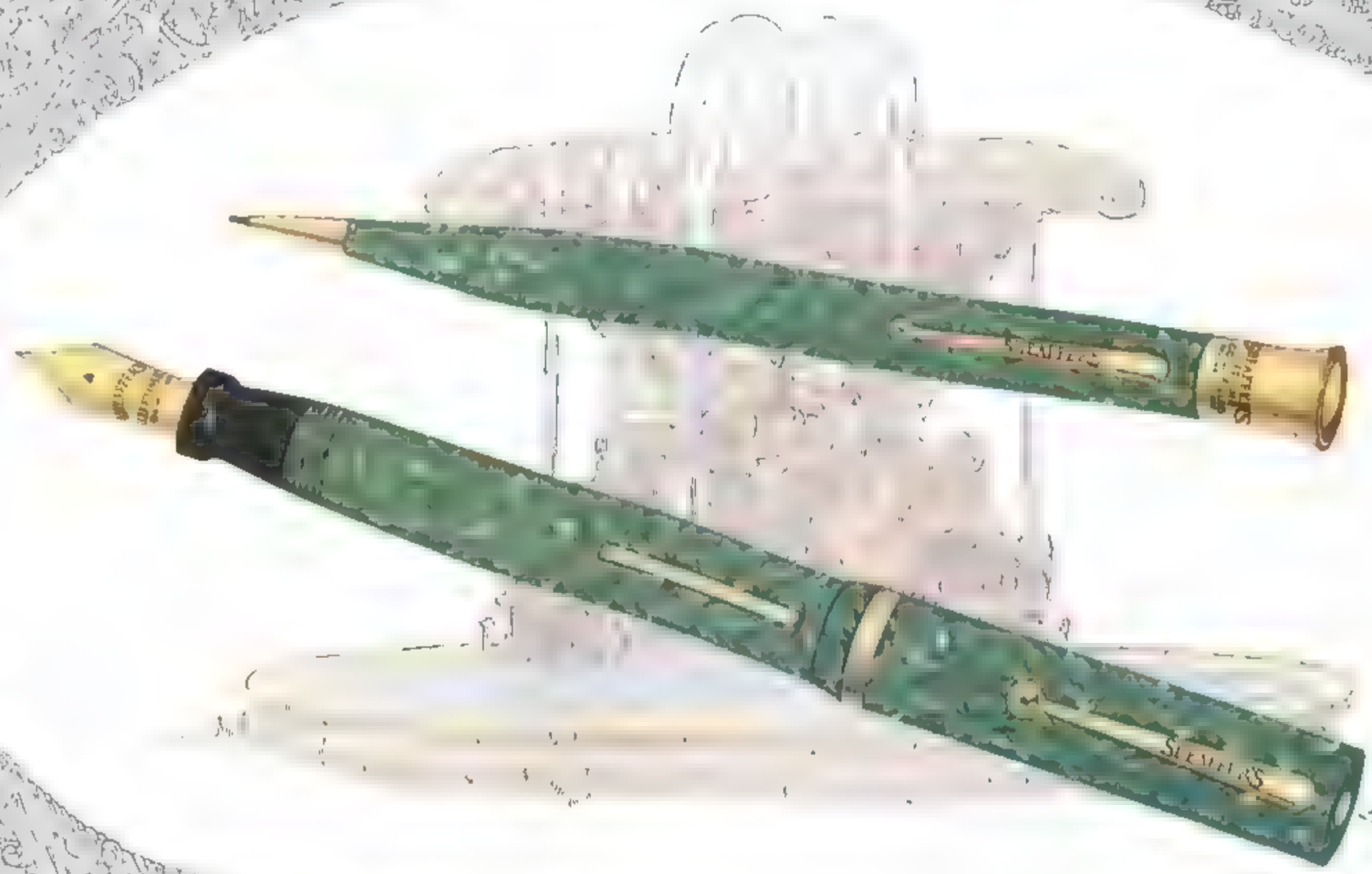
Truly an amazing figure. I don't know of any other man in our history who has labored so strenuously without selfish motive or ambition. He is as nearly devoid of egotism as one could be. Ingenuous, yes. A queer combination of sophistication, shrewdness and simplicity; but in no way vain, only anxious to serve.

In the record of history I expect to find sharp dissent on his character. Some will call him a mountebank. Some will say he was no more than an adroit politician who plunged over his depth when he wandered into international affairs. Some will agree with the voices raised today that proclaim him a great man's jackal. Some will hail him as an idealistic statesman of the first rank who failed of attaining the impossible by the breadth of a centimeter.

But I like best to think of him as a collector of friendships, a connoisseur in the worth of the individual, deftly sorting and shifting, rejecting the crackpots and the stray samples of brummagem ware, polishing up an occasional work-soiled specimen to bring out the dimmed luster, seizing eagerly upon every authentic piece that comes within his reach; and never, for any reason, suffering the removal from the shelves of his memory of the least valuable bit of the collection. In this field, at any rate, he has no rival.

Georges Clemenceau and Colonel House Photographed in the Garden at St.-Vincent Sur Jard, in Vendée

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Smith.



Identify the aristocrat of pens by this white dot

No repair costs for the pen that has the little white dot

The world pays more for the Sheaffer fountain pen than for any other. And the world buys it in record-breaking quantities. Why? First, because it is absolutely *dependable,* an unfailing performer. Second, because it is a beautiful writing instrument, made of the brilliant and practically indestructible Radite. Third, because it is guaranteed, without reserve whatsoever, for a lifetime—protected not merely against imperfections, but guaranteed for continuous service throughout long years. It is the pen of no repair costs. Identify it by the little white dot.

"Lifetime" pen, $8.75—pencil, $4.25—Lady "Lifetime," $7.50—guaranteed

At better stores everywhere

SHEAFFER'S
PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

THE TRYST

(Continued from Page 17)

Close at hand lay the sullen sea front of those slums which for vileness have no equal between Shanghai and Port Said; but for them the night is the time of blossom; in the day they lie couched, smoldering, pregnant with obscene fires. Further to the east he could see the jetty of the yacht club, where one may eat to surfeit of the best *bouillabaisse* in the world, in some of the best company. He remembered one time in particular, when

"Ready for the shore, sir?" It was the captain, his breast pocket bulging with papers, and he troubled to remember no further.

"Aching for it," he answered, and raising his hat to the missus, he swung a leg over the rail.

"Well, sir," said the captain, when they reached the parting of their ways, "you've got your afternoon and your evenin' before you, but I'd be aboard by six in the morning if I was you."

"Fine broad idea you've got of an evening," said Forester. "Better hire a man with a wheelbarrow to bring me down to the wharf, I suppose. No wonder your wife insists on sailing with you!"

"Well, you insisted, too," retorted the captain. "So long, sir."

"See you by six," said the other. "Have a derrick ready to hoist me in after you've bailed me out. So long!"

And he departed with long easy strides to the Cannébière, with its hotels and its shops and its cafés and the wonderful variety of its people.

Every traveler knows that a man may be alone without being lonely. It needs but tolerance and curiosity to make the whole world one's companion; but even the most complaisant companion may pall after a while. Luncheon, some shopping, a walk, two baths—a hot one and a cold one—a lounge upon the *terrasse* of a café, brought him passably through to dinner; but the end of dinner left him stranded with an evening paper and a cigar upon the shore of an empty evening. He scraped acquaintance with a chubby, swarthy little man in a café who would speak English—comic English that was amusing for just five minutes and then collapsed into dreariness. Ten o'clock; he felt full of food and very wakeful. Well, it was a fine night; no moon, but a very delirium of stars, and a little breeze that breathed in from the bay, cool and refreshing. A walk was indicated, obviously—a real walk on good responsive earth to take the taste of iron decks out of his feet.

He rose, paid the waiter and bade his new acquaintance farewell. "You speak English wonderfully," he said. "But I have to be going "

The chubby little man's face creased in a flattered grin. "Ah, vunderfool, you say? Yes, I know myself in ze—in the language. But, mistaire"—his voice, that gurgled up from the fatness of his throat, sank to a confidential note—"you find me 'ere all the evenings, by this hour always. So now, this evening, you len' me twenty francs, an' tomorrow ——"

Forester nodded. "*Touche!*" he said. "You speak English even more wonderfully than I thought. Here's your twenty francs. You've earned it."

He laughed a little as he swung out of the crowded street and made for the foot of that uphill coast and road of which Marseilles is as childishly proud as of the Cannébière. It swings aloft in loops and curves of inspired engineering, straddling the heights over the sea, with woods and fields and vineyards and gardens sloping to it from the landward side. It is theatrical, with long moments of purest poetry; it is too good to be true; it is the Corniche.

The triangle was a triangle no longer. Its points were emerging into a blob.

It was about half-past eleven when our Miss Annette O'Brien came forth from the villa to the garden. She had dined with her uncle and aunt and Cousin Clarice and they had frightened her. They were so kind and complaisant; they approved of themselves so obviously; something like a sense of good work well done was in their smiles and in their appetites. They reminded her of a cat which has caught and killed its mouse and will presently set to and eat it. But they asked no questions of her; she, her tastes and her wishes were being taken for granted. Next day the good news was to be broken to her. One can fight an enemy to the death; but a friend, three friends, loving, sedulous in their care for her interests, honest, stupid and determined—with what weapons shall one fight them?

"No moon!" breathed Annette.

She was going forth to the conquest of the world in a tweed coat and skirt, with a thousand francs pinned in her bosom and a suitcase that was altogether too heavy. The stars had light enough to give her a shadow on the lawn, a misshapen thing that bobbed like a ball on a water jet as she staggered over the shaved grass with the suitcase which she proposed to carry into Marseilles. She reached the parapet panting and heaved her burden on it. This was going to be hard, but that was as it should be. Early struggles alone made the path to glory authentic. Had not Bernhardt and Duse and Ellen Terry in their day ——

She pricked her ears; it seemed to her that she heard a whisper near at hand. She stood, frozen in her place, and listened.

Ten seconds passed, and she heard it again. "*C'est ici!*" it sounded like. "It is here!" It came, if it came from anywhere but her fancy, from beneath her, at the foot of the wall. Then: "*Allons-y!*" "Let's go to it!" and a scuffling noise.

With a hand on the suitcase to steady herself, she craned forward to look over the parapet. It was dark under the wall and for a moment she distinguished nothing. Then, her eyes acclimatized to the darkness, she saw in amazement a black shape that moved upon the face of the wall, slowly, as if with precaution to make no noise, but steadily, pulling itself up with long black tentacles that reached for the handholds on the rugged stones. It was directly below and rising to her. In the roadway, another black shape stood and turned as though it looked first this way and then that.

"*Oh, mais* "

Involuntarily, automatically, she started back from this unknown, this unguessable horror of the night. And as she started, she thrust at the suitcase. It toppled—it fell!

She was back again at once at the parapet, but she was not quick enough to see that perfect fall. She only heard it. There was a thud and a startled squeal, a crash and another thud, then the beginnings of an agonized howl which tailed out into gaspings and gurglings, such as a drowning man might produce or a man who has fallen on his back into a cobbled gutter and had the wind stamped out of him by a heavy suitcase. But she did see the second shape, the one who had kept guard in the road, in frantic flight toward Marseilles. That was Charlot; his colleague, Toto, showed as something indeterminate which jerked about like a stranded fish and then lay still.

"Have I hurt you?" called Annette softly.

There was no answer. After a minute of consideration, she sat upon the parapet, turned round and clambered down.

The man lay on his back, motionless, his face upturned. Annette bent over him and soon she could see him. There was no blood, no violent distortion of any limb, nothing she could stanch with her handkerchief or ease with her hands. But his face! It was in that she had her first view of the possibilities of the world in which she lived. She knew, of course, that it was not populated with St. Laures alone, that its ordinariness was leavened and spiced with rare extremes of evil and virtue. And here, paper-white, high in the cheek and pointed at the chin, its narrow brow made narrower by the brim of the cap, were the dire print and ensign of one of those with whom she must travel her chosen road.

The strangeness and horror of it fascinated her for a minute or two; then she rose, lifted her heavy bag and turned to follow the Corniche down toward Marseilles.

This was one of the Corniche's nights for seeing life.

Five hundred yards below Annette's wall, Denis Forester, going easily, but already upon the point of turning back, paused in his stride at the sound of footsteps that came to meet him, urgent and rapid, as of one who ran. There was a bend in the way just before him and he stopped to see the runner. The man came pelting down in disordered flight with the gait of panic. Forester, with an instant sense of something wrong, stepped out into the road to meet him. At sight of him the runner swerved violently, uttered sounds of frenzy, brandished an arm and came on.

The starlight slid and glimmered upon what he upheld with that moving arm. A narrow blade, gripped ready for the plunging stab; Forester sprang aside. Charlot did not change his course; he wanted nothing but a clear way to freedom. He dashed on, spurred to fresh speed by this encounter; and as he would have passed, Forester lunged with his stick between the man's flying feet.

There was a scream, and Charlot seemed to soar from the ground in a tangle of mad limbs, travel through the air for a yard or two and land again, as inertly as a sack. The knife slid across the road to Forester's feet; he stooped and picked it up.

It was still in his hand when he rose from examining the wreck of Charlot. A brief search of that débris had yielded him an automatic and a helpful flash lamp. It showed him all he wanted to know. He had downed his man on the evidence of the knife; he kept him lying, smashed and crumpled, for the thing he was. And then he was aware that, close by, another figure had appeared and stood watching him. He had the bare knife in his hand and the still body at his feet. He flashed the lamp upon the newcomer. He understood nothing, but he was ready for battle.

"It's a girl!" he exclaimed aloud. Then he saw the suitcase where she had let it down beside her, quickly added two and two and got the answer wrong. But the girl spoke first.

"You have killed him?" she asked in French.

"Not quite, I think," he replied. "A friend of yours, I presume."

"What?" The girl started. "Friend—friend of mine?"

"I suppose so," he answered. "Otherwise you'd hardly be carrying that suitcase for him, would you?"

But already he was puzzled. The flash lamp showed her clearly to him, her trimness, her youth that was not vitiated or plundered of its innocence, and a quality of caste that matched his own; she did not fit in with the hour or the place or the event.

"It's my suitcase," cried Annette. "If you're going to steal it, I can't stop you; but there's no need to murder me."

"No need at all," he agreed. "But—well, see how it is! This man"—he indicated the not-quite-dead body—"comes charging down the road and at sight of me he draws this knife. So I trip him up and here he is. Then you arrive with a heavy bag. Perhaps I'm mixing things up; but if that is the case, hadn't you better put me right?"

"You are—you are an *agent de la sûreté?*" quavered Annette.

"Eh?" He pondered an instant. "A crook would know I wasn't," he reflected. "No," he answered her. "I'm not a detective. I'm just an Englishman on his travels and ——"

She interrupted him with a little cry. "An Englishman!" she repeated in English. "I'm going to England. This is my luggage. And I think this man and the other are thieves."

"There is another?" he asked quickly. "Where did you see him? Please tell me the whole thing; this may be awfully serious."

"Well," began Annette, "he was climbing up our wall and I tipped the suitcase over on him. You see, I was going to climb down when I saw him. And this one ran away. You understand, don't you?"

"Not quite," said Forester. "But we mustn't lose time. Why were you going to climb down a wall?"

Question and answer did the trick. Presently he had an outline idea of the matter. There was no time for more. It was plain, at least, that there was another apache up the road outside an unguarded house.

"I'll carry that suitcase for you," he said. "Come along and show me where you left the fellow."

Toto's solar plexus had resumed work when they arrived; his spine was not broken and the back of his head was not crushed in, though they felt as if they were. He had rolled over on his side and propped himself on one elbow. He had not the least notion what had hit him, nor how. The shaft of light from the flash lamp beat him down upon his back again.

"Charlot?" he said feebly.

"It isn't Charlot," answered Forester. "Lie as you are if you don't want to be knocked about." Toto groaned. "And now we'll have a look at your ironmongery."

His equipment proved to be the same as that of Charlot—a knife, an automatic and a flash lamp.

"Lie still!" commanded Forester. "If you try to get up you'll be kicked." He moved away and examined the surface of the wall with the lamp. "As good as a ladder," he said aloud. "You'll have no difficulty in getting up again, and between us we can hoist the bag. Can you get back to bed without being heard?"

She leaned with one hand upon the wall. "But I'm not going back to bed," she protested. "I'm running away. You don't know what'll happen if I go back to bed."

"I know what will happen if you don't, though," he said. "Somebody will find you. I hope it will be the police; and won't you look a fool when they bring you back and hand you over and take a receipt for you? But if it isn't the police, it may be some man like this scoundrel lying there. There's no getting away, my dear young lady. Can't you believe that I know what I'm talking about?"

"But ——"

"What is it really that you're running away from? Is anybody being cruel to you? What is it? Whatever it is, it can be put right."

"I want to go on the stage," she answered diffidently. "I suppose you think that's outrageous and silly, but I want to all the same."

"Well, why shouldn't you?" he said. "I've got a cousin on the stage. Why shouldn't you be anything you like, if you can? Only—I'm dead sure that the first step toward it is going quietly back to bed."

She shook her head. "There's something else."

He smiled in the darkness. "I was sure there was," he said. "D'you care to tell me?"

She was silent for some moments. "We shan't see each other again," she said, "so I may as well tell you and you'll see for yourself that I'm right."

"As to that ——" He stopped. "Go ahead "

And he got the true inwardness of it as Annette knew it, the matter of Monsieur Gaston Masurier, of the attitude of her uncle and aunt.

(Continued on Page 67)

Studebaker Trails *of* Triumph

Busses powered by Big Six engines form national network

Cross-country travel in a Studebaker Bus takes you in comfort and safety, and delivers you on time. You relax and revel in the beauty of the countryside while its smooth, silent power spins out the gray ribbon of road and gives wings to the miles.

A YEAR ago Studebaker was forced into the bus business. Bus operators had found the Studebaker Big Six engine and the Studebaker Big Six chassis were peculiarly suited to their needs. They were buying Big Six chassis in large numbers, lengthening them and equipping them with bus bodies.

It was apparent the public would be better served by busses specially designed and built for this work, and Studebaker engineers were given the task of developing economical, efficient units for bus transportation. Studebaker's $100,000,000 manufacturing facilities enabled us to sell these powerful, dependable busses at prices never before approached for such quality.

Nation-wide popularity

The country over, far-flung trails tell the triumph of Studebaker's achievement. Today, as the map shows, Studebaker bus routes make neighbors of the nation. Linking hundreds of communities in every state, across the desert sands of New Mexico and over the mountain passes in Montana, through clinging gumbo and along broad highways . . . everywhere Studebaker Busses are providing trustworthy transportation.

Studebaker Busses cost less to buy, less to operate and have the stamina which insures 100,000—200,000—300,000 miles of dependable transportation.

Studebaker Big Six passenger cars offer similar economies. You can buy *both* a Studebaker Big Six Sedan and a Studebaker Big Six Sport-Roadster for the price of any other sedan or roadster of equal rated horsepower. And your Studebaker will cost you less to operate and live longer.

Unsurpassed Stamina

Gruelling bus service has conclusively proved the merit of the Big Six engine. Since it handles 12 to 21-passenger busses with such ease at high speed over long distances, it is no wonder that passenger-car work is mere child's play. This quiet L-head motor has reserves of power which assure the utmost in swift acceleration and smoothly sustained performance. And it does its work so easily that repairs and depreciation are minimized

It is not surprising that the Studebaker Big Six (at One-Profit prices) outsells every other car in the world of equal or greater rated horsepower.

The following Big Six Studebakers may be purchased out of income at time-payment rates as low as any known to the motor world:

3-Pass. Duplex-Roadster	$1495
5-Pass. Sport-Phaeton	1575
4-Pass. Sport-Roadster	1645
5-Pass. Club Coupe	1650
7-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton	1775
5-Pass. Sedan	1895
5-Pass. Brougham	2095
7-Pass. Sedan	2145
7-Pass. Berline	2225

Free Booklet on Studebaker Busses

A booklet, "Profitable Bus Operation," will be sent without obligation to any one interested in the money-making possibilities of this great new development in American transportation. Studebaker Busses range in price from $3935 to $6150, f. o. b. factory.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Firestone

TIRES ARE BETTER

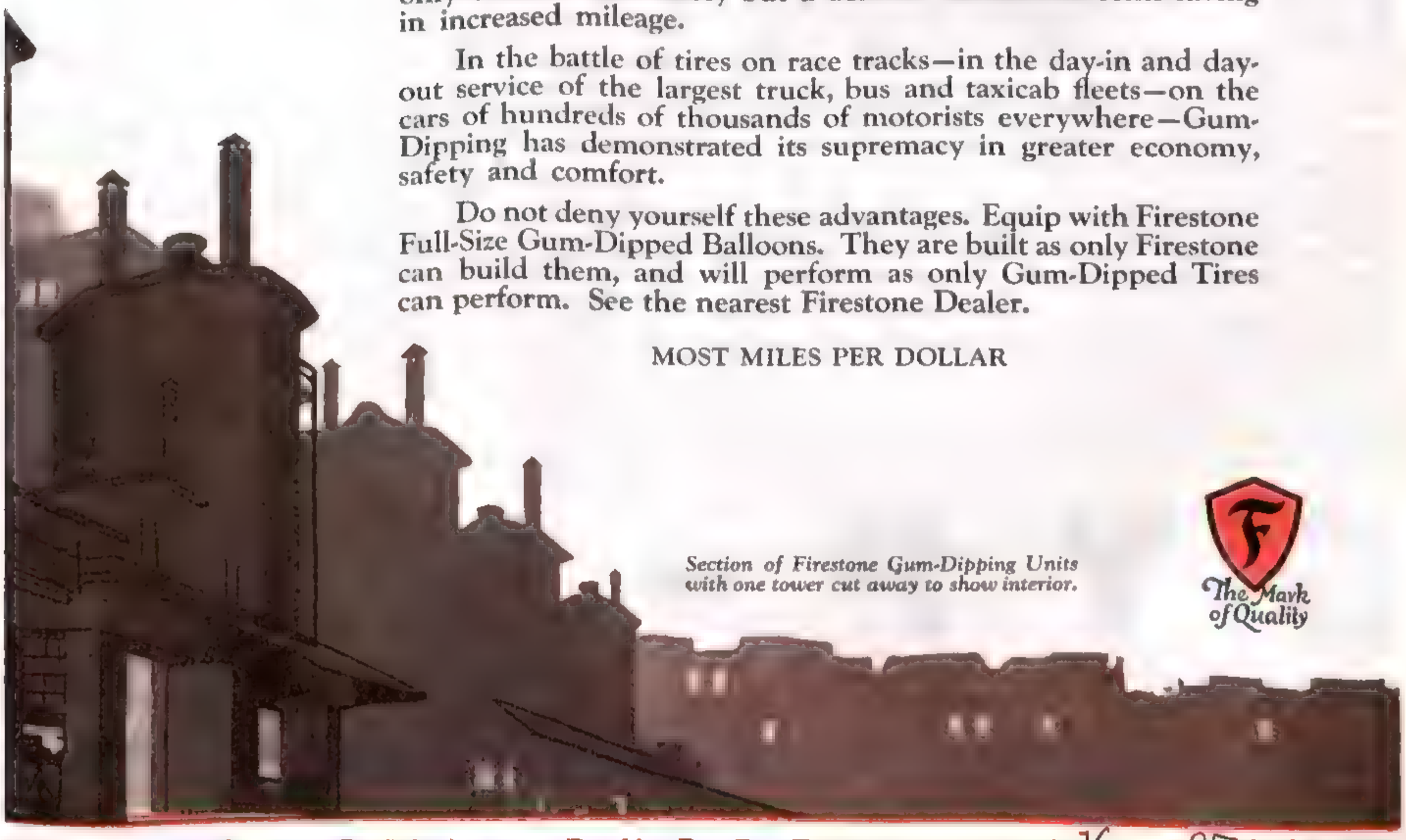
One of the outstanding developments by Firestone Research Engineers is the process of dipping the cords in a rubber solution which impregnates and insulates every fiber of every cord with rubber. This adds strength to the cords and reduces to a minimum internal friction and heat so destructive to tire life.

The Gum-Dipping of the cords made it possible for Firestone to develop the Full-Size Balloon Tire which gave car owners not only comfort and safety but a definite dollars-and-cents saving in increased mileage.

In the battle of tires on race tracks—in the day-in and day-out service of the largest truck, bus and taxicab fleets—on the cars of hundreds of thousands of motorists everywhere—Gum-Dipping has demonstrated its supremacy in greater economy, safety and comfort.

Do not deny yourself these advantages. Equip with Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons. They are built as only Firestone can build them, and will perform as only Gum-Dipped Tires can perform. See the nearest Firestone Dealer.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR



Section of Firestone Gum-Dipping Units with one tower cut away to show interior.

The Mark of Quality

THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . Harvey S. Firestone

Protected! by this *mineral* lumber

© 1926, United States Gypsum Co.

Wind, weather and the hazard of fire—you build sure protection against them all in any house you build with Gyp-Lap.

This *mineral* lumber is ideal material for the all-important inner wall between the framework and the surface of the building. As inner lining for your walls and roofs, it is not only unsurpassed in protective qualities but *it is even more economical* than ordinary materials for this purpose.

Being made of gypsum rock, Gyp-Lap is *fireproof*. It cannot burn, ignite or transmit fire. *It will not warp, shrink or buckle.* It saws and nails like lumber—but *it is rock.*

Cast in large units, and coming all ready for nailing to the framework, Gyp-Lap goes up quickly and easily, saving money on building costs. Its interlocking joint forms a perfect union, making a wind-tight, rigid wall that braces the entire structure against rack and strain — the strongest type of structural insulation.

Gyp-Lap makes perfect backing for stucco, brick or wood construction, and is equally good under all types of roofing material.

Your dealer in Sheetrock, lumber and builders' supplies sells Gyp-Lap or can get it for you promptly from our nearest mill. Its cost is low. Be sure you get Gyp-Lap—made only by the United States Gypsum Company.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

GYP-LAP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The FIREPROOF Sheathing

72 designs selected from National Architectural Prize Contest for $1.00. Mail coupon to Fireproofing Dept. W, U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois.

Name _____

City _____ *State* _____

U S GYPSUM PRODUCTS

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 430, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois
Send me sample of Gyp-Lap and free Booklet, "Protected Homes."

Name _____ *Address* _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Continued from Page 62)

"It comes down to this then?" he said when she had done: "You're to be tied hand and foot, gagged or drugged, and married by force?" She made a sound of remonstrance. "Because, otherwise, there is no country in Europe where a girl can be married against her will."

"But you do not know my aunt!"

"I probably shall before long. It isn't your aunt you've got to deal with; Gaston's your man. You're not afraid of him, are you? You described him as a nasty little bladder of a man; don't you feel equal to pricking the bladder and letting the gas out of Gaston? Wouldn't it be rather fun?"

She shook her head. "I've got too much money," she said. "That's what he wants to marry. . . . But why did you say you'd probably meet aunt before long?"

"She'll want to see me, I expect," he answered. "She'll want to meet her preserver, naturally. This fellow lying here and the other sportsman down the road have got to be accounted for; so after you're up and in, I'm going to rouse the house and take all the credit for myself. I'm a really good liar when I get started."

She sighed. "I suppose ——" she began, and stopped. "I can always run away again and manage things better," she said.

"Of course you can," he said. "And now you'd better be getting up the wall and get ready to receive the suitcase when I lift it to you. Then I'll give you five minutes to get into the house and upstairs, and afterward you'll come down in a dressing gown and slippers to hear aunt saying she wished she'd got a son like me."

"Then I won't say good night," she suggested.

"Not till aunt has introduced us."

Annette took the wall like a monkey, and between them they got the suitcase up. Toto, in the gutter, must have had his own thoughts; he had a worm's-eye view of the whole proceedings and had understood not a word. He put his own construction on the matter. He spoke.

"Spoiled your little affair, did I?" he said. "Unfortunate, hein? But I could not know that you and your girl"—"garsse" was the word he used—"had fixed on tonight for your maneuvers. For such an accident it is enough to be trampled in the belly and beaten about the head with a rock. There is no need of gendarmes to hear your story—and mine."

"We'll see," answered Forester. "Your story is a lie and it won't be believed; so is mine, and it will. Now don't try to run or I'll shoot you with your own pistol."

He moved toward the gate and presently the big bell within woke and raved plangently. Lights went up in the villa and the concierge came shouting forth. Annette, in her bedroom, smiled and hurried her dressing-gown toilet; Toto in his gutter also smiled; he smiled seldom, Toto.

"So long as they have got Charlot too! I hope they have got Charlot. Charlot thought I was going to divide with him! Poor Charlot!"

The concierge wore only the shirt in which he had been sleeping. He was an old dragoon; he knew how to turn out on the point of the moment.

"And now," he roared, "what is this devilment?"

Forester liked him, a large grim man, grizzled, with an essential goodness of nature overlaid by an official film of training. Just the man to take an order and carry it out to the letter.

"I've got a couple of burglars for you," he said pleasantly. "One of them is just down the road, rather crumpled. The other chap, who was climbing your wall, is here. Both fully equipped for a bit of throat-cutting; I've got their gear here. Look!"

He displayed the knives and the pistols of Toto and Charlot.

"*Diantre!*" said the porter, and moved toward the prostrate and now very anxious Toto. "And I was asleep and missed it all." He gave Toto a resentful kick. "Get up," he commanded. "Your little game is over." He turned to Forester. "I have a cupboard into which I can lock this animal while I go and fetch the other. If, meanwhile, monsieur would go up to the house and see my master, the police could be telephoned to come and take them off our hands."

"I'll do that," agreed Forester.

"Here!" howled Toto, as the porter laid hands on him and heaved him to his knees "What about that girl—the girl you helped up the wall? Listen, you fool!" This was to the porter. "You've got us all right, but don't you see?" Toto actually believed he was speaking the truth. "They come along and smashed up our game and he gets the girl in first and now you're sending him up to the house while you stand guard over us! To think I didn't see it from the first!"

"Girl?" repeated the porter. He looked from the defeated Toto to Forester. "What's all this about a girl?"

"He helped her up the wall," babbled Toto, who had risen as far as his knees. His lean forefinger pointed with passionate assertion at the Englishman. And since he believed what he was saying, he managed to carry a measure of conviction. "She's in there now, and you're sending him in just where he wants to go! There are two kinds of fools," completed Toto—"you and all the rest of them!"

"This ——" The old dragoon had turned to look at Forester. "There was a girl? Damn you, there was! Well ——"

He did not complete his sentence. His speech had been only a maneuver. He was grizzled and oldish; he was very absurd in his shirt and without his pants, and he had a certain lavishness of belly. But there remained to him a capacity for action—swift and dire action in the true tradition of the dragoons. He exploded like a shell as he flung himself upon Forester and hurled him to the ground, himself on top.

And he knew—he had seen—that Forester had a whole armory of pistols and knives!

"Now," he said—he had Forester by the throat, a knee on his right arm, another on his stomach—"keep quite still or papa will be cross with you! Where's that battery?" His free hand explored and found the pistols. He was very efficient at his business, but he missed one point. For Forester had resisted at the first, automatically, till he realized the silliness of the whole thing and lay still in patient surrender till it should be over.

He did not see therefore how Toto rose from his knees; how Toto looked for some seconds with an interest which was almost critical—something expert and approving—upon the scuffle, as of one old in such practices and qualified to judge, and then faded, lapsed, dissolved into the night.

"Get up!" commanded the porter. He had the two automatics.

Forester rose. He had the common sense not to plunge into an avenging and self-vindicating fight forthwith.

"Now we'll see about this girl," said the porter.

"Wait!" said Forester. He produced the flash lights he had taken from the apaches. "Take these and look at me before you take me in to your master—and face the consequences of being a fool! Look at me—that's all I'm asking you!"

"I'll look at you, all right," said the ex-dragoon. "You'll come into my lodge and I'll enjoy your beauty while the police are coming. Get on, there; walk—march!"

He had an automatic in each hand. He gestured with the right-hand one; the other was consistently leveled at Forester's stomach

Forester did not move. "Careful with that thing," he said. "They're probably hair triggers." Then, in another tone: "I told you to use one of those torches and look at me. Do so now!"

There was a pause. "Giving orders!" marveled the porter. "Giving me orders, damn you! I'll show you whether ——"

Again Forester did not move. "Look at me!" he repeated.

The old dragoon swore inaudibly, but the beam of Toto's excellent torch blazed upon Forester.

The Englishman faced it as one faces the camera of a photographer, with consciousness and a selected pose. There was a very long pause.

No man can possess a greater asset than the quality of carrying unmistakable credentials, references to caste and class and character in his face, his bearing, his general aspect. Blessed are they who have it, for they shall get away with it, whatever it is! Forester had it; it worked with the captain of the Crowleigh when he had demanded passage in her at Aden; it worked now, as he stood before the torch light, with the automatic pointed at his stomach, and the old dragoon, who had spent his effective life at the beck and call of officers made and shaped in this style and manner, who knew, perforce, the type when he saw it. For there is a kind of light which you cannot hide under a bushel; it penetrates the bushel.

The porter grunted. "You will at least go up to the house and explain yourself to my master."

He had surrendered. "Most certainly," answered Forester. "I should have done that in any case. And while I do so you had better go a few yards down the road and collect the other burglar. I fancy he won't have moved much since I left him."

The porter still hesitated, thinking heavily. "Still," he said, "there was that about a girl—a girl you helped up the wall. What about that?"

"There was no girl," said Forester. His hand was in his breast pocket, feeling for his note case. "Turn that light on again. What happened was this: I surprised two burglars on the point of making an entry. One has got away; the other you will have in your hands in a few minutes, and that is the whole of it. There was no girl."

The hand he held out contained a thousand-franc note. The franc was not worth much on the exchanges, but a thousand of anything is an imposing sum.

The porter hesitated and then Nature had its way with him. He took the note.

"But who was the girl?" he persisted for a moment, then he swore at himself. "I never guessed I never guessed! Not for one moment did I guess! A rendezvous, of course! That little lady of ours! And me like an old fool never suspecting! Go up to the house, monsieur; they will all be awake there by this time. All!" he said significantly.

What could you expect of an old dragoon? "*Il faut être galant homme, n'est-ce pas?*"

"I'm going now," said Forester. "And remember, there was no girl."

"Not a trace of one," agreed the porter.

Forester nodded and departed up the drive toward the house. The porter was right; they were all awake—all!

"Send the steward up to the hotel with his baggage, Lizzie," said Captain Sampson. "I had a feeling that he wouldn't come."

"And I've got a feeling—it's only a feeling," said the missus, "that he's got something better to do than gaddin' round the world at his age—a boy like him. And maybe—maybe he's doin' it."

LOOK FOR THE RED DIVING GIRL LABEL

Action!
—in a Jantzen

WING-like through the air! Now down through the cooling rush of water. Thrills! Fun in the bubbling blue.

Jantzen made all this a reality. For in the world-famous Jantzen swimming suit, you're *free*—yet togged with the trimness beach fashion demands!

478 out of 517 leading physical instructors said the suit originated by Jantzen is ideal for swimming

Patented Jantzen improvements make a world of difference in the *feel* of the fit—and the *looks* of the fit. *New-rep* crotch, for instance, accommodates every swimming motion. *Bow-trunk* pattern (also patented) fits with peculiar snugness and modesty—imparting a look of slenderness to hips.

A marked improvement, too, in shoulder strap; and the rubber button that wringers cannot ruin! The fabric itself—made with Jantzen-stitch—is of long-fibred virgin wool. And to crown a great success Jantzen originated the fit-by-weight method, *guaranteeing* perfect fit. Your weight is your size

Ask your dealer for red diving girl paper sticker or send 4c for two, or 6c for four sizes of permanent diving girl transfers for tire covers, rain slickers, etc. And send for catalog and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
Portland, Oregon

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS OF CANADA, LTD.
(Canadian Corporation) Vancouver, Canada

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

Banana Ice Cream—cool and satisfying—one of many dessert dishes described in the new cook book. Send for it.

A flavor that does not vanish in ices

The taste of a ripened banana, though delicate, is always pronounced and unmistakable

MANY fruit flavors tend to disappear when frozen in desserts. Syrups are often added to make up for this loss in taste. Bananas, fully ripened, keep all their original flavor in ice creams, mousses, cool salads and other summer dainties.

Ripe bananas, being a tropical fruit, are among the best summer foods.

They are rich in carbohydrates, those starchy food elements which are the chief source of energy in the diet.

As bananas ripen, their carbohydrates pass through a change which corresponds to the change made by digestion. When a banana is fully ripe, its carbohydrates are almost entirely changed to fruit sugars, so easily absorbed into the system that scientists say they are almost fully digested in the ripened fruit.

Ripeness adds more than ease of digestion to bananas—it adds a better flavor that is worth waiting for.

The best way to make sure of ripeness is to buy bananas by the "hand" or dozen, and let them ripen at home. *Do not put them in the ice chest,* for cold interferes with the ripening process. Put them in a bowl or dish to ripen at room temperature.

Bananas are ripe when the last trace of green is gone from the tip and the first freckles of brown appear in the side.

A successful fruit salad is a balanced blend of many flavors. You must start with the correct individual flavors—and in bananas, the best flavor comes with complete ripeness.

Ask your dealer for bananas imported by the Fruit Dispatch Company. They are the finest in flavor, and the most choice in quality that you can find.

They are grown under ideal conditions, and shipped north in ships especially constructed to keep them at their best.

Send for the new cook book of eighty-three banana recipes, with several pages of well-balanced menus to suit every occasion. This recipe book is free. Merely fill in and mail this coupon.

FREE: *book of eighty-three tested recipes*

UNIFRUITCO BANANAS

Packed and sealed by nature in a germ-proof package. Imported and distributed by

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send me recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____ *State* _____

THE CHINESE PARROT

(Continued from Page 35)

Bob Eden continued to wonder. Who was Mr. Gamble? What did he want at Madden's ranch?

XI

WHATEVER Mr. Gamble's mission at the ranch, Bob Eden reflected during luncheon, it was obviously a peaceful one. Seldom had he encountered a more mild-mannered little chap. All through the meal the newcomer talked volubly and well, with the gentle, cultivated accent of a scholar. Madden was sour and unresponsive; evidently he still resented the intrusion of this stranger. Thorn, as usual, sat silent and aloof, a depressing figure in the black suit he had today donned to replace the one torn so mysteriously the night before. It fell to Bob Eden to come to Mr. Gamble's aid and keep the conversation going.

The luncheon over, Gamble rose and went to the door. For a moment he stood staring out across the blazing sand toward the cool white tops of the mountains, far away.

"Magnificent," he commented. "I wonder, Mr. Madden, if you realize the true grandeur of this setting for your ranch house? The desert—the broad, lonely desert—that has from time immemorial cast its weird spell on the souls of men. Some find it bleak and disquieting, but as for myself ——"

"Be here long?" cut in Madden.

"Ah, that depends. I sincerely hope so. I want to see this country after the spring rains—the primroses in bloom. The thought enchants me. What says the prophet Isaiah? 'And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. . . . And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.' You know Isaiah, Mr. Madden?"

"No, I don't. I know too many people now," responded Madden grimly.

"I believe you said you were interested in the fauna round here, professor?" Bob Eden remarked.

Gamble looked at him quickly. "You give me my title," he said. "You are an observant young man. Yes, there are certain researches I intend to pursue—the tail of the kangaroo rat, which attains here a phenomenal length. The maxillary arch in the short-nosed pocket mouse, I understand, has also reached in this neighborhood an eccentric development."

The telephone rang and Madden himself answered it. Listening carefully, Bob Eden heard: "Telegram for Mr. Madden." At this point the millionaire pressed the receiver close to his ear and the rest of the message was an indistinct blur.

Eden was sorry for that, for he perceived that as Madden listened an expression of keen distress came over his face. When finally he put the receiver slowly back onto its hook, he sat for a long time looking straight before him, obviously very much perplexed.

"What do you grow here in this sandy soil, Mr. Madden?" Professor Gamble inquired.

"Er—er"—Madden came gradually back to the scene—"what do I grow? A lot of things. You'd be surprised, and so would Isaiah." Gamble was smiling at him in a kindly way, and the millionaire warmed a bit. "Come out, since you're interested, and I'll show you round."

"Very good of you, sir," replied Gamble, and meekly followed into the patio. Thorn rose and joined them. Quickly Eden went to the telephone and got Will Holley on the wire.

"Look here," he said in a low voice, "Madden has just taken a telegram over the phone, and it seemed to worry him considerably. I couldn't make out what it was, but I'd like to know at once. Do you stand well enough with the operator to find out—without rousing suspicion of course?"

"Sure," Holley replied. "That kid will tell me anything. Are you alone there? Can I call you back in a few minutes?"

"I'm alone just now," Eden responded. "If I shouldn't be when you call back I'll pretend you want Madden and turn you over to him. You can fake something to say. But if you hurry, that may not be necessary. Speed, brother, speed!"

As he turned away, Ah Kim came in to gather up the luncheon things.

"Well, Charlie," Eden remarked, "another guest at our little hotel, eh?"

Chan shrugged. "Such news comes plenty quick to cook house," he said.

Eden smiled. "You're the one who wanted to watch and wait," he reminded the detective. "If you're threatened with housemaid's knee, don't blame me."

"This Gamble," mused Chan, "seems harmless like May morning, I think."

"Oh, very. A Bible student. And it strikes me there's a fair opening for a good Bible student round here."

"Undangerous and mild," continued Chan. "Yet hidden in his scant luggage is one pretty new pistol, completely loaded."

"Going to shoot the tails off the rats, most likely," Eden smiled. "Now don't get suspicious of him, Charlie. He's probably just a tenderfoot who believes the movies and so came to this wild country armed to defend himself. By the way, Madden just got a telegram over the phone, and it was, judging by appearances, another bit of unwelcome news for our dear old friend. Holley's looking it up for me. If the telephone rings, go into the patio and be ready to tip me off in case anyone is coming."

Silently Ah Kim resumed his work at the table. In a few moments, loud and clear, came the ring of Holley on the wire. Running to the telephone, Eden put his hand over the bell, muffling it. Chan stepped into the patio.

"Hello, Holley," said the boy softly. "Yes, yes. O. K. Shoot. Um—say, that's interesting, isn't it? Coming tonight, eh? Thanks, old man."

He hung up, and Charlie returned. "A bit of news," said Eden, rising. "That telegram was from Miss Evelyn Madden. Got tired of waiting in Denver, I guess. The message was sent from Barstow. The lady arrives tonight at El Dorado on the 6:40. Looks as though I may have to give up my room and check out."

"Miss Evelyn Madden?" repeated Chan.

"That's right—you don't know, do you? She's Madden's only child. A proud beauty too. I met her in San Francisco. Well, it's no wonder Madden was perplexed, is it?"

"Certainly not," agreed Chan. "Murderous ranch like this no place for refined young woman."

Eden sighed. "Just one more complication," he said. "Things move, but we don't seem to get anywhere."

"Once more," returned Chan, "I call to your attention that much unused virtue, patience. Aspect will be brighter here now. A woman's touch ——"

"This woman's touch means frostbite," smiled Eden. "Charlie, I'll bet you a million, not even the desert will thaw out Evelyn Madden."

Chan departed to his duties in the cook house. Madden and Thorn drifted in after a time; Gamble, it appeared, had retired to his room.

The long hot afternoon dragged by, baking hours of deathly calm during which the desert lived up to its reputation. Madden disappeared; presently his loud snores filled the air.

A good idea, Bob Eden decided. In a recumbent position on his bed, he found that time passed more swiftly. In fact he didn't know it was passing. Toward evening he awoke, hot and muddled of mind, but a cold shower made him feel human again.

At six o'clock he crossed the patio to the living room. In the yard before the barn he saw Madden's big car standing ready for action, and remembered. The millionaire was no doubt about to meet his daughter in town, and the haughty Evelyn was not to be affronted with the flivver.

But when he reached the living room Eden saw that it was evidently Thorn who had been selected for the trip to El Dorado. The secretary stood there in his gloomy clothes, a black slouch hat accentuating the paleness of his face. As Eden entered, what was obviously a serious conversation between Thorn and the millionaire came to a sudden halt.

"Ah, good evening," said Eden. "Not leaving us, Mr. Thorn?"

"Business in town," returned Thorn. "Well, chief, I'll go along."

Again the telephone rang. Madden leaped to it. For a moment he listened, and history repeated itself on his face. "Bad news all the time," Eden thought.

Madden put his great hand over the mouthpiece and spoke to his secretary. "It's that old bore down the road, Doctor Whitcomb," he announced, and Eden felt a flash of hot resentment at this characterization. "She wants to see me this evening says she has something very important to tell me."

"Say you're busy," suggested Thorn.

"I'm sorry, doctor," Madden began over the phone, "but I am very much occupied ——"

He stopped, evidently interrupted by a flood of conversation. Again he put his hand over the transmitter. "She insists, confound it," he complained.

"Well, you'll have to see her then," said Thorn.

"All right, doctor," Madden capitulated. "Come about eight."

Thorn went out and the big car roared off toward the road and Evelyn Madden's train. Mr. Gamble entered, refreshed and ready with a few apt quotations. Eden amused himself with the radio.

At the usual hour, much to Eden's surprise, they dined. Thorn's chair was empty and there was, oddly enough, no place for Evelyn; nor did the millionaire make any arrangements regarding a room for his daughter. Strange, Eden thought.

After dinner Madden led them to the patio. Again he had arranged for a fire out there, and the blaze glowed red on the stone floor, on the adobe walls of the house and on the near-by perch of Tony, now empty and forlorn.

"This is living," remarked Gamble, when they had sat down and he had lighted one of Madden's cigars. "The poor souls cooped up in cities—they don't know what they're missing. I could stay here forever."

His final sentence made no hit with the host, and silence fell. At a little past eight they heard the sound of a car entering the yard. Thorn and the girl, perhaps; but evidently Madden didn't think so, for he rose at once and said, "That's the doctor. Ah Kim!" The servant appeared. "Show the lady out here."

"Well, she doesn't want to see me," Gamble said, getting up. "I'll go in and find a book."

Madden looked at Bob Eden, but the boy remained where he was. "The doctor's a friend of mine," he explained.

"Is that so?" growled Madden.

"Yes; I met her yesterday morning. A wonderful woman."

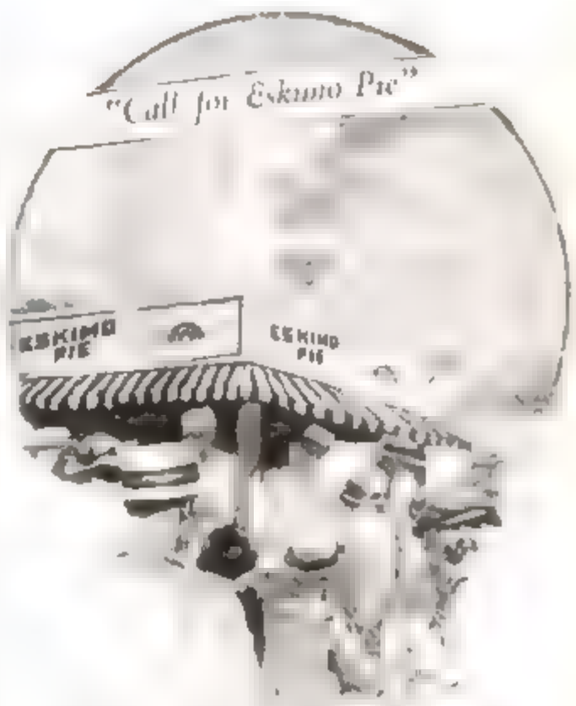
Doctor Whitcomb appeared. "Well, Mr. Madden"—she shook hands—"it's a great pleasure to have you with us again."

"Thanks," said Madden coolly. "You know Mr. Eden, I believe?"

"Oh, hello," smiled the woman. "Glad to see you. Not very pleased with you, however. You didn't drop in today."

"Rather busy," Eden replied. "Won't you sit down, please?"

He brought forward a chair; it seemed that Madden needed a hint or two on hospitality. The guest sank into it. Madden, his manner very haughty and aloof, sat down some distance away, and waited.



Take the *sizzle out of the* sun!

Hot days demand cold foods and drink—and you get them both combined in Eskimo Pie. Inside, there's ice cream, the frozen goodness of rich dairy products. Next comes a crisp, pure chocolate coating. And outside, a gleaming wrapper of silvery foil, that does away with any need for spoons or dishes.

No wonder the call for Eskimo Pie has been heard around the world. No wonder young and old demand this wonderful taste treat, wherever cooling food or drinks are sold.

Hold it in one hand—peel back the wrapper

NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your manufacturer does not supply you, write us for the name of one within shipping distance who will—because more than half the ice cream manufacturers in America make Eskimo Pie.*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION
P. O. Box 11, Louisville, Ky.

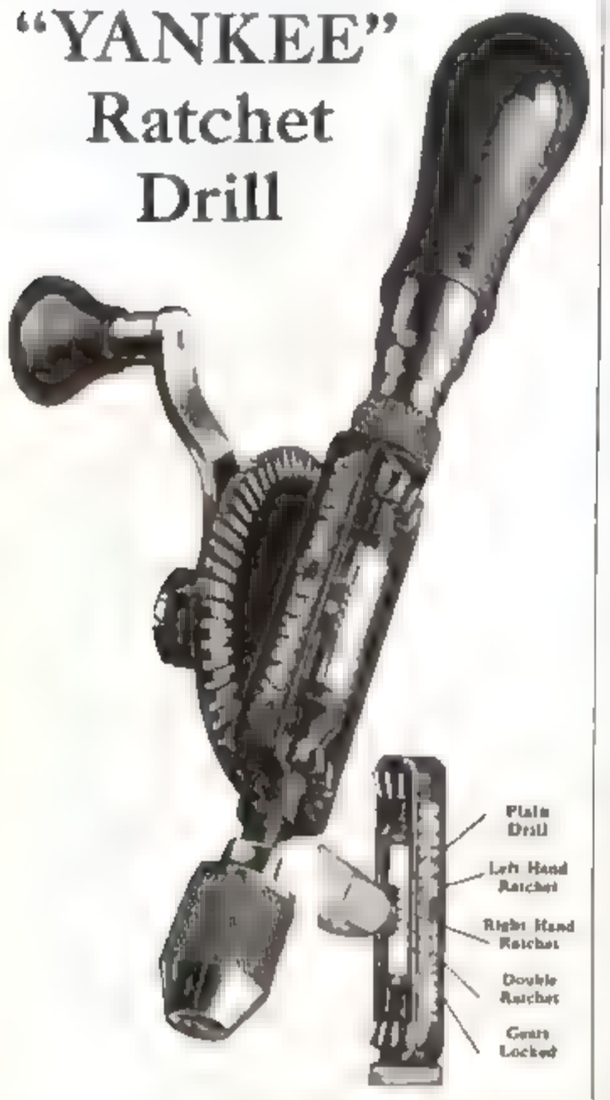
Eat Ice Cream for Health

5-cent and 10-cent Sizes

© 1926, E. P. Co.

You are warned against imitations and infringements of Eskimo Pie which is fully protected by patents and copyrights.

Take this Handy "YANKEE" Ratchet Drill



First, examine the famous "Yankee" Ratchet. Only a finger touch on the Ratchet Shifter is necessary to get any one of five adjustments. Notice the DOUBLE Ratchet.

Next, see how simple it is to drill where crank can't make a full turn. With the tool working on DOUBLE Ratchet any movement of crank back and forth lets you drill continuously

Here again the "Yankee" DOUBLE Ratchet makes the job easy. Only an inch to move the crank, yet the drill is sent speedily into work. A clean job with no loss of time or labor

For drilling small holes anywhere there is nothing like "Yankee" Hand Drill No. 1530. And in cramped places, because of the "Yankee" DOUBLE Ratchet, No. 1530 does work other drills can't do.

"Yankee" Hand Drill **No. 1530** is so small you can carry it in your pocket and weighs but 1¼ pounds. 3-jaw chuck holds round drills up to ¼ inch.

For large drilling jobs use "Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill No. 1555, 3-jaw. Holds round drills up to ½ inch.

Write for Free "Yankee" Tool Book

Shows how "Yankee" Tools make work easier: Spiral Screwdrivers, Ratchet Bit Braces, Automatic Push Drills, Automatic Feed Bench Drills, Ratchet Tap Wrenches, Vises—removable base, Etc.

Dealers everywhere sell "YANKEE" Tools.

"Yankee" on the tool you buy, means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

"Mr. Madden," said Doctor Whitcomb, "I'm sorry if I seem to intrude—I know that you are here to rest and that you don't welcome visitors. But this is not a social call. I came here about—about this terrible thing that has happened on your place."

For a moment Madden did not reply. "You—mean ——" he said slowly.

"I mean the murder of poor Louie Wong," the woman answered.

"Oh!" Was there relief in Madden's voice? "Yes, of course."

"Louie was my friend; he often came to see me. I was so sorry when I heard. And you—he served you faithfully, Mr. Madden. Naturally, you're doing everything possible to run down his murderer."

"Everything," replied Madden.

"Whether what I have to tell has any connection with the killing of Louie, that's for policemen to decide," went on the doctor. "You can hand my story on to them if you will."

"Gladly," replied Madden. "What is your story, doctor?"

"On Saturday evening a man arrived at my place who said his name was McCallum—Henry McCallum," began Doctor Whitcomb, "and that he came from New York. He told me he suffered from bronchitis, though I must say I saw no symptoms of it. He took one of my cabins and settled down for a stay—so I thought."

"Yes," nodded Madden. "Go on."

"At dark Sunday night—a short time before the hour when poor Louie was killed—someone drove up in a big car before my place and blew the horn. One of my boys went out and the stranger asked for McCallum. McCallum came, talked with the man in the car for a moment, then got in and rode off with him—in this direction. That was the last I've seen of Mr. McCallum. He left a suitcase filled with clothes in his cabin, but he has not returned."

"And you think he killed Louie?" asked Madden, with a note of polite incredulity in his voice.

"I don't think anything about it. How should I know? I simply regard it as a matter that should be called to the attention of the police. As you are much closer to the investigation than I am, I'm asking you to tell them about it. They can come down and examine McCallum's property if they wish."

"All right," said Madden, rising pointedly, "I'll tell them. Though if you're asking my opinion, I don't think ——"

"Thank you," smiled the doctor. "I wasn't asking your opinion, Mr. Madden." She, too, stood. "Our interview, I see, is ended. I'm sorry if I've intruded."

"Why, you didn't intrude!" protested Madden. "That's all right. Maybe your information is valuable. Who knows?"

"Very good of you to say so," returned the doctor, with gentle sarcasm. She glanced toward the parrot's perch. "How's Tony? He, at least, must miss Louie a lot."

"Tony's dead," said Madden brusquely.

"What? Tony too?" The doctor was silent for a moment. "A rather memorable visit, this one of yours," she said slowly. "Please give my regards to your daughter. She is not with you?"

"No," returned Madden, "she is not with me." That was all.

"A great pity," Doctor Whitcomb replied. "I thought her a charming girl."

"Thank you," Madden said. "Just a moment. My boy will show you to your car."

"Don't trouble," put in Bob Eden. "I'll attend to that." He led the way through the bright living room, past Mr. Gamble, deep in a huge book. In the yard the doctor turned to him.

"What a man!" she said. "As hard as granite. I don't believe the death of Louie means a thing to him."

"Very little, I'm afraid," Eden agreed.

"Well, I rely on you. If he doesn't repeat my story to the sheriff, you must."

The boy hesitated. "I'll tell you something—in confidence," he said. "Everything possible is being done to find the murderer of Louie. Not by Madden but by—others."

The doctor sat silent for a moment in the dark car under the dark star-spangled sky. "I think I understand," she said softly. "With all my heart, I wish you luck, my boy."

Eden took her hand. "If I shouldn't see you again, doctor, I want you to know—just meeting you has been a privilege."

"I'll remember that," she answered. "Good night."

The boy watched her back the car through the open gate. When he returned to the living room, Madden and Gamble were together there. "Confounded old busybody," Madden said.

"Just a minute," Eden said hotly. "That woman with just her two hands has done more good in the world than you with all your money, and don't you forget it."

"Does that give her a license to butt into my affairs?" demanded Madden.

Further warm words were on the tip of the boy's tongue, but he restrained himself. However, he reflected that he was about fed up with this arrogant, callous millionaire.

He looked toward the clock. A quarter to nine, and still no sign of Thorn and Evelyn Madden. Was the girl's train late? Hardly likely.

Though he did not feel particularly welcome in the room, he waited on. He would see this latest development through. At ten o'clock Mr. Gamble rose, and commenting favorably on the desert air, went to his room.

At five minutes past ten the roar of the big car in the yard broke the intense stillness. Bob Eden sat erect, his eager eyes straying from one door to another. Presently the glass doors leading to the patio opened. Martin Thorn came in alone. Without a word to his chief, the secretary threw down his hat and dropped wearily into a chair. The silence became oppressive.

"Got your business attended to, eh?" suggested Eden cheerfully.

"Yes," said Thorn—no more.

Eden rose. "Well, I guess I'll turn in," he said, and went to his room. As he entered he heard the splash of Mr. Gamble in the bath that lay between his apartment and that occupied by the professor. His seclusion was ended. Have to be more careful in the future.

Shortly after his lights were on, Ah Kim appeared at the door. Eden, finger on lips, indicated the bath. The Chinese nodded. They stepped to the far side of the bedroom and spoke in low tones.

"Well, where's little Evelyn?" asked the boy.

Chan shrugged. "More mystery," he whispered.

"Just what has our friend Thorn been doing for the past four hours?" Eden wondered.

"Enjoying moonlit ride on desert, I think," Chan returned. "When big car go out, I note speedometer—twelve thousand eight hundred and forty miles. Four miles necessary to travel to town and four to return with. But when big car arrives home, speedometer announces quietly twelve thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine miles."

"Charlie, you think of everything," Eden said admiringly.

"Strange place this Thorn has been," Charlie added. "Much red clay on ground." He exhibited a fragment of earth. "Scraped off on accelerator," he explained. "Maybe you have seen such place round here."

"Nothing like it," replied Eden. "You don't suppose he's harmed the gal—but no, Madden seems to be in on it, and she's his darling."

"Just one more little problem rising up," said Chan.

Eden nodded. "Lord, I haven't met so many problems since I gave up algebra. And by the way, tomorrow's Tuesday. The pearls are coming, hurrah, hurrah! At least old P. J. thinks they are. He's going to be hard to handle tomorrow."

A faint knock sounded on the door to the patio and Chan had just time to get to the fireplace and busy himself there when it was opened and Madden, oddly noiseless for him, entered.

"Why, hello ——" began Eden.

"Hush!" said Madden. He looked toward the bathroom. "Go easy, will you? Ah Kim, get out of here."

"A'light, boss," said Ah Kim, and went.

Madden stepped to the bathroom door and listened. He tried it gently; it opened at his touch. He went in, locked the door leading into the room occupied by Gamble and returned, shutting the door behind him.

"Now," he began, "I want to see you. Keep your voice down. I've finally got hold of your father on the telephone, and he tells me a man named Draycott will arrive with the pearls at Barstow tomorrow noon."

Eden's heart sank. "Ah—er—that ought to bring him here tomorrow night."

Madden leaned close and spoke in a hoarse undertone. "Whatever happens," he said, "I don't want that fellow to come to the ranch."

Eden stared at him in amazement. "Well, Mr. Madden, I'll be ——"

"Hush! Leave my name out of it."

"But after all our preparation ——"

"I tell you I've changed my mind. I don't want the pearls brought to the ranch at all. I want you to go to Barstow tomorrow, meet this Draycott and order him to go on to Pasadena. I'm going down there on Wednesday. Tell him to meet me at the door of the Garfield National Bank in Pasadena at noon, sharp, Wednesday. I'll take the pearls then, and I'll put them where they'll be safe."

Bob Eden smiled. "All right," he agreed. "You're the boss."

"Good!" said Madden. "I'll have Ah Kim drive you into town in the morning, and you can catch the Barstow train. But remember, this is between you and me. Not a word to anybody; not to Gamble, of course; not even to Thorn."

"I get you," Eden answered.

"Fine! Then it's set. Good night."

Madden went softly out. For a long time Eden stared after him, more puzzled than ever.

"Well, anyhow," he said at last, "it means another day of grace. For this relief, much thanks."

XII

A NEW day dawned, and over the stunted, bizarre shapes of that land of drought the sun resumed its merciless vigil. Bob Eden was early abroad; it was getting to be a habit with him. Before breakfast was served he had a full hour for reflection, and it could not be denied that he had much upon which to reflect. One by one he recalled the queer things that had happened since he came to the ranch; foremost in his thoughts was the problem of Evelyn Madden. Where was that haughty lady now? No morning mists on the landscape here, but in his mind a constantly increasing fog. If only something definite would occur, something they could understand.

After breakfast he rose from the table and lighted a cigarette. He knew that Madden was eagerly waiting for him to speak.

"Mr. Madden," he said, "I find that I must go to Barstow this morning on rather important business. It's an imposition, I know, but if Ah Kim could drive me to town in time for the 10:15 train ——"

Thorn's green eyes popped with sudden interest. Madden looked at the boy with ill-concealed approval.

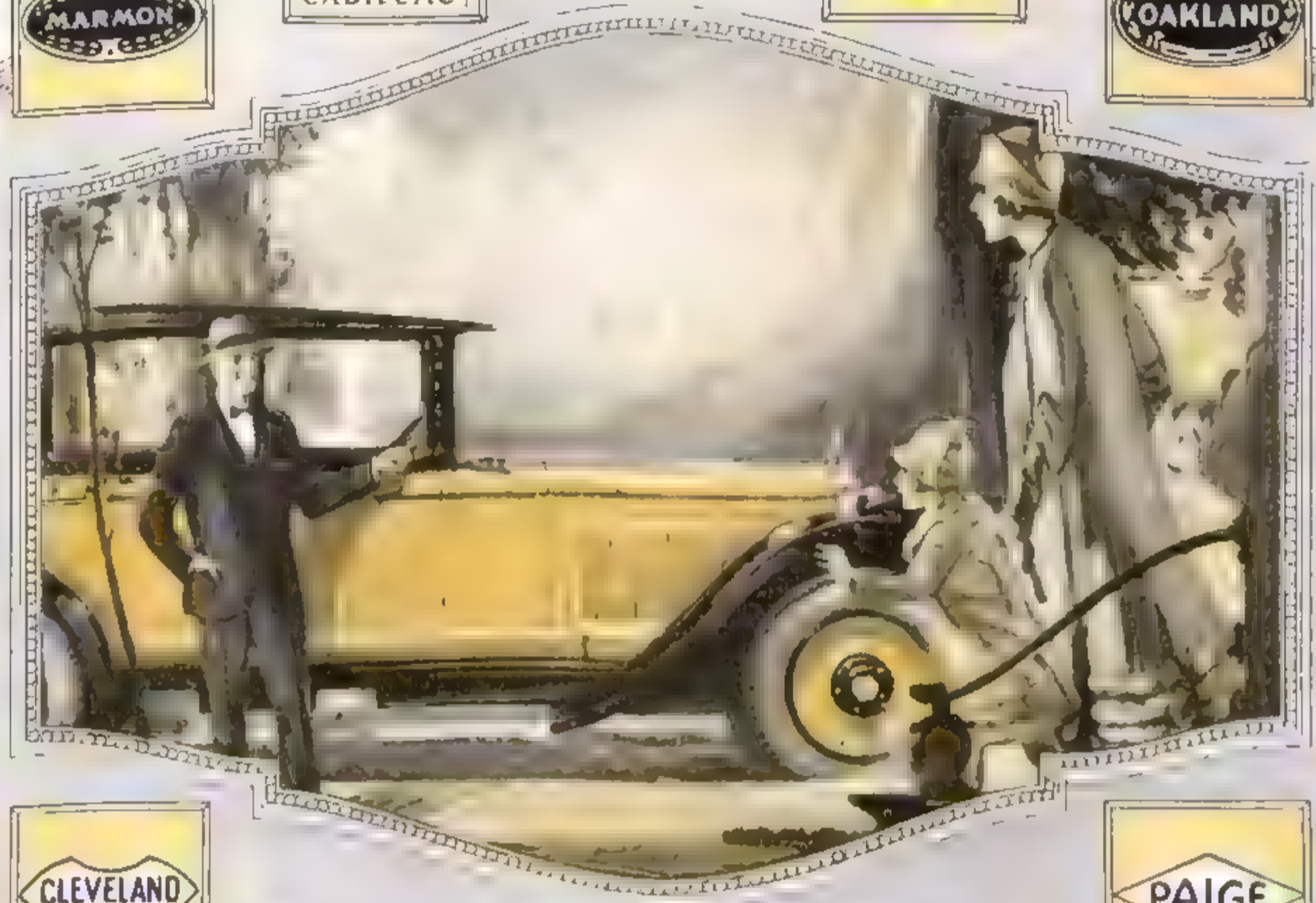
"Why, that's all right," he replied. "I'll be glad to arrange it for you. Ah Kim, you drive Mr. Eden in town in half an hour. Savvy?"

"All time moah job," complained Ah Kim. "Get 'um up sunlise woik woik till sun him dlop. You want 'um taxi dliver, why you no say so?"

"What's that?" cried Madden.

Ah Kim shrugged. "A'light, bosa, I dlive 'um."

When, later on, Eden sat in the car beside the Chinese and the ranch was well behind them, Chan regarded him questioningly. *(Continued on Page 72)*



Your first keen pride continues . . . when the finish is DUCO

FOR the DUCO finish is as durable as armor-plate, yet as soft and rich in appearance as velvet! When your car is finished with DUCO, time ceases to age, wear fails to dim, the beauty of the finish.

When you buy a new car, or have your present car refinished, be sure that the finish is DUCO.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint and Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

DU PONT

DUCO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

The Assurance of the "Chequed" Traveler

The traveler who carries his travel funds in American Express Travelers Cheques strides over the world with perfect self-assurance.

For these sky-blue American Express Travelers Cheques are his banker, his personal servant, his ever-present friend. Spendable everywhere at their full value, they are international passports, opening every door, dispelling every worry.

American Express Travelers Cheques

are the insured money of all nations.

Proof against loss or theft, convenient, easy to carry, simple to use.

Besides, they command for their users the super-personal service of the American Express Company's world organization, through its many branch offices and thousands of representatives and correspondents everywhere.

Carry American Express Travelers Cheques wherever or whenever you travel and you will have that comfortable assurance born of confidence in the personal service you will command everywhere, and in the value and safety of your travel funds.

Issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100 denominations—bound in a small, handy wallet—they cost only 75¢ for each $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS AND EXPRESS OFFICES

American Express Travelers Cheques

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries, or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department

(Continued from Page 70)

"Now you produce big mystery," he said. "Barstow on business has somewhat unexpected sound to me."

Eden laughed. "Orders from the big chief," he replied. "I'm to go down there and meet Al Draycott—and the pearls."

For a moment Chan's free hand rested on his waist and the "undigestible" burden that still lay there.

"Madden changes fickle mind again?" he inquired.

"That's just what he's done." Eden related the purport of the millionaire's call on him the night before.

"What you know concerning that!" exclaimed Chan wonderingly.

"Well, I know this much," Eden answered: "It gives us one more day for the good old hoo malimali. Outside of that, it's just another problem for us to puzzle over. By the way, I didn't tell you why Doctor Whitcomb came to see us last night."

"No necessity," Chan replied. "I am loafing idle inside door close by and hear it all."

"Oh, you were? Then you know it may have been Shaky Phil, and not Thorn, who killed Louie?"

"Shaky Phil—or maybe stranger in car who drive up and call him into road. Must admit that stranger interests me very deep. Who was he? Was it maybe him who carried news of Louie's approach out onto dreary desert?"

"Well, if you're starting to ask me questions," replied Eden, "then the big mystery is over and we may as well wash up and go home, for I haven't got an answer in me." El Dorado lay before them, its roofs gleaming under the morning sun. "By the way, let's drop in and see Holley. The train isn't due yet. I suppose I'd better take it; somebody might be watching. In the interval, Holley may have news."

The editor was busy at his desk. "Hello, you're up and around pretty early this morning," he said. He pushed aside his typewriter. "Just dashing off poor old Louie's obit. What's new out at Mystery Ranch?"

Bob Eden told him of Doctor Whitcomb's call, also of Madden's latest switch regarding the pearls, and his own imminent wild-goose chase to Barstow.

Holley smiled. "Cheer up. A little travel will broaden you," he remarked. "What did you think of Miss Evelyn? But then, I believe you had met her before."

"Think of Miss Evelyn? What do you mean?" asked Eden, surprised.

"Why, she came last night, didn't she?"

"Not so anybody could notice it. No sign of her at the ranch."

Holley rose and walked up and down for a moment. "That's odd. That's very odd. She certainly arrived on the 6:40 train last night."

"You're sure of that?" Eden asked.

"Of course I am. I saw her." Holley sat down again. "I wasn't very much occupied last night—it was one of my free nights—I have three hundred and sixty-five of them every year. So I strolled over to the station and met the 6:40. Thorn was there too. A tall, handsome girl got off the train, and I heard Thorn address her as Miss Evelyn. 'How's dad?' she asked. 'Get in,' said Thorn, 'and I'll tell you about him. He wasn't able to come and meet you himself.' The girl entered the car and they drove away. Naturally I thought she was brightening your life long before this."

Eden shook his head. "Funny business," he commented. "Thorn got back to the ranch a little after ten, and when he came he was alone. Charlie here discovered, with his usual acumen, that the car had traveled some thirty-nine miles."

"Also clinging to accelerator, as though scraped off from shoe of Thorn, small fragment of red clay," added Chan. "You are accustomed round here, Mr. Holley. Maybe you can mention home of red clay."

"Not offhand," replied Holley. "There are several places —— But say, this thing gets deeper and deeper. Oh, I was forgetting—there's a letter here for you, Eden."

He handed over a neat missive addressed in an old-fashioned hand. Eden inspected it with interest. It was from Madam Jordan; a rather touching appeal not to let the deal for the pearls fall through. He went back and began to read it aloud. Mrs. Jordan could not understand. Madden was there, he had bought the pearls—why the delay? The loss of that money would be serious for her.

When he had finished, Eden looked accusingly at Chan, then tore the letter to bits and threw them into a wastepaper basket. "I'm about through," he said. "That woman is one of the dearest old souls that ever lived, and it strikes me we're treating her shamefully. After all, what's happening out at Madden's ranch is none of our business. Our duty to Madam Jordan ——"

"Pardon me," broke in Chan, "but coming to that, I have sense of duty most acute myself. Loyalty blooms in my heart forever."

"Well, and what do you think we ought to do?" demanded Eden.

"Watch and wait."

"But good Lord, we've done that! I was thinking about it this morning. One inexplicable event after another, and never anything definite, anything we can get our teeth into. Such a state of affairs may go on forever. I tell you, I'm fed up."

"Patience," said Chan, "are a very lovely virtue. Through long centuries Chinese cultivate patience like kind gardener tending flowers. White men leap about similar to bug in bottle. Which are better method, I inquire?"

"But listen, Charlie, all this stuff we've discovered out at the ranch—that's for the police."

"For stupid Captain Bliss, maybe. He with the feet of large extensiveness."

"I can't help the size of his feet. What's that got to do with it? No, sir, I can't see why we don't give Madden the pearls, get his receipt, and then send for the sheriff and tell him the whole story. After that, he can worry about who was killed at Madden's ranch."

"He would solve the problem," scoffed Chan; "great mind, no doubt, like Captain Bliss. Your thought has, from me, nothing but hot opposition."

"Well, but I'm considering Madam Jordan. I've got her interests at heart."

Chan patted him on the back. "Who can question that? You fine young fellow, loyal and kind. But listen now to older heads. Mr. Holley, you have inclination to intrude your oar?"

"I certainly have," smiled Holley. "I'm all on the side of Chan, Eden. It would be a pity to drop this thing now. The sheriff's a good sort, but all this would be too deep for him. No, wait just a little while."

"All right," sighed Eden, "I'll wait. Provided you tell me one thing: What are we waiting for?"

"Madden goes to Pasadena tomorrow," Chan suggested. "No doubt Thorn will accompany, and we quench this Gamble somehow. Great time for us. All our search at ranch up to now hasty and breathless, like man pursuing trolley car. Tomorrow we dig deep."

"You can do it," replied Eden. "I'm not eager to dig for the sort of prize you want." He paused. "At that, I must admit I'm pretty curious myself. Charlie, you're an old friend of the Jordans, and you can take the responsibility for this delay."

"Right here on shoulders," Chan agreed, "responsibility reclines, same way necklace reposes on stomach. Seem to cuddle there now, those Phillimore pearls, happy and content. Humbly suggest you take this aimless journey to Barstow."

Eden looked at his watch. "I suppose I might as well. Bit of city life never did anybody any harm. But I warn you that when I come back I want a little light. If any more dark mysterious things happen at that ranch I certainly will run right out into the middle of the desert and scream."

Taking the train proved an excellent plan, for on the station platform he met Paula Wendell, who evidently had the same idea. She was trim and charming in riding togs, and her eyes sparkled with life.

"Hello," she said. "Where are you bound?"

"Going to Barstow, on business," Eden explained.

"Is it important?"

"Naturally. Wouldn't squander my vast talents on any other kind."

A dinky little train wandered in and they found a seat together in one of its two cars.

"Sorry to hear you're needed in Barstow," remarked the girl; "I'm getting off a few stations down. Going to rent a horse and take a long ride up into Lonely Canyon. It wouldn't have been so lonely if you could have come along."

Eden smiled happily. Certainly one had few opportunities to look into eyes like hers. "What station do we get off at?" he inquired.

"We? I thought you said ——"

"The truth isn't in me these days. Barstow doesn't need my presence any more than you need a beauty doctor. Lonely Canyon, after today, will have to change its name."

"Good!" she answered. "We get off at Seven Palms. The old rancher who rents me a horse will find one for you, I'm sure."

"I'm not precisely dressed for the rôle," admitted Eden. "But I trust it will be all the same to the horse."

The horse didn't appear to mind. His rather dejected manner suggested that he had expected something like this. They left the tiny settlement known as Seven Palms and cantered off across the desert.

"'For to admire and for to see, for to be'old this world so wide,'" said Eden. "Never realized how very wide it was until I came down here."

"Beginning to like the desert?" the girl inquired.

"Well, there's something about it," he admitted. "It grows on you, that's a fact. I don't know that I could put the feeling into words."

"I'm sure I can't," she answered. "Oh, I envy you, coming here for the first time. If only I could look at this country again with a fresh, disinterested eye! But it's just location to me. I see all about me the cowboys, the cavalcades, the caballeros of Hollywood. Tragedies and feats of daring, rescues and escapes. I tell you, these dunes and canyons have seen more movies than Will Hays."

"Hunting locations today?" Eden asked.

"Always hunting," she sighed. "They've just sent me a new script—as new as those mountains over there. All about the rough cow-puncher and the millionaire's dainty daughter from the East—you know."

"I certainly do. Girl's fed up on those society orgies, isn't she?"

"Who wouldn't be? However, the orgies are given in full, with the swimming pool working overtime, as always. But that part doesn't concern me. It's after she comes out here, sort of hungering to meet a real man, that I must start worrying. Need I add, she meets him? Her horse runs away over the desert and tosses her off amid the sagebrush. In the nick of time the cowpuncher finds her. Despite their different stations, love blossoms here in the waste land. Sometimes I'm almost glad that mine is beginning to be an obsolete profession."

"Is it? How come?"

"Oh, the movies move. A few years back the location finder was a rather important person. Today most of this country has been explored and charted, and every studio is equipped with big albums full of pictures. So every time a new efficiency expert comes along—which is about once a week—and starts lopping off heads, it's the people in my line who are the first to go. In a little while we'll be as extinct as the dodo."

"You may be extinct," Eden answered, "but there the similarity between you and the dodo will stop abruptly."

The girl halted her horse. "Just a minute. I want to take a few pictures here. It

(Continued on Page 74)

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line

For the woman to whom living is an art . . . this new knowledge

Nor the dull routine of living for her! But a life, full, gracious, overflowing in its activity, brilliant in its charm.

Are you this type of woman—to whom health, energy and vitality are *essential?* Then the protection afforded by this new knowledge of The Danger Line is vital to you.

So many thousands, dentists tell us, are stricken with serious illness—rheumatism—heart and nervous disorders, and other serious ills—because of decaying teeth and infected gums. And so needlessly! For there *is* a way to protect teeth from decay and gums from infection.

Guard The Danger Line

Modern authorities say that most methods of cleaning the teeth are not sufficiently effective. Teeth must not only be brushed, but they must also be *protected against the acids which attack tooth enamel and irritate the gums.*

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because your teeth need more than brushing. They must be protected at The Danger Line.

At The Danger Line, say these authorities, where gums meet teeth, the delicate gum edges form little V-shaped crevices. There food particles collect and ferment. Acids are formed that cause decay and result, so often, in Pyorrhea and other gum infections. These acids *must be neutralized* if you would avoid trouble.

The necessity for this was realized in the Squibb Laboratories several years ago. Upon the advice of prominent dental authorities, they developed Squibb's Dental Cream.

Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. When you use it, it not only neutralizes the acids in your mouth at the time, but enough remains there to protect your teeth and gums against acids for a considerable time after use.

Why should you be content to entrust your teeth and health to a dentifrice less certainly safe? Use Squibb's Dental Cream regularly. Visit your dentist twice a year as an additional precaution. You will then be doing everything possible to safeguard your health and beauty against the dangers of tooth decay and gum infection.

You'll find Squibb's Dental Cream mild, safe and delicately flavored. Children delight in it. Get a tube today. At druggists'—40 cents a tube.

Try this simple test—Tonight, just before going to bed, take a tablespoonful of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in water, swallow about a teaspoonful of it—and use the rest to swish about the mouth and as a gargle. You will be surprised in the morning to find how clean and sweet your mouth feels. The Milk of Magnesia not only will have neutralized the acids in your mouth, but also will have sweetened the stomach. The same result may be obtained by using Squibb's Dental Cream—it contains over 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. © 1926

SQUIBB'S

DENTAL CREAM

Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

(Continued from Page 72)

looks to me like a bit of desert we haven't used yet. Just the sort of thing to thrill the shopgirls and the bookkeepers back there where the East hangs out." When she had swung again into the saddle she added: "It isn't strange they love it, those tired people in the cities. Each one thinks, 'Oh, if only I could go there.'"

"Yes, and if they got here once they'd die of loneliness the first night," Bob Eden said; "just pass out in agony moaning for the Subway and the comics in the evening paper."

"I know they would," the girl replied. "But fortunately they'll never come."

They rode on, and the girl began to point out the various unfriendly looking plants of the desert, naming them one by one—arrow weed, bitterbush, mesquite, desert plantain, cats-claw, thistle sage.

"That's a cholla," she announced. "Another variety of cactus. There are seventeen thousand in all."

"All right," Eden replied, "I'll take your word for it. You needn't name them." His head was beginning to ache with all this learning.

Presently sumac and Canterbury bell proclaimed their nearness to the canyon, and they cantered out of the desert heat into the cathedral-like coolness of the hills. In and out, over almost hidden trails, the horses went; wild plum glowed on the slopes, and far below under native palms a narrow stream tinkled invitingly.

Life seemed very simple and pleasant there in Lonely Canyon, and Bob Eden felt suddenly close indeed to this lively girl with the eager eyes. All a lie that there were crowded cities; the world was new, unsullied and unspoiled, and they were alone in it.

They descended by way of a rather treacherous path and, in the shelter of the palms that fringed the tiny stream, dismounted for a luncheon which Paula Wendell claimed to have concealed in her knapsack.

"Wonderfully restful here," Bob Eden said.

"But you said the other day you weren't tired," the girl reminded him.

"Well, I'm not. But somehow I like this anyhow. However, I guess it isn't all a matter of geography. It's not so much the place you're in—it's who you're with. After which highly original remark I hasten to add that I really can't eat a thing."

"You were right," she laughed. "The truth isn't in you. I know what you're thinking—I didn't bring enough for two. But these Oasis sandwiches are meant for ranchers, and one is my limit. There are four of them—I must have had a premonition. We'll divide the milk equally."

"But look here, it's your luncheon. I should have thought to get something at Seven Palms."

"There's a roast-beef sandwich. Try that, and maybe you won't feel so talkative."

"Well, I—um—gumph ——"

"What did I tell you? Oh, the Oasis aims to fill. Milk?"

"Ashamed of myself," mumbled Eden. But he was easily persuaded. "You haven't eaten a thing," he said finally.

"Oh, yes I have—more than I usually do. I'm one of those dainty eaters."

"Good news for Wilbur," replied Eden. "The upkeep won't be high. Though if he has any sense, he'll know that whatever the upkeep on a girl like you, it will be worth it."

"I sent him your love," said the girl.

"Is that so? Well, I'm sorry you did, in a way. I'm no hypocrite, and try as I may, I can't discover any lurking fondness for Wilbur. Oddly enough, the boy begins to annoy me."

"But you said ——"

"I know. But isn't it just possible that I've overrated this freedom stuff? I'm young, and the young are often mistaken. Stop me if you've heard this one, but the more I see of you ——"

"Stop! I've heard it."

"I'll bet you have—many times."

"And my suggestion is that we get back to business. If we don't that horse of yours is going to eat too much Bermuda grass."

Through the long afternoon, amid the hot yellow dunes, the wind-blown foothills of that sandy waste, they rode back to Seven Palms by a roundabout route. The sun was sinking, the rose-and-gold wonder of the skies reflected on snow and glistening sand, when finally they headed for the village.

"If only I could find a novel setting for the final love scene!" sighed the girl.

"Whose final love scene?"

"The cow-puncher's and the poor little rich girl's. So many times they've just wandered off into the sunset, hand in hand. Really need a little more kick in it than that."

Eden heard a clank as of a horse's hoofs on steel. His mount stumbled and he reined it in sharply.

"What in Sam Hill's that?" he asked.

"Oh, that? It's one of the half-buried rails of the old branch road—a memento of a dream that never came true. Years ago they started to build a town over there under those cottonwoods, and the railroad laid down fifteen miles of track from the main line. A busy metropolis of the desert—that's what they meant it to be—and there's just one little old ruined house standing today. But that was the time of great expectations. They brought out crowds of people and sold six hundred lots one hectic afternoon."

"And the railroad?"

"Ran just one train—and stopped. All they had was an engine and two old street cars brought down from San Francisco. One of the cars has been demolished and the timber carried away, but the wreck of the other is still standing not far from here."

Presently they mounted a ridge, and Bob Eden cried, "What do you know about that?"

There before them on the lonely desert, partially buried in the drifting sand, stood the remnant of a trolley car. It was tilted rakishly to one side, its windows were yellow with dust; but on the front, faintly decipherable still, was the legend, Market Street.

At that familiar sight Bob Eden felt a keen pang of nostalgia. He reined in his horse and sat staring at this symbol of the desert's triumph over the proud schemes of man. Man had thought he could conquer, he had come with his engines and his dreams, and now an old battered trolley stood alone as a warning and a threat.

"There's your setting," he said. "They drive out together and sit there on the steps—your lovers. What a background—a car that once trundled from Twin Peaks to the Ferry, standing lonely and forlorn amid the cactus plants!"

"Fine!" the girl answered. "I'm going to hire you to help me after this." They rode close to the car and dismounted. The girl unlimbered her camera and held it steady.

"Don't you want me in the picture?" Eden asked. "Just as a sample lover, you know."

"No samples needed," she laughed. The camera clicked. As it did so the two young people stood rooted to the desert in amazement. An old man had stepped suddenly from the interior of the car—a bent old man with a coal-black beard.

Eden's eyes sought those of the girl. "Last Wednesday night at Madden's?" he inquired in a low voice.

She nodded. "The old prospector," she replied.

The black-bearded one did not speak, but stood with a startled air on the front platform of that lost trolley, under the caption, Market Street.

XIII

BOB EDEN stepped forward. "Good evening," he said. "I hope we haven't disturbed you."

Moving with some difficulty, the old man descended from the platform onto the sandy floor of the desert. "How do," he said gravely, shaking hands. He also shook hands with Paula Wendell. "How do, miss. No, you didn't disturb me none. Jest takin' my forty winks. I ain't so spry as I used to be."

"We happened to be passing ——" Eden began.

"Ain't many pass this way," returned the old man. "Cherry's my name—William I. Cherry. Make yourselves to home. Parlor chairs is kind o' scarce, miss."

"Of course," said the girl.

"We'll stop a minute if we may," suggested Eden.

"It's comin' on suppertime," the old man replied hospitably. "How about grub? There's a can o' beans an' a mite o' bacon ——"

"Couldn't think of it," Eden told him. "You're mighty kind, but we'll be back in Seven Palms shortly." Paula Wendell sat down on the car steps and Eden took a seat on the warm sand.

The old man went to the rear of the trolley and returned with an empty soap box. After an unsuccessful attempt to persuade Eden to accept it as a chair, he put it to that use himself.

"Pretty nice home you've picked out for yourself," Eden remarked.

"Home?" The old man surveyed the trolley car critically. "Home, boy? I ain't had no home these thirty years. Temporary quarters, you might say."

"Been here long?" asked Eden.

"Three-four days. Rheumatism's been actin' up. But I'm movin' on tomorrey."

"Moving on? Where?"

"Why, over yonder."

"Just where is that?" Eden smiled.

"Where it's allus been—over yonder—somewhere else."

"Just looking, eh?"

"Jest lookin'. You've hit it. Goin' on over yonder an' jest lookin'." His tired old eyes were on the mountain tops.

"What do you expect to find?" inquired Paula Wendell.

"Struck a vein o' copper once, miss," Mr. Cherry said. "But they got her away from me. Howsomever, I'm lookin' still."

"Been on the desert a long time?" Eden asked.

"Twenty, twenty-five years. One desert or another."

"And before that?"

"Prospected in West Australia from Hannan's to Hall's Creek—through the territory into Queensland. Drove cattle from the gulf country into New South Wales. Then I worked in the stokehole on ocean liners."

"Born in Australia, eh?" Eden suggested.

"Who, me?" Mr. Cherry shook his head. "Born in South Africa—English descent. Been all up and down the Congo an' Zambesi—all through British Central Africa."

"How in the world did you get to Australia?" Eden wondered.

"Oh, I don't know, boy. I was filibusterin' down along the South American continent fer a while, an' then I drifted into a Mexican campaign. Seems like there was somethin' I wanted in Australia—anyhow, I got there. Jest the way I got here. It was over yonder, an' I went."

Eden shook his head. "Ye gods, I'll bet you've seen a lot!"

"I guess I have, boy. Doctor over in Redlands was tellin' me t'other day—'You need spectacles,' he says. 'Hell, doc,' I says, 'what fer? I've seen everything,' I says, and I come away."

Silence fell. Bob Eden wasn't exactly sure how to go about this business; he wished he had Chan at his elbow. But his duty was clear.

"You—er—you've been here for three or four days, you say?"

"'Bout that, I reckon."

"Do you happen to recall where you were last Wednesday night?"

The old man's eyes were keen enough as he glanced sharply at the boy. "What if I do?"

"I was only going to say that if you don't, I can refresh your memory. You were at Madden's ranch house, over near El Dorado."

Slowly Mr. Cherry removed his slouch hat. With gnarled, bent fingers he extracted a toothpick from the band. He stuck it defiantly in his mouth. "Maybe I was. What then?"

"Well, I'd like to have a little talk with you about that night."

Cherry surveyed him closely. "You're a new one on me," he said. "An' I thought I knew every sheriff an' deputy west o' the Rockies."

"Then you'll admit something happened at Madden's that might interest a sheriff?" returned Eden quickly.

"I ain't admittin' nothin'," answered the prospector.

"You have information regarding last Wednesday night at Madden's," Eden persisted—"vital information. I must have it."

"Nothin' to say," replied Cherry stubbornly.

Eden took another tack. "Just what was your business at Madden's ranch?"

Mr. Cherry rolled the aged toothpick in his mouth. "No business at all. I jest dropped in. Been wanderin' the desert a long time, like I said, an' now an' ag'in I drifted in at Madden's. Me an' the old caretaker, Louie Wong, was friends. When I'd come along he'd stake me to a bit o' grub an' a bed in the barn. Sort o' company fer him, I was. He was lonesome-like at the ranch—only a Chink, but lonesome-like, same as if he'd been white."

"A kindly old soul, Louie," suggested Eden.

"One o' the best, boy, an' that's no lie."

Eden spoke slowly. "Louie Wong has been murdered," he said.

"What's that?"

"Stabbed in the side last Sunday night near the ranch gate. Stabbed—by some unknown person."

"Some dirty dog," said Mr. Cherry indignantly.

"That's just how I feel about it. I'm not a policeman, but I'm doing my best to find the guilty man. The thing you saw that night at the ranch, Mr. Cherry, no doubt has a decided bearing on the killing of Louie. I need your help. Now will you talk?"

Mr. Cherry removed the toothpick from his mouth and holding it before him, regarded it thoughtfully. "Yes," he said, "I will. I was hopin' to keep out o' this Judge an' courts an' all that truck ain't fer me. I give 'em a wide berth. But I'm a decent man, an' I ain't got nothin' to hide. I'll talk, but I don't hardly know how to begin."

"I'll help you," Eden answered, delighted. "The other night when you were at Madden's ranch perhaps you heard a man cry, 'Help! Help! Murder! Put down that gun! Help!' Something like that, eh?"

"I ain't got nothin' to hide. That's jest what I heard."

Eden's heart leaped. "And after that you saw something."

The old man nodded. "I saw plenty, boy. Louie Wong wasn't the first to be killed at Madden's ranch. I saw murder done."

Eden gasped inwardly. He saw Paula Wendell's eyes wide and startled. "Of course you did," he said. "Now go on and tell me all about it."

Mr. Cherry restored the toothpick to its predestined place in his mouth, but it interfered in no way with his speech.

"Life's funny," he began. "Full o' queer twists an' turns. I thought this was jest one more secret fer me an' the desert together. 'Nobody knows about you,' I says. 'Nobody ain't goin' to question you.' But I was wrong, I see, an' I might as well speak up. It's nothin' to me, one way or t'other, though I would like to keep out o' court rooms."

"Well, maybe I can help you," Eden suggested. "Go on. You say you saw murder ——"

"Jest hold yer horses, boy," Mr. Cherry advised. "As I was sayin', last Wednesday

(Continued on Page 79)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Special Six
4-Door Sedan
$1315
F. O. B. FACTORY

—the LEADER
—in QUALITY
—of its field. *And the leader in PERFORMANCE, too!*

Never has Nash ability to unite *QUALITY* and *VALUE* at a low price been more strikingly demonstrated than in this Special Six 4-DOOR Sedan.

And beyond all its superb attractions in the way of superlative beauty in body design, of complete appointments, and of choice fittings, it has the final and compelling attraction of supremely smooth and brilliantly responsive *PERFORMANCE.*

The powerful motor is entirely Nash cased against the entrance of the most minute particles of flying dust or other foreign substances.

Even the flywheel and clutch are completely enclosed in a dust-proof, felt-packed bell housing.

Three highly refined Nash purging devices—an *OIL-PURIFIER, GAS FILTER,* and an *AIR-CLEANER*—contribute importantly to the long life and continuously efficient functioning of the motor by rigidly purifying all oil, gasoline and air.

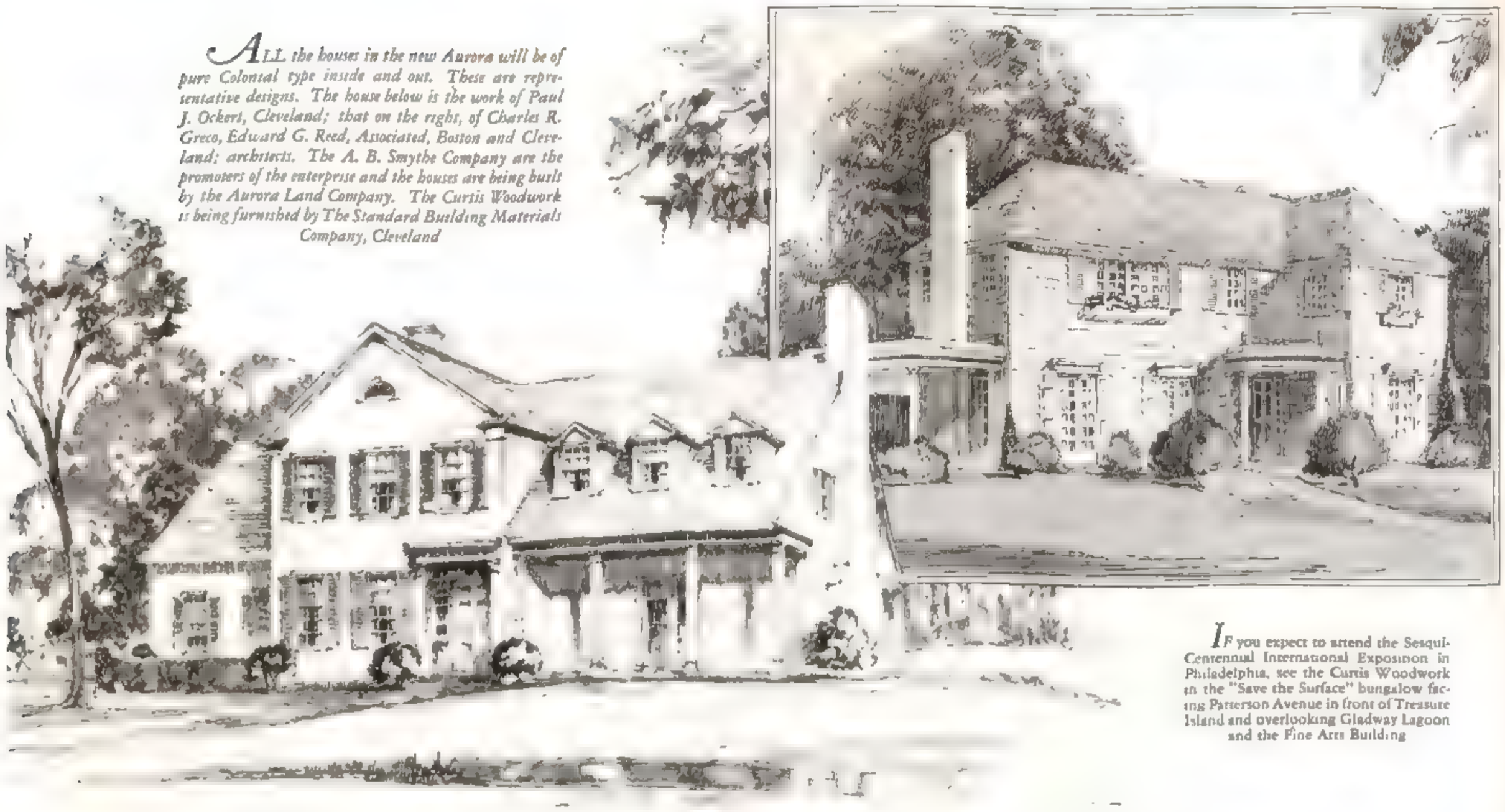
This model has full force-feed lubrication thruout and Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet seat upholstery.

There are also genuine full balloon tires and five disc wheels included *at no extra cost* in the exceptionally low price of $1315, f. o. b. factory.

(3729)

The Nash Price Range on 16 Different Models Extends from $865 to $2090, f. o. b. Factory

ALL the houses in the new Aurora will be of pure Colonial type inside and out. These are representative designs. The house below is the work of Paul J. Ockert, Cleveland; that on the right, of Charles R. Greco, Edward G. Reed, Associated, Boston and Cleveland; architects. The A. B. Smythe Company are the promoters of the enterprise and the houses are being built by the Aurora Land Company. The Curtis Woodwork is being furnished by The Standard Building Materials Company, Cleveland



IF you expect to attend the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, see the Curtis Woodwork in the "Save the Surface" bungalow facing Patterson Avenue in front of Treasure Island and overlooking Gladway Lagoon and the Fine Arts Building

An entire community of houses being built with pure Colonial Woodwork!

Cleveland's first commuters' village, Aurora, Ohio, is now under construction by one of the country's most successful Realtors. Its style will recall that of the old New England village which was its predecessor. Curtis Woodwork was chosen because only Curtis designs are true to Early American architecture

Where "The Spirit of 1776" was painted

In 1799, seven Minute Men—veterans of the Revolutionary War—settled near what is now the city of Cleveland, Ohio, and there founded the village of Aurora. Being New Englanders, they built their homes in the old New England style. Among those old homes still standing is the house of General Eggleston, hero of the War of 1812. A. M. Willard, painter of the historic picture, "The Spirit of 1776" lived and worked there, too, and his quaint cottage is a landmark today.

A century and a quarter have passed. A new Aurora is now being built as Cleveland's first commuters' village. It will be a residential community of beautiful houses especially planned for families who believe in owning their homes. Its promoters are convinced that the majority of home buyers prefer houses built for beauty and durability to houses built only to sell.

It is the intention of the builders of the new Aurora to preserve the spirit of the old New England village in every detail. The new houses will all be Colonial in style. Two of them are shown here. Like their early prototypes they will be more than decent, comfortable living quarters. They will also be homes with *beauty* inside and out. That is of first importance.

The architects of these houses have realized that what gives character to the Colonial house, aside from its pleasing proportions and utter simplicity, is the chaste beauty of its woodwork.

Those who know early American work can quickly distinguish the pure Colonial house from its many imitations, especially in the size of the cornice and the character of the moldings used to make it. Two moldings from the cornice of an old Aurora house are shown here. Their curves are shaped so as to produce lights and shadows at just the right places for the most beautiful effects. Moldings with these same patterns are to be used in the new houses!

Such lovely lines are found in all genuine Colonial woodwork—not only in exterior moldings but also in interior trim, doors, windows, cabinetwork and stairwork.

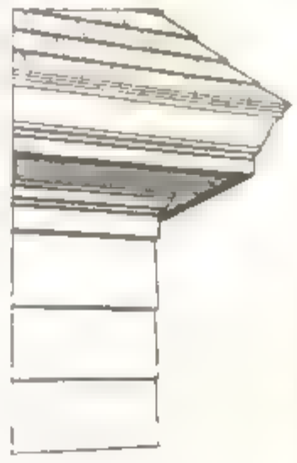
Curtis designs are not limited to the Colonial style

In order to be sure of carrying out the spirit of the old Colonial house, the designers of these new Aurora homes turned to Curtis Woodwork. There they found "details" that fulfilled every requirement, because Curtis designs are authentic. And in Curtis materials and construction they found the same lasting qualities that marked old Colonial work.

Curtis designs are the work of architects of highest standing—designers who are recognized as authorities on early American architecture. Pictures are shown here of a few articles of Curtis Woodwork that have been chosen for the new Aurora homes. Their lovely proportions and the subtle beauty of their molded surfaces are true to Colonial traditions.

Builders with taste are doing all over the country just what the promoters of Aurora are doing. They are taking advantage of the good design they find in Curtis Woodwork to make their homes beautiful, and of its sound materials and skilled construction, to build honest houses that will stand the test of time.

Curtis Woodwork suits all architectural styles. If you are planning a house in the English or any other architectural type, you can carry out that type with Curtis Woodwork.



A "close-up" of the cornice of the house above designed by Charles R. Greco and Edward G. Reed, showing how Curtis molding C-1537 is employed to carry out the Colonial style

MOST people never give much thought to the moldings that are used on the outside of their houses. The old Colonial builders did, however, and so have the architects of the new Aurora homes. The two moldings in the top group (of the drawings on the right) are from an old Aurora house. The lower group shows Curtis moldings (C-1568 and C-1537) that almost exactly match them. Is there any wonder that the architect chose the Curtis forms? The pictures answer the question

Two moldings from an old Aurora house

Two Curtis moldings (C-1568 and C-1537) that match them

DOORS • WINDOWS • FRAMES • MOLDINGS

Good design has not added one cent to Curtis Woodwork prices

Every article of Curtis Woodwork is manufactured in large quantities. That is why it is possible to supply you with Curtis Woodwork at little or no more cost than ordinary millwork. Often, when such on-the-job expense items as cutting and fitting and sanding are taken into account, Curtis Woodwork costs less.

You can depend upon the uniform quality of Curtis Woodwork because every article is produced by one manufacturer according to very definite standards as regards materials, construction and workmanship. Look for the Curtis trade-mark for assurance that you are getting woodwork that is up to these standards.

All articles of Curtis Woodwork are manufactured in advance of your needs, so confine your selections to Curtis designs and sizes (consult your Curtis dealer on this important point) and avoid the expensive errors so common with made-to-order millwork.

The house of General Eggleston, hero of the war of 1812, is still standing

The leading dealer in woodwork in your community (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. He will be glad to show you his stock and explain more of the quality points of Curtis Woodwork than these pages can give you. Ask him to show you other designs in the Curtis catalog. Or write for a free copy of "Curtis Woodwork"—32 pages of interesting information and ideas for homebuilders

The entrance is the center of interest of the Colonial exterior, as it is of all well designed houses Curtis Woodwork includes a number of entrances that are worthy of comparison with the best of early American architecture. This is one of them. Note the fine fluting in the pilasters at the sides and the delicate dentil mold in the frieze above. These details are distinctly Colonial and are the work of master designers. The door, too, is authentic: the panels are correctly proportioned and their bevel or "raise" gives the surface of the whole door an interesting character. This complete entrance includes entrance frame, C-1264, and door, C-227. The frame is made in several sizes for both stud and masonry walls.

This twelve light Curtis window C-[illegible] will be used in most of the new Aurora houses. The blind [illegible]

One of the distinguishing features of the Colonial house is the chaste beauty of its stairway. No amount of white paint and mahogany stain can make a stair truly Colonial if the balusters and newel post are the least bit too heavy or the hand rail even a trifle oversize. In Curtis stair parts these details are exactly right. That is why the new Aurora houses will reflect the spirit of the Colonial house in their stair halls. This Curtis stair design will be used, with variations, in many of them.

CURTIS WOODWORK

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
434 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law however does protect these from using our trade mark. Make sure that the woodwork you buy—sash, doors, mouldings or interior woodwork—bears the CURTIS trademark

1865 CURTIS

Curtis Lewis & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas; Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa; Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan; Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa; Curtis & Yale Co., Wichita, Kansas; Curtis Lewis & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska; Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois; Curtis Companies Inc., Eastern Sales Office 25 W. 44th St., New York City.

Curtis Companies Incorporated, Clinton, Iowa

TRIM • STAIR PARTS • BUILT-IN CABINETWORK

be yourself!

YOU! *will you answer us this?*

We, Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels and Tom Meighan and Lois Wilson and little Betty Bronson and big Richard Dix and Esther Ralston and Raymond Griffith and Florence Vidor and . . .

. . . . . oh well, we can't name all the famous stars in the Paramount Peerage. . . . . .

WISH TO KNOW what right on earth you, the one in a thousand, have to be gloomy when there are more good shows today than diamonds in a gold-digger's dream?

We don't mean Paramount Pictures exclusively. We simply name them as the best examples. Laugh that off if you like, but we are content if you'll *lose that green* under your eye and, like all the rest of the world, be yourself. . . . . a Paramount Fan!

Gilda Gray in
ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS
A Maurice Tourneur Production

Everyone is waiting for Gilda Gray's first Paramount Picture. With Percy Marmont, Warner Baxter, Julanne Johnston and William Powell. From the play by John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemens.

Zane Grey's
BORN TO THE WEST

with Jack Holt, Margaret Morris, Raymond Hatton, Arlette Marchal and George Siegman. Adaptation and screen play by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by John Waters.

The whole family going— GREATER MOVIE SEASON

Celebrating the Progress of Motion Pictures.

Raymond Griffith in
WET PAINT

with Helene Costello and Bryant Washburn. From the story by Reginald Morris. Screen play by Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Arthur Rosson.

A Sam Wood Production
FASCINATING YOUTH
with Junior Stars of 1926

Sixteen new faces—never before seen on the screen—the graduates of The Paramount Pictures School. Story by Byron Morgan.

Richard Dix in
SAY IT AGAIN

With Alyce Mills. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Story by Luther Reed and Ray Harris.

Paramount Pictures
THE TRADE MARK OF ROMANCE

Paramount Pictures

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

(Continued from Page 74)

night after dark I drifts in at Madden's as usual. But the minute I comes into the yard I see there's something doin' there. The boss has come. Lights in most o' the windows, an' a big car in the barn, 'longside Louie's old flivver. Howsomever, I'm tired, an' I figures I'll jest wait round fer Louie; keepin' out o' sight o' the big fellow. A little supper an' a bed, maybe, kin be negotiated without gettin' too conspicuous.

"So I puts my pack down in the barn an' steps over to the cook house. Louie ain't there. Jest as I'm comin' out o' the place, I hears a cry from the house—a man's voice, loud an' clear. 'Help!' he says. 'Put down that gun! I know your game! Help! Help!' Jest as you said. Well, I ain't lookin' fer no trouble, an' I stands there a minute, uncertain. An' then the cry comes again, almost the same words—but not the man this time. It's Tony, the Chinese parrot, on his perch in the patio, an' from him the words is shrill an' piercin'—more terrible, somehow. An' then I hears a sharp report—the gun is workin'. The racket seems to come from a lighted room in one wing—a window is open. I creeps closer, an' there goes the gun ag'in. There's a sort of groan. It's hit, sure enough. I goes up to the window an' looks in." He paused.

"Then what?" Bob Eden asked breathlessly.

"Well, it's a bedroom, an' he's standin' there with the smokin' gun in his hand, lookin' fierce but frightened-like. An' there's somebody on the floor, 'tother side o' the bed. All I kin see is his shoes. He turns toward the window, the gun still in his hand."

"Who?" cried Bob Eden. "Who was it with the gun in his hand? You're talking about Martin Thorn, aren't you?"

"Thorn? You mean that little sneakin' secretary? No, I ain't speakin' o' Thorn. I'm speakin' o' him ——"

"Who?"

"The big boss—Madden—P. J. Madden himself."

There was a moment of tense silence. "Good Lord!" gasped Eden. "Madden? You mean to say that Madden —— Why, it's impossible! How did you know? Are you sure?

"O' course I'm sure. I know Madden well enough. I seen him three years ago at the ranch. A big man, red-faced, thin gray hair—I couldn't make no mistake about Madden. There he was standin', the gun in his hand, an' he looks toward the window. I ducks back. An' at that minute this Thorn you're speakin' of—he comes tearin' into the room.

"'What have you done now?' he says.

"'I've killed him,' says Madden, 'that's what I've done.'

"'You poor fool,' says Thorn; 'it wasn't necessary.'

"Madden throws down the gun. 'Why not?' he wants to know. 'I was afraid of him.'

"Thorn sneers. 'You was always afraid o' him,' he says, 'you dirty coward. That time in New York ——'

"Madden gives him a look. 'Shut up,' he says. 'Shut up an' fergit it. I was afraid o' him an' I killed him. Now git busy an' think what we better do.'"

The old prospector paused and regarded his wide-eyed audience. "Well, mister," he continued, "an' miss, I come away. What else was there to be done? It was no affair o' mine, an' I wasn't hungerin' fer no court room an' all that. 'Jest slip away into the night,' I tells myself, 'the good old night that's been yer friend these many years. Slip away an' let others worry.' I runs to the barn an' gits my pack, an' when I comes out, a car is drivin' into the yard. I crawls through the fence an' moseys down the road. I thought I was out o' it an' safe, an' how you got onto me is a mystery. But I'm decent, an' I ain't hidin' anything. That's my story—the truth, s'help me."

Bob Eden rose and paced the sand. "Man alive," he said, "this is serious business."

"Think so?" inquired the old prospector.

"Think so! You know who Madden is, don't you? One of the biggest men in America."

"Sure he is. An' what does that mean? You'll never git him fer what he done. He'll slide out o' it some way. Self-defense ——"

"Oh, no, he won't; not if you tell your story. You've got to go back with me to El Dorado."

"Wait a minute," cut in Cherry. "That's something I don't aim to do—go an' stifle in no city. Leastways, not till it's absolutely necessary. I've told my story, an' I'll tell it agin, any time I'm asked. But I ain't goin' back to El Dorado—bank on that, boy."

"But listen ——"

"Listen to me. How much more information you got? Know who that man was, layin' behind the bed? Found his body yet?"

"No, we haven't; but ——"

"I thought so. Well, you're jest startin' on this job. What's my word agin the word o' P. J. Madden—an' no other evidence to show? You got to dig some up."

"Well, perhaps you're right."

"Sure I am. I've done you a favor, now you do one fer me. Take this here information an' go back an' make the most o' it. Leave me out entirely if you kin. If you can't—well, I'll keep in touch. Be down round Needles in about a week—goin' to make a stop there with my old friend Slim Jones. Porter J. Jones, Real Estate—you kin git me there. I'm makin' you a fair proposition. Don't you say so, miss?" the old prospector asked.

The girl smiled at him. "Seems fair to me," she admitted.

"It's hardly according to Hoyle," said Eden. "But you have been mighty kind. I don't want to see you stifle in a city, though I find it hard to believe you and I are talking about the same El Dorado. However, we're going to part friends, Mr. Cherry. I'll take your suggestion—I'll go back with what you've told me—it's certainly very enlightening. And I'll keep you out of it—if I can."

The old man got painfully to his feet. "Shake," he said. "You're a white man, an' no mistake. I ain't tryin' to save Madden. I'll go on the stand if I have to. But with what I've told you, maybe you can land him without me figurin' in it."

"We'll have to go along," Eden told him. He laughed. "I don't care what the book of etiquette says—Mr. Cherry, I'm very pleased to have met you."

"Same here," returned Cherry. "Like a talk now an' then with a good listener. An' the chance to look at a pretty gal—well, say, I don't need no specs to enjoy that."

They said good-by and left the lonely old man standing by the trolley car there on the barren desert. For a long moment they rode in silence.

"Well," said Eden finally, "you've heard something, lady."

"I certainly have—something I find it difficult to believe."

"Perhaps you won't find it so difficult if I go back and tell you a few things. You've been drawn into the big mystery at Madden's at last, and there's no reason why you shouldn't know as much as I do about it. So I'm going to talk."

"I'm keen to hear," she admitted.

"Naturally, after today. Well, I came down here to transact a bit of business with P. J. I needn't go into that; it has no particular bearing. The first night I was on the ranch ——" He proceeded to detail one by one the mysterious sequence of events that began with the scream of the parrot from the dark. "Now you know. Someone had been killed, that was evident—someone before Louie. But who? We don't know yet. And by whom? Today gave us that answer, anyhow."

"It seems incredible."

"You don't believe Cherry's story?" he suggested.

"Well, these old boys who wander the desert get queer sometimes. And there was that about his eyes—the doctor at Redlands, you know ——"

"I know. But all the same, I think Cherry told the truth. After a few days with Madden, I consider him capable of anything. He's a hard man, and if anyone stood in his way—good night. Some poor devil stood there—but not for long. Who? We'll find out. We must."

"We?"

"Yes, you're in on this thing too. Have to be, after this, whether you like it or not."

"I think I'm going to like it," Paula Wendell said.

They returned their tired horses to the stable at Seven Palms, and after a sketchy dinner at the local hotel caught the El Dorado train.

When they alighted, Charlie and Will Holley were waiting.

"Hello," said the editor. "Why, hello, Paula, where you been? Eden, here's Ah Kim. Madden sent him in for you."

"Hello, gentlemen," cried Eden gayly. "Before Ah Kim and I head for the ranch, we're all going over to the office of that grand old sheet, the El Dorado Times. I have something to impart."

When they reached the newspaper office which Ah Kim entered with obvious reluctance—Eden closed the door and faced them.

"Well, folks," he announced, "the clouds are breaking. I've finally got hold of something definite. But before I go any further—Miss Wendell, may I present Ah Kim? So we sometimes call him, after our quaint fashion. In reality, you are now enjoying the priceless opportunity of meeting Detective-Sergeant Charlie Chan, of the Honolulu police."

Chan bowed. "I'm so glad to know you, sergeant," said the girl, and took up her favorite perch on Holley's typewriter table.

"Don't look at me like that, Charlie," laughed Eden. "You're breaking my heart. We can rely on Miss Wendell absolutely. And you can't freeze her out any longer, because she now knows more about your case than you do. As they say on the stage, won't you sit down?"

Puzzled and wondering, Chan and Will Holley found chairs. "I said this morning I wanted a little light," Eden continued. "I've got it already. How's that for service? Aimless trip to Barstow, Charlie, proved to be all aim. Miss Wendell and I turned aside for a canter over the desert, and we have met and interviewed that little black-bearded one—our desert rat."

"Boy, now you're talking!" cried Holley. Chan's eyes lighted.

"Chinese are psychic people, Charlie," Eden went on, "I'll tell the world. You were right. Before we arrived at Madden's ranch, someone staged a little murder there—and I know who did it."

"Thorn," suggested Holley.

"Thorn nothing! No piker like Thorn. No, gentlemen, it was the big chief—Madden himself—the great P. J. Last Wednesday night at his ranch Madden killed a man. Add favorite pastimes of big millionaires."

"Nonsense!" objected Holley.

"You think so, eh? Listen!" Eden repeated the story Cherry had told. Chan and Holley heard him out in amazed silence.

"And what are present whereabouts of old prospector?" inquired Chan when he had finished.

"I know, Charlie," answered Eden. "That's the flaw in my armor. I let him go. He's on his way—over yonder. But I know where he's going and we can get hold of him when we need him. We've got other matters to look after first."

"We certainly have," agreed Holley. "Madden! I can hardly believe it!"

Chan considered. "Most peculiar case ever shoved onto my attention," he admitted. "It marches now, but look how it marches backward. Mostly murder means dead body on the rug, and from clews surrounding I must find who did it. Not so here. I sense something wrong, after long pause light breaks and I hear name of guilty man who killed. But who was killed?

What Makes the Breeze Revolve It?

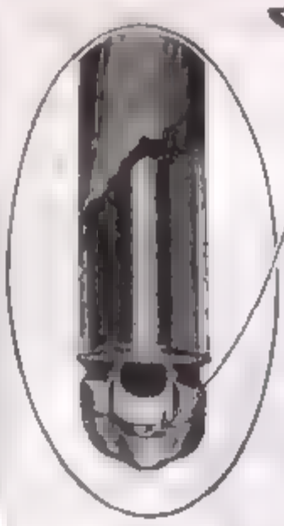
During Sikes Week a progressive Sikes dealer showed most convincingly the smoothness and ease with which a **Sikes** Office ***Easy*** Chair revolves on its self-oiling base. With no other motive power than the breeze from an electric fan playing against two small pieces of cardboard affixed as sails to the arms, *this chair revolved night and day for three weeks.*

The dealer, being of a mathematical turn, figured that the chair made as many revolutions as would be required in 20 years of service in an office. Yet at the end of the demonstration the chair was turning as noiselessly and easily as at the beginning. Surely a striking proof of the value of the exclusive Sikes Self-Oiling Chair Iron.

This self-oiling feature is perhaps a small point in itself. But it is one of a score of big little differences and improvements in design that make a **Sikes** Office ***Easy*** Chair the most comfortable, as well as the handsomest chair ever designed for business use.

The nearest Sikes dealer can show you Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs at every price and in many woods and finishes. But from the most to the least expensive, you will find each a true Sikes in comfort, appearance, materials, workmanship and finish

Sikes



The SIKES Lubricating Well

filled with lubricant at the factory, keeps the pivot perfectly oiled for years.

This improved revolving mechanism is one among hundreds of big little differences in design and construction that have made the **Sikes** Office ***Easy*** Chair the most comfortable, the handsomest and the most durable of chairs for business use.

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

The reason, please? There is work to be done—much work."

"You don't think," suggested Eden, "that we ought to call in the sheriff?"

"What then?" frowned Chan. "Captain Bliss arrives on extensive feet, committing blunder with every step. Sheriff faces strange situation, all unprepared. Madden awes them with greatness and escapes Scotch-free. None of the sheriff, please—unless maybe you lose faith in Detective-Sergeant Chan."

"Never for a minute, Charlie," Eden answered. "Wipe out that suggestion. The case is yours."

Chan bowed. "You're pretty good, thanks. Such a tipsy-turvy puzzle rouses professional pride. I will get to bottom of it or lose entire face. Be good enough to watch me."

"I'll be watching," Eden answered "Well, shall we go along?"

In front of the Desert Edge Hotel, Bob Eden held out his hand to the girl.

"The end of a perfect day," he said, "except for one thing."

"Yes? What thing?"

"Wilbur. I'm beginning to find the thought of him intolerable."

"Poor Jack. You're so hard on him. Good night, and ——"

"And what?"

"Be careful, won't you? Out at the ranch, I mean."

"Always careful on ranches—everywhere. Good night."

As they sped over the dark road to Madden's, Chan was thoughtfully silent. He and Eden parted in the yard. When the boy entered the patio, he saw Madden sitting alone, wrapped in an overcoat, before a dying fire.

The millionaire leaped to his feet. "Hello," he said. "Well?"

"Well?" replied Eden. He had completely forgotten his mission to Barstow.

"You saw Draycott?" Madden whispered

"Oh!" The boy remembered with a start. More deception—would it ever end? "Tomorrow at the door of the bank in Pasadena," he said softly. "Noon sharp."

"Good!" answered Madden. "I'll be off before you're up. Not turning in already?"

"I think I will. I've had a busy day."

"Is that so?" said Madden carelessly, and strode into the living room. Bob Eden stood staring after the big broad shoulders, the huge frame, of this powerful man. A man who seemed to have the world in his grasp—but who had killed because he was afraid.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BRITAIN EXPLODES THE RED BOGY

(Continued from Page 27)

final expression of a policy which had been in operation, at first furtively and at last openly, for a considerable number of years.

The essential thesis of the socialist movement is the radical transformation of society, either by a parliamentary majority and a policy of gradualness or by a violent seizure of despotic power. Whichever of those two policies they favored, the socialist groups who founded the British Labor Party in 1900 saw in the immense and quite independently evolved organizations of British trades-unionism their greatest opportunity. They set themselves deliberately to capture the unions, and, though at first but slowly, with complete success.

In 1900, 375,931 trades-unionists were officially affiliated through their unions—not personally, for the party only received 62,698 votes in the election of that year—with the Labor Party. In 1920, the peak year, that affiliation had grown to 4,317,537, and few important unions had not been drawn into the socialist political machine. In the meantime the potential political power of the trades-unions had been immensely strengthened by the legislation of the Liberal Government, which, in 1906, placed the unions above the law, absolving them from liability for the acts of their members in an industrial dispute and legalizing coercion under the euphemism of "peaceful" picketing, and in 1913 further legalized the compulsory levying from their members of political funds, subject to quite illusory rights of exemption.

In 1926, as for years past, the trades-unions provided almost the totality of the financial and other resources of the parliamentary Labor Party, and their various officials sat as the majority of its representatives in the House of Commons, although the party remained nominally under the leadership of men like Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden, who never were trades-unionists, and actually under the control of men who were politicians first and trades-unionists only second.

But if the moderate official leaders of British socialism, with their advocacy of constitutional methods and their shibboleth of gradualism, had seen their opportunity in the organized strength of trades-unionism, those more ardent spirits who despaired of ever forcing socialism upon a society which plainly did not want it except by the uncompromising methods of direct action, saw in it their opportunity also.

Ever since the very beginnings of socialism, in the early nineteenth century, revolutionary theorists had dreamed of the paralyzing blow which could be struck at society by a general strike. It must, they held, produce a complete anarchy in which the structure of society would dissolve. The difficulty was to organize all workers, with very different interests that were often in contradiction with one another, to obey the order simultaneously to stand idle. It was a difficulty that in Britain for many years seemed insuperable, particularly as many of the old-time trade-union leaders were emphatically antisocialist and frequently themselves voted Conservative.

But with the socialist hand closing more and more firmly over the unions, that longed-for unity came into sight. Already in 1915 a beginning was made, and the famous triple alliance of miners, railwaymen and transport workers was formed, pledged to make the quarrel of any one of them the quarrel of them all. They represented the key industries of the country, and if they should all strike together, the result should theoretically be paralysis.

In August, 1920, the threat of action by that triple alliance was invoked with a success that was highly encouraging. The British socialist movement set up a Council of Action, formed by the Trades Union Council and the parliamentary Labor Party, to dictate to the British Government—under the threat of universal stoppage—a complete neutrality in the war between Russia and Poland, and the Lloyd George government gave way. The next year, 1921, however, saw the end of that premature combination. The miners entered upon a great strike. But, on a day lamented ever after by the entire socialist movement as Black Friday, the leaders of the railwaymen and the transport workers refused to bring their men out. There did not exist, in the loose organization of the Trades Union Congress, any supreme authority which could order any affiliated union into a strike, whether or not its own interests were involved.

In the meantime an important schism had developed in the ranks of international socialism. The exultantly triumphant Bolsheviks had inaugurated the Communist Internationale, with later an affiliated Internationale of Trades Unions, to which they summoned the allegiance of the socialist

(Continued on Page 82)

Millions now demand this modern safeguard

BECAUSE Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers keep ice cream in firm, delicious condition longer than any paper container known, they are a distinct improvement over every other paper package for ice cream, and all moist foods.

Their practically air-tight construction and snug lid keeps the cold air in and the warm air out. Their double bottom and rigid walls make them leak-proof. They assure full measure always. Then, too, ice cream served the neat, quick Sealright Way is always more attractive and appetizing. No messy spooning and handling (*see illustrations at left*).

Hold container under cold water an instant

Remove top, press bottom evenly with thumbs

Then cut in attractive round slices to suit.

Most progressive merchants have adopted Sealright Service. In buying ice cream for home use, insist that it be packed in a Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Container as there is no other paper container "just as good." Look for the name "Sealright" stamped on bottom of every genuine Sealright Container. If your dealer does not use Sealrights—send us his name and we will send him samples.

SEALRIGHT CO., *Inc.* *Dept. A-7* Fulton, N. Y.

Eat More Ice Cream!

SEALRIGHT
Liquid-Tight
Paper Containers

"I HAD chronic indigestion and a breaking out on my face. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. After about two months I found that the eruptions had left my face. Now my indigestion has also entirely disappeared. I look forward to meal time with pleasant expectancy."

MRS. TRUMAN T. SMITH, Baltimore, Md.

Health Triumphant . . .

They conquered clogged intestines—corrected skin and stomach disorders—found fresh vitality, new joy in living—through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-15, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I AM a traveling salesman but ill health flagged me at every crossing. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Taking three cakes daily, I noticed a decided improvement. In three months I felt like a new man. All eruptions and distressing symptoms disappeared. Fleischmann's Yeast has rejuvenated me by curing my habitual constipation."

HENRY C. DONOVAN, Chicago, Ill.

"THREE years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run down. A lady recommended Yeast. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. Now I am strong in every way." ISABELLE BARLOW, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

"ABOUT a year ago I was run down. A friend suggested I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so, taking two or three cakes a day. The result has been very satisfactory. I know that my physical condition is much improved and I expect to continue the use of Yeast. Now, more than ever, I can enjoy my vacations." CHARLES W. HOLTKAMP, St. Louis, Mo.

"FOR two years I suffered from skin eruptions. I tried several remedies without success. I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. In less than a month, I was surprised to find that the eruptions had disappeared. I strongly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for all ailments of the skin."

VICTOR GARCEAU, Sorel, Que.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

(Continued from Page 80)

parties and the trades-unions of Europe. Both in England and on the Continent that ultimatum was rejected. The Continental socialists were indignant at the treatment of all other than Bolshevik socialists in Russia. The British Labor Party, then firmly controlled by Ramsay MacDonald, who had quarreled with Lenine, was endeavoring to resuscitate—as it subsequently did—the old Second Internationale. The British trades-unions remained affiliated with and the second most important element in the old International Federation of Trades Unions, which had been revived in 1919 and its headquarters transferred to Amsterdam.

The Third—Moscow—Internationale, helped by Left-Wing British socialists, promptly concentrated on a campaign alternately to disrupt or to capture British trades-unionism. In this it had two clearly defined objectives: First, if possible, either to cause the withdrawal of the British unions from the rival Amsterdam Federation of Trades Unions, or through their agency to compel the amalgamation of that federation with the Internationale of Trades Unions, and thus to bring the whole organized force of European labor under the control of the Third Internationale. Secondly, to knock away the chief support from the moderate British parliamentary Labor Party and thus from the hated Second—Hamburg—Internationale, which was chiefly its creation. Not only the members of the numerically insignificant British Communist Party—founded in January, 1921—but all those Left-Wing socialists who accepted at least advice from Moscow were urged to capture official positions in the trades-unions and ceaselessly to maintain a virulent attack on MacDonaldism.

Creating a General Staff

Where they could not capture official posts they were to form nucleuses, and they were to goad the workers into a succession of unofficial strikes and thus discredit the orthodox trade-union leaders. Should this finally result in the splitting of British trades-unionism from top to bottom, they cheerfully faced this alternative. It would probably imply industrial chaos in Britain, and industrial chaos might prove their opportunity. But they hoped, with not unfounded optimism, eventually to capture the trade-union machine unimpaired, and to use it, when the time came, for a political general strike which should not be under the control of the parliamentary Labor Party.

Thus matters stood in the year 1924, when the Ramsay MacDonald government was in power. During that year Moscow gave definite organization to its insidious work within the trades-unions by launching what euphemistically termed itself the national minority movement, to which not only avowed communists but Left-Wing socialists could and did belong. This minority movement speedily became altogether disproportionately strong in the unions—the majority of whose members rarely troubled to attend lodge meetings—and managed to get a large number of its nominees into positions of authority.

In September, 1924, at the moment when the MacDonald government was engaged in committing suicide, the Fifty-sixth Annual Congress of the British Trades Unions met at Hull. It was presided over by Mr. A. A. Purcell, M.P. After some of the usual unimportant bickering between socialists and communists, late one afternoon resolutions were rushed through which gave the General Council of the Trades Union Congress power to act as a general staff—in other words, gave it authority to call out the whole of the trades-unions in support of any one of them. Many times previously such a concentration of power had been proposed by the ardent revolutionaries whose slogan was One Big Union, but always it had been refused. The leaders of the most important unions had consistently declined to agree to the abrogation of their autonomy therein implied. But now—quite unostentatiously—the thing had happened. The General Council of the T. U. C. had authority, whenever it chose, to order a general strike.

The General Council of the T. U. C. had, indeed, acquired the power to call and control a general strike, but it had not at the moment any plausible pretext for doing so. During the next few months its immediate policy was to assist in either disrupting the Amsterdam Federation of Trades Unions or bringing it under the command of Moscow. It was highly desirable that the Continental trades-unions should assist their British brethren by strike action when the time arrived.

The Next Step a Misstep

Almost immediately thereafter an occasion for that General Council to test its newly won authority loomed up on the horizon. The Mining Association of Great Britain, the owners' organization, gave notice to terminate on July thirty-first the existing agreements with their men and presented a schedule of the reductions in wages which would be in force after that date. The Miners' Federation, speaking for the men, emphatically refused to accept those reductions. They refused also even to consider an extension of the seven-hour day, which had been worked since 1921, in lieu of a cut in wages. There was immediately a deadlock.

This is not the place to attempt a full analysis of the bitter dispute in the basic British industry which has become world famous. It must, however, be summarized. It was obvious to all men that the British coal-mining industry was in a very bad way. As a totality, it was losing money on every ton of coal produced. The reasons for this were hotly contested. In part, it would seem that it was due—in many of the older collieries—to antiquated methods of management, to excessive multiplication of separately controlled enterprises in the same coal field, entailing a great waste of coal left in party walls, and a disproportionate accumulation of overhead expenses, and finally to the retention in the industry of virtually worked-out and uneconomic collieries. In more recently exploited districts, with more modern equipment, the collieries were not only making profits but were erecting model cities for their workers which were in eloquent contrast to the appalling housing conditions in the older centers.

Nevertheless, by the existing agreement the industry had to regard itself as a national whole, and as a whole it was heading for bankruptcy. If this was a result, on the one hand, of inefficient or antiquated management, it was also a result, on the other, distinctly contributed to by many of the miners themselves. So far back as 1913, Mr. A. J. Cook, since 1924 the secretary of the Miners' Federation, in a pamphlet entitled The Miners' Next Step, had advocated a deliberate ca' canny and a forcing up of the cost of production in order so to bankrupt the industry as would enforce its nationalization—and there was plenty of evidence that these tactics had been consistently followed. Finally—and it was the most important factor—for generations the masters and men in the industry had developed a quite mutual hostility to each other, which had grown into something like hatred.

So far as the British public was concerned, it had small sympathy with the owners. They had profiteered grotesquely during the war and it was generally suspected that they were not averse now to bringing about such a deadlock as might result in nationalization—although they loudly protested their hostility to the idea—in other words, selling out a wasting asset to the nation. The harshly uncompromising tone they adopted in the negotiations gave color to this suspicion. *Per contra*, an extremely well-managed propaganda from the other side induced a very general and even excessive compassion for the miner, risking his life in the bowels of the earth for what were certainly very low rates of pay—rates that were made to look even lower than they actually were by the inclusion of the rates for the unskilled surface workers, all, of course, by definition miners. At the same time the British public was quite determined that it would not nationalize the mines; that the industry must find some way of itself adjusting its difficulties in a competitive world.

Only toward the end of July, 1925, when the termination of the notices was drawing near, did the country wake up to the fact that a great crisis was imminent. Neither owners nor men had moved a step from their irreconcilable positions. The government intervened, vainly endeavoring to procure a mutual modification.

The General Council of the Trades Union Congress found itself in possession of the opportunity to use its strength. It took up the case for the miners, excluding, with a pointed directness which caused no little resentment in the quarters affected, the orthodox political leaders of the Labor Party, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his immediate associates, from the negotiations. Their chief demand was for a government subsidy to enable the industry to continue after July thirty-first, while masters and men explored the possibilities of a settlement. But the whole socialist movement was uncompromisingly reiterating the slogan, Not a Cent Off the Pay, Not a Minute on the Day, and negotiations under those conditions were doomed to failure in advance.

On the penultimate day, Mr. Baldwin announced that in no circumstances would the government grant a subsidy to relieve one industry at the expense of taxpayers in other scarcely less depressed industries. The General Council retorted with what was in effect—though not explicitly—the declaration of a general strike to come into effect on August first. A few hours later, to the astonishment of the country, Mr. Baldwin retracted his emphatic declaration. The government, he announced, proposed to convene at once a royal commission to report on the industry, and pending its findings would grant a subsidy, which must in any case expire on April 30, 1926. It was plain and obvious surrender to the threat of a general strike, and the whole country read it as such.

Red Friday

The reasons for that surrender are still obscure. Partly, perhaps, it was because Mr. Baldwin, whose policy throughout has been one, wherever possible, of industrial conciliation rather than of industrial strife, considered at the last moment that the subsidy would cost the country less than the strike, and hoped that feeling would die down and a settlement by agreement become possible. Partly, perhaps, it was because at the last moment the government discovered that the official lists of volunteer helpers, filed since the great strikes of 1919 and 1921, had been destroyed while the socialist government was in power. Partly, perhaps, it was because—as was widely believed—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald implored Mr. Baldwin not to play into the hands of the extremists, but to grant a subsidy and leave him, MacDonald, to eject the red element from the Labor Party at the next conference, two months hence.

Whatever the reason, the result was an obvious victory for the General Council of the T. U. C., and the whole socialist movement voiced its exultation. In an editorial, headed Red Friday, the Daily Herald, the socialist official newspaper, said:

"It is the biggest victory the Labour Movement has won yet in the course of its history. . . . They"—the government—"have been forced to yield by the forces of Organised Labour. . . . If it chooses, Labour can use this giant's strength to gain everything on which its heart is set. . . . So, successful in the first round of what will be a long tussle, Labour moves forward full of confidence and hope. Black Friday can now be forgotten. Red Friday has washed it out."

It was equally obvious that the threat would, on the first convenient occasion, be used again. Every socialist speaker and organ in the country was at pains to leave no doubt of it. On August sixteenth, a fortnight later, for example, three of the chief personalities in the T. U. C. made public speeches in which they openly anticipated it.

The government, for its part, said nothing. It promptly convened the coal commission, and it prepared, semi-officially, a great nation-wide scheme of volunteer service for an emergency—the Organization for the Maintenance of Supplies, to be later familiarly known as the O. M. S. It was crystal clear that sooner or later it would have to fight.

A few weeks later, at the beginning of September, the next annual congress of the Trades Unions was held at Scarborough. The Trades Union Congress welcomed a delegation of Russian Bolsheviks, headed by M. Tomsky. It passed resolution after resolution which were all that the Russians could desire. Mr. MacDonald's utter lack of control of the trade-union movement was made ostentatiously manifest. The Trades Union Congress of 1925 was an intoxicating triumph for the minority movement.

Biding Their Time

The next week, however, at Liverpool, in the annual congress of the official Labor Party, the political leaders headed by Mr. MacDonald were politely given a spectacular, if empty, victory. Mr. MacDonald moved for the exclusion of the communists, whether as a party or as individuals, from the Labor Party. Whatever other purpose this victory served—it was quite impossible in practice to exclude communists from the local Labor Parties—it served to lull the alarms of a British public which was becoming seriously disturbed. And no doubt Mr. MacDonald and his friends were quite sincere in their crusade against the intriguers who threatened them with total eclipse.

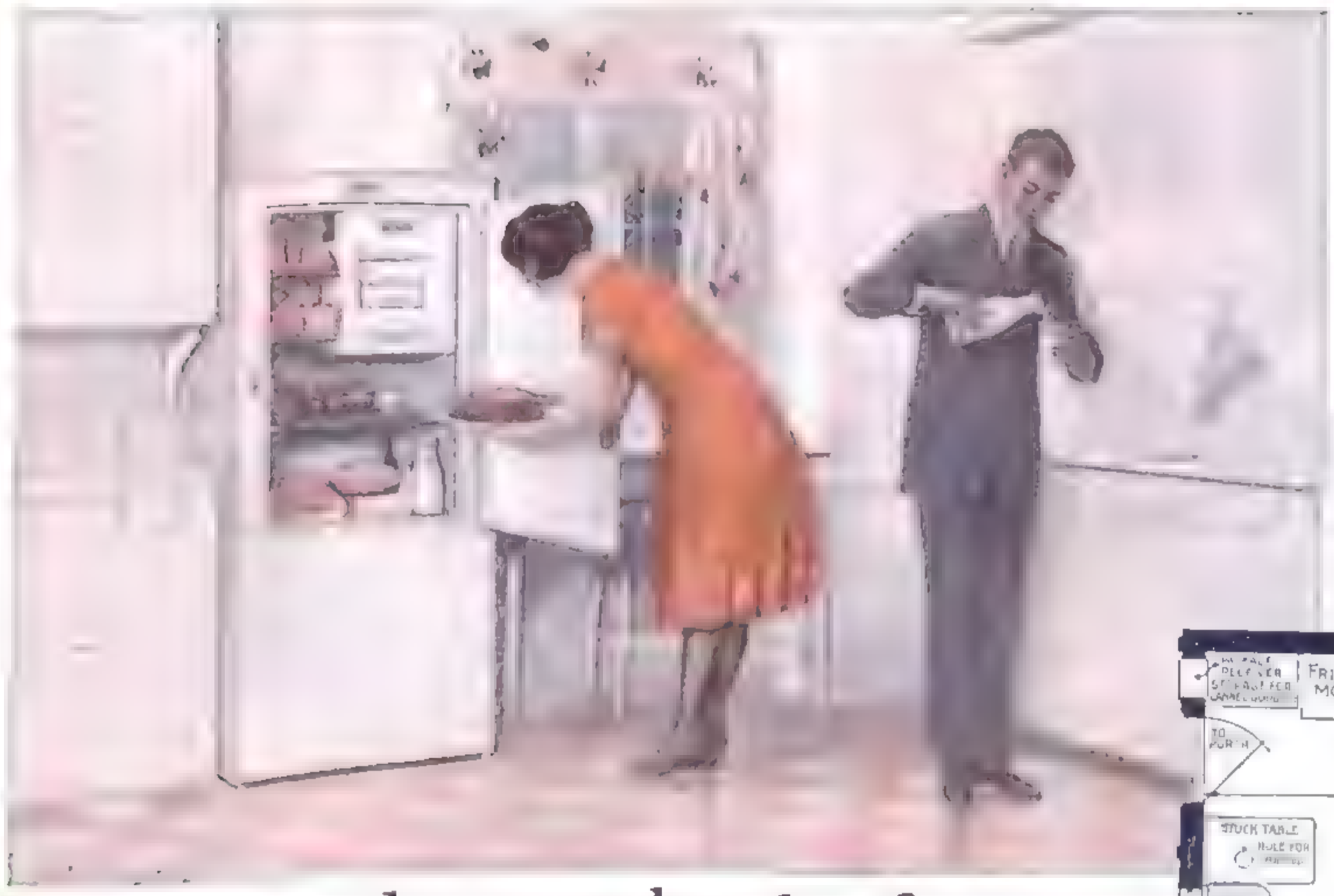
Thus matters remained. The coal commission sat and received its witnesses. The government paid, month by month, its promised subsidy to the coal industry. The mine owners maintained precisely their original position. The miners reiterated their slogan of Not a Cent Less, Not a Minute More. Their secretary, Mr. A. J. Cook, continued to make prophecies of a struggle in May that would stagger humanity. The whole socialist press was filled, week by week and month by month, with significant references to the coming fight. The General Council of the T. U. C. remained silent and bided its time, occupying itself only with again, in December, helping Moscow in a renewed attempt to disrupt or capture the Amsterdam International, with which it was still affiliated.

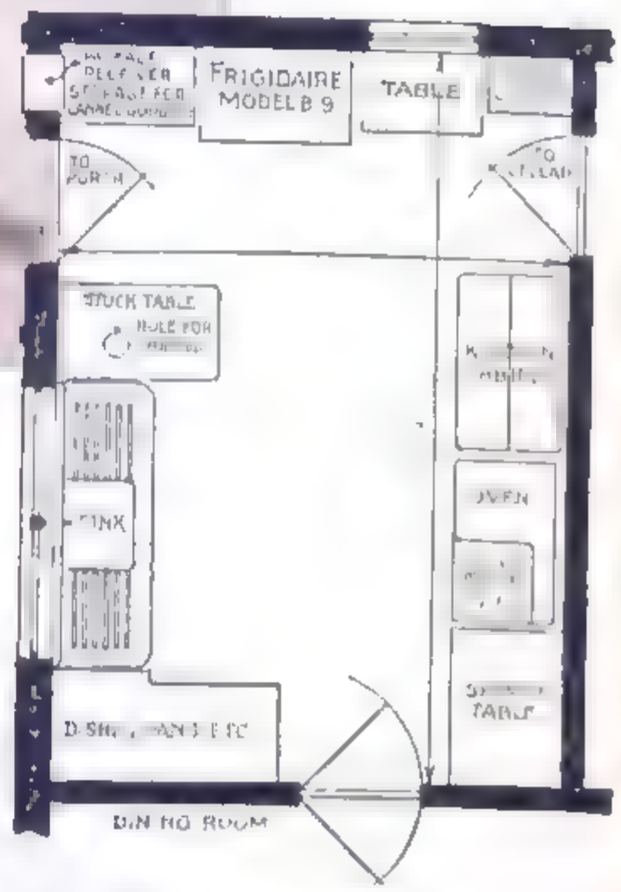
In March the coal commission reported voluminously. Neither the mine owners nor the miners took any real notice of that report, though both gave it a certain amount of lip service. Both sides held stubbornly to their positions, both sides perhaps secretly desiring a clash; and the owners once more issued notices reiterating their original terms on the expiration of the subsidy, April thirtieth.

Once more, as the critical day drew near, the government intervened, and stated that though it could not contemplate any permanent subsidy, it would nevertheless continue it for a fortnight if there were reasonable probability of an agreement within that time. The miners demanded that the owners' notices should be withdrawn. The owners replied that they could not withdraw them without relinquishing their legal standing under the existing agreement.

On Friday, April thirtieth, work accordingly ceased in the coal fields. The sole

(Continued on Page 87)





The design shown here in both perspective and plan won the First Prize in the Frigidaire Architectural Competition. It was submitted by Mr. Harry P. Braisted, of New Haven, Connecticut.

May we send you a book of Prize Winning Kitchens equipped with Frigidaire

THE development of Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration has brought about a new type of kitchen architecture—more convenient, more attractive, more efficient—designed without the handicap of providing for an outside ice supply.

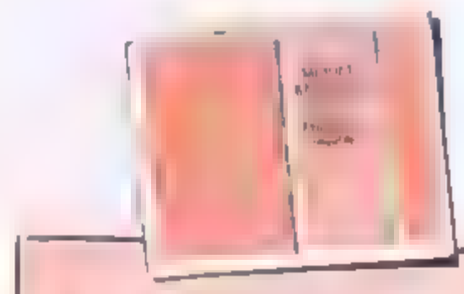
Such a kitchen is illustrated above in perspective and plan. It was the winner of first prize in a nation-wide architectural competition, in which plans submitted were judged by Miss Katherine A. Fisher, of Good Housekeeping, Miss Mabel Jewett Crosby, of The Ladies' Home Journal, and Messrs. Charles A. Schneider, James Wilson Thomas and John Henri Deeken, prominent and successful residence architects.

And now we offer to the women of America a beautiful bound collection of the most interesting and valuable of these plans, together with the comments of the Jury of Award. They contain many ingenious suggestions for time-saving and labor-saving kitchen arrangements. They show how the use of Frigidaire can greatly improve the plan of kitchens for new homes—and they show, too, how Frigidaire, installed in your own ice-box, can produce a remarkable transformation in the convenience and efficiency of your present kitchen.

There is only one electric refrigerator named Frigidaire. It is a product of General Motors—made and guaranteed by Delco-Light Company, the world's largest builder of electric refrigerators. There are more than 200,000 Frigidaires now in use. Any Frigidaire may be purchased on the GMAC deferred payment plan.

Write today for the Frigidaire Kitchen Plan Book and the Frigidaire Catalog. Simply mail the coupon below.

This coupon will bring you the Frigidaire Kitchen Plan Book. Mail it today.



DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY,
Dept. B-192, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me, without cost, the Frigidaire Kitchen Plan Book and the Frigidaire Catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, Dept. B-192, DAYTON, OHIO
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

Frigidaire
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

Beauty—safeguard it

Do as all the world is doing—preserve the natural loveliness, which even sunlight cannot rob of its charm, by following this proved rule in skin care

A BEAUTIFUL complexion lost is hard to call back again. A beautiful complexion safeguarded, and made *more* beautiful, is a simple matter in skin care.

Women all over the world have found that to be true. The thousands of pretty skins you see everywhere today overwhelmingly prove the point. Nature's way is the only true complexion insurance.

Start by ending artificial ways in skin care. Follow natural ways as foremost skin authorities urge. The most widely advised skin care of today starts with the *proved rule* below. Just the simple rule of keeping the pores open, and the skin gently cleansed every day, with the soothing lather of Palmolive.

Follow this rule for one week—
Note then the changes in your skin

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

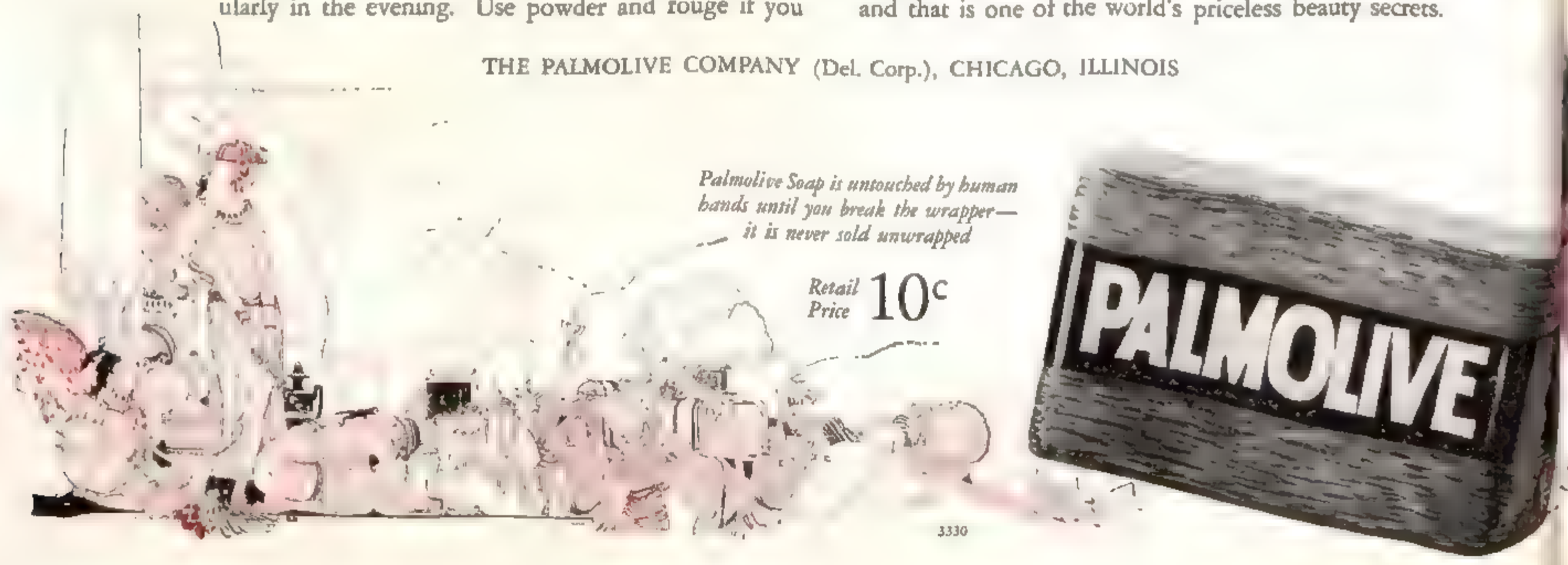
And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS


Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped
Retail Price 10c
PALMOLIVE
3330

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap, and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

TOMATO VITAMINS

BALANCE

—vital for cook books as well as account books

FOLKS are mighty particular about balancing a financial account, but what about their health account where balanced eating is all important?

Eat more tomatoes and Snider tomato products and you balance a serious shortage in many foods—the lack of vital vitamins.

Snider's Catsup, for example, is made from the food now known to lead all others in vitamins, that element which health demands.

And the careful Snider process accomplishes this very difficult result—by cooking and bottling the tomatoes the same day they are picked Snider is able to retain the rich supply of vitamins found in the fresh tomato.

So here you have a good health reason as well as a good appetite reason to use more Snider's Catsup at table and as a cooking flavoring. Order a bottle today of the old-time favorite that adds zest and adds vitamins.

Snider's

TOMATO PRODUCTS

Important booklet—free. For better health and appetite read the story of vitamins and tomatoes. Address Snider, 1020 So Wabash Ave, Chicago

(Continued from Page 82)

concession asked of the miners by the coal commission's report was that they should at least consider a temporary reduction of wages while the industry was being reorganized. The Miners' Federation flatly refused to consider such reductions. There was therefore no real possibility of successful negotiation; but nevertheless negotiations continued, and the owners, under pressure from the government, withdrew their demand that in future the industry should revert to the old system of district agreements, based on local conditions, and very reluctantly agreed to negotiate once more on the basis of a national agreement.

On that day was signed, but not issued, a royal proclamation stating: "Whereas the present immediate threat of cessation of work in coal mines does, in our opinion, constitute a state of emergency within the meaning of the said [Emergency Powers, 1920] Act . . . we do, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, hereby declare that a state of emergency exists." Under that Emergency Powers Act, the government became invested with plenary powers whenever it chose to exercise them.

Forestalling Blacklegs

The next day, Saturday, May first, the executive committee of the Trades Union Congress assembled in London, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald being present. The first resolution passed was "to form the General Council of the T. U. C. into a general headquarters for the present dispute. All negotiations arising out of the dispute, and all developments and questions of policy and administrative action will be done on the undivided responsibility of this central body." The proceedings were strictly private, but at the termination of them the press was informed that the General Council had decided to call a general strike, beginning on Monday midnight, if a settlement of the miners' dispute had not been reached by that time. A schedule of the trades immediately affected also was issued.

These trades were: Transport, including all affiliated unions connected with transport—that is, railways, sea transport, docks, wharves, harbors, canals, road transport, railway repair shops, and contractors for railways, and all unions connected with the maintenance of them, or with equipment, manufacturing, repairs, and groundsmen employed in connection with air transport; printing trades, including the press; productive industries, iron and steel, metal and heavy chemicals; building trade, except those engaged in housing schemes and hospital work; electricity and gas—power, but not light, to be cut off.

It was recommended that food services should be left alone. Incitement to disorder was strongly deprecated.

Finally the General Council directed that "the trades unions concerned shall take steps to keep a daily register to account for every one of their members. It should be made known that any workers called upon to cease work should not leave their own district, and by following another occupation, or the same occupation in another district, blackleg their fellow worker." This indicated a very shrewd apprehension of the real temper of their own rank and file, and of what actually later did occur. It was announced that the leaders concerned had immediately telegraphed the strike orders to their respective districts.

At this final moment, however, so eagerly anticipated by the Left-Wing section, the General Council was by no means unanimous in its enthusiasm for extreme measures. It contained men like Mr. J. H. Thomas, the immensely powerful secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, who was definitely Right Wing and had never concealed his dislike for the general strike. Unable to turn the General Council from the purpose which had so long been schemed for, they nevertheless exercised a restraining influence. It was, moreover, on all counts desirable as far as possible to save face with the community at large. Therefore the General Council officially advised the government that they had taken over the conduct of the dispute, and that they "held themselves available at any moment should the government desire to discuss the matter further"; they made no reference to their orders for the general strike.

Mr. Baldwin immediately invited their representatives to meet him. Conversations, fruitless but not definitely hopeless, continued until after midnight and were adjourned until nine P.M. on Sunday night. Once more the continuation of the subsidy was demanded. Mr. Baldwin stated that before granting it he must receive assurances that the miners would be prepared to negotiate on the basis of the report of the commission, and particularly with regard to the view of the commission that some reduction of the highest paid men's wages was indispensable if the seven-hour day was to be retained. But neither on the Saturday nor when conversations were resumed at nine P.M. on Sunday could he obtain such assurances. The conversations therefore temporarily ceased.

In the meantime, authorized or unauthorized—the matter has never been made clear—someone had pressed the button. The whole socialist movement had never made any secret of its intention, when the great moment arrived, to shut down the entire "capitalist" press. Thus they hoped on the one hand to make it extremely difficult for the government to issue its orders and to mobilize the community against them; and on the other hand they hoped, profiting by the complete annihilation of all reliable news, to excite the masses by fantastic rumors.

It was with shrewd calculation that they had included the silencing of the press in their strike orders for Monday night. But on that Sunday evening the London members of the printers' union took premature action. They objected to the editorials prepared for the Monday morning issue of several of the London newspapers, and in the case of the Daily Mail—whose subsequently famous leader For King and Country, though emphatically against the strike, was certainly not provocative—they refused to allow the paper to be produced.

Proclamation of Emergency

At midnight this significant news reached the cabinet. For a long time past the government could have had no illusions as to the real nature of the crisis which had been forced on it. This was unmistakably the first shot in a long-prepared battle. It immediately terminated the negotiations, sending to the T. U. C. a letter which stated:

"Since the discussions which have taken place . . . it has come to the knowledge of the government not only that specific instructions have been sent under the authority of the executive of trades-unions . . . directing their members to carry out a general strike on Tuesday next but that overt acts have already taken place, including gross interference with the freedom of the press. Such action involves a challenge to the constitutional rights and freedom of the nation. His Majesty's Government, therefore, before it can continue negotiations, must require from the Trades Union Committee both a repudiation of the actions referred to that have already taken place and an immediate and unconditional withdrawal of the instructions for a general strike."

The T. U. C. replied at length and evasively. It did not repudiate the alleged actions, but denied knowledge of them, and declined to withdraw the strike notices.

The next day the government issued its Royal Proclamation of Emergency, and contemptuously ignored the effrontery of the T. U. C.'s offer to "undertake the distribution of food supplies"—in other words, to control them. Volunteers began to form in queues at newly opened government recruiting offices. The London evening papers were successively shut down by their printing staffs, resolute not to allow the government's various announcements to appear. The fight—craved for and plotted for during half a generation by the ardently militant socialists who believed that a general strike "would bring capitalism to its knees in a very few weeks"; more and more dreaded as an eventual but disastrous certainty by the bulk of the nation—was on.

Outside the socialist ranks, which rallied as one man, a small percentage, indeed, of people with liberal and radical opinions condemned the precipitancy with which the government had terminated the negotiations. The overwhelming majority emphatically approved the firmness of the government in refusing further to negotiate until the orders for the general strike were unconditionally withdrawn. They constituted a challenge to which no government could submit and continue to survive.

From Blind Obedience

This article is concerned only with analyzing the causes and results of the conflict; it does not propose to detail the incidents which filled almost every newspaper in the world. But it is essential that the general situation when the strike broke out should be clearly defined. The Trades Union Congress, partly in alarm at the popular reaction their policy had immediately provoked, partly as a measure of tactics, loudly proclaimed from the beginning that the strike was purely industrial and not directed against the constitution. Should it succeed there would, of course, be plenty of opportunity for giving it an expressed political purpose; pretexts in plenty could be adduced.

The strike was directed not against any group or groups of employers, but specifically against the government itself. There was, indeed, an industrial dispute—by the action of the T. U. C. now eclipsed in a greater issue—between the mine owners and the miners; a dispute in which the owners received no sympathy whatever from the public, and the miners received fully as much as was their due. In all the other industries thus suddenly paralyzed there was neither dispute nor even discontent. They were all working under agreements which had not yet expired, trade was slowly reviving, for the first time the unemployment totals had dropped below the million mark, the cost-of-living figures were gradually but surely improving.

The whole of the membership of the trades-unions faithfully obeyed the order to strike on the morning of May fourth. But they did not do so because they had any quarrel with their employers. They obeyed because, for generations past, loyalty to their unions had been inculcated into them as the supreme loyalty; a large minority, indeed, obeyed with openly expressed reluctance, and many of them with tears in their eyes. Their opinion had never been asked, their wishes never consulted. They knew themselves to be wrecking valuable agreements which might not easily be renewed. In any case, they were plunging themselves and their families into destitution and want. Almost a half of them were not even socialists. They obeyed, true to their allegiance to those who might be in control of the machine.

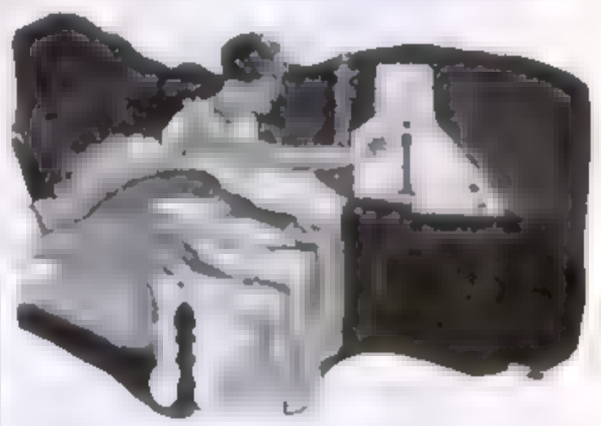
What the nation did not know—what even the socialist leaders did not know—was the extent to which the industrial masses were permeated with revolutionary feeling and would provide the spontaneous uprising upon which a section of them were counting.

This was soon to be revealed. The strike, from the second day, began to fail, as it was

Let the Gas Company Heat Your Home

A warm home to live in—

—A cool home to sleep in



—Without shoveling—or ashes—or deliveries—or any "furnace tending"

Not even a glance at the heating plant for weeks at a time!

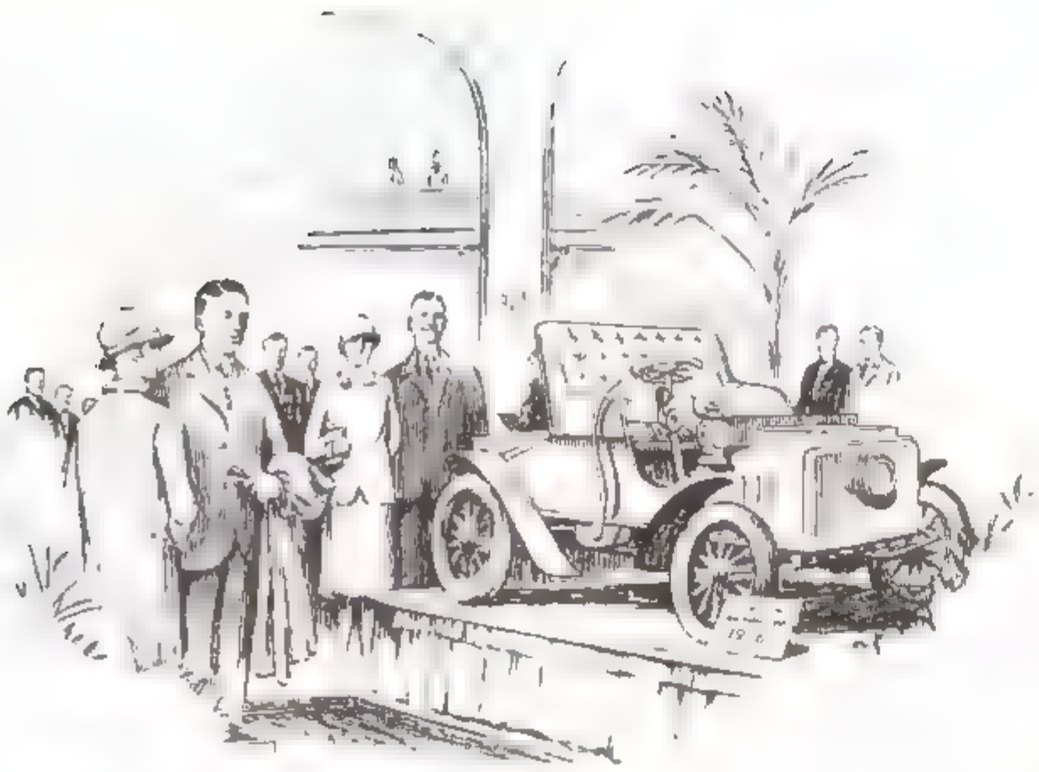
Free yourself, next winter and every winter thereafter, from incessant furnace-tending.

Efficient gas heating plants—designed and built solely for burning gas fuel—and the lower gas rates granted by many gas companies—have brought absolute freedom from all heating cares well within reach of most home owners.

Write for booklet on house-heating.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. CO.
1785 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Branches in 36 Principal Cities

BRYANT GAS HEATING



Today smiles at yesterday's perfection

How perfect we thought the automobile of 1906—when the world was 20 years younger! But we who know the luxurious cars of today, now smile at its obvious discomforts and shortcomings, just as we may well smile at the wonderful improvements in certain important parts of the automobile itself.

Consider the gasket. The Fitzgerald Never-Leak Gasket of today is as big an improvement over the old style open-edge gasket as is the 1926 automobile over the best car of 20 years ago. And for the same reason. Fitzgerald's 20 years' experience in manufacturing gaskets has resulted in a master product.

THE NEVER-LEAK GASKET

is a bound-edge gasket constructed under our exclusive patent—far superior to gaskets without this bound-edge feature. In a Never-Leak Gasket all edges, including the outside edges, are copper bound. It is further reinforced by a laminated copper steel insert which gives it all the advantages of copper plus the tensile strength and heat-resisting qualities of steel.

A Never-Leak Gasket, properly applied, *will not blow out*. It hugs the cylinder head so closely that no leakage of gas is possible—it is built for long life, priced fairly, and made so much better that it has won the preference of progressive repairmen everywhere.

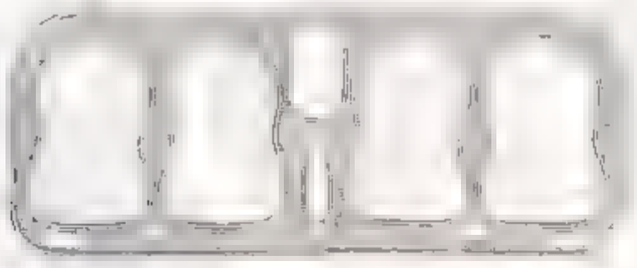
Demand a NEVER-LEAK for your car and end all loss of power by gas leakage. Every Never-Leak Gasket is sold with a guarantee that, properly applied, it will give perfect service until it is necessary to remove the cylinder head for other causes.

Any of the better garages can fit your car with a Never-Leak today—there's a size for every standard make of car, truck or tractor.

It pays to seek a Never-Leak

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

TORRINGTON, CONN.



NEVER-LEAK Cylinder Head Gaskets

bound to fail. Apart from the great reservoir of previously unemployed labor, those who had plotted it had overlooked two factors which made their success impossible—the immense recent increase in privately owned motor vehicles, and the radio. Five times a day news was broadcast, and the announcements of the government reached millions of anxious listeners. Five times a day, in hundreds of thousands of working-class homes, the cheap crystal set announced the lengthening list of railroad services, the steadily progressive resumption of trolley car and omnibus routes with volunteer drivers, the vast road-transport organization for the distribution of food, and last but not least, the absolute quiet in the country as a whole.

This was an impressive fact. Whether the promoters of the strike were pleased at being thus taken at their word, the great mass of the strikers obeyed meticulously the instructions of the General Council to refrain from any action which might justify the action of the police. It was conspicuously evident that revolutionary ardor was utterly lacking in them.

The communists, indeed, worked feverishly to provoke trouble, and did in fact here and there create disturbances by hooligan mobs; but few genuine trades-unionists were in those mobs, composed for the most part of street-corner boys, petty criminals and the riffraff of the population. So far from being revolutionary, thousands of the strikers put on their wartime medals to evidence their loyalty to the state, and in at least one place a football match, Strikers versus Police, was arranged and amicably played.

Moreover, the strikers were beginning to enroll themselves, as the T. U. C. itself had feared, as government volunteer workers in areas other than their own. At one of the London centers, to give a typical example, after the first three days, workingmen volunteers outnumbered those of the upper and middle classes, and increased in the last three days of the strike to between 80 and 90 per cent of the total. Each of those men was questioned, and it was officially ascertained that approximately half that number were strikers eluding the strike pickets in their own districts.

By the fourth day the General Council of the T. U. C.—never thoroughly unanimous—was despairing of success. More than 1700 trains had run the previous day. The government was still enrolling special constables by tens of thousands. Nevertheless, the council decided to give the screw another turn, and it issued urgent orders to the railway and transport unions to allow no transport of foodstuffs without the T. U. C.'s permits—which, issued, were to be withdrawn and revised—and particularly to prevent the removal of foodstuffs from the docks and cold stores.

When the Worm Turns

With a shortage of food, the situation might easily yet become acute—in revolutionary parlance, ripe. The position was especially precarious in London, where, from the beginning of the strike, great mobs of strikers and others—technically pickets—had prevented access to the docks and to where retailers' stocks of flour and meat were running low. The following day, however, the government instituted a regular service of great convoys to and from the docks under such powerful military escort as made any attempt at interference not only impossible but unthinkable, and that hope vanished.

The next day, Sunday, it was broadcast by the government that more than 106,000 railwaymen, out of a total of 700,000, had returned to work. On the Monday this tendency manifested itself—not on a large scale, but sufficient to be significant—all over the country. Everywhere men had begun to dribble back, and everywhere services were steadily increased. The solidarity which was at once the boast and the hope of the socialists was obviously disintegrating. In a few more days, at this rate, the General Council would no longer have a strike to direct. It decided to make one more effort. For the Tuesday it called out what was termed the second line—engineering, shipbuilding and other factory workers not hitherto affected. The result produced consternation. About 75 per cent of those workers flatly refused to obey and remained at work. The offices of the T. U. C. that night saw troubled men gathered together in recriminatory conclave.

For some days past, mediators headed by Sir Herbert Samuel, who had been chairman of the coal commission, and who emphasized that he was acting on his own initiative and could not in any way bind the government, had been trying to find a formula for the renewal—when the time arrived—of negotiations in the coal dispute. That night, when the messages of defeat came pouring in, the General Council sat to consider a memorandum from Sir Herbert Samuel, embodying such a formula. It was flatly rejected by the representatives of the Miners' Federation, but was accepted in principle by the General Council, glad to find a plausible way out, and it thereupon abandoned the miners' cause amid an exchange of angry words.

An Unconditional Surrender

The next morning, at twelve o'clock, the General Council—minus the miners—called in a body upon Mr. Baldwin at 10 Downing Street. Through its spokesman, Mr. Pugh, the chairman, it announced that the general strike was to be terminated forthwith. It was unconditional surrender. There was no discussion even of terms. The General Council merely "hoped that negotiations in the mining dispute may proceed in a manner which will bring about a satisfactory settlement."

It is true that, immediately they returned to their headquarters, they issued through their own special strike newspaper a statement which implied they had terminated the strike on conditions. The government, however, the same day twice broadcast, via the radio, the verbatim stenographer's report of the General Council's interview with the Prime Minister. The entire country was made aware, beyond the smallest doubt, that the great general strike which was to "bring capitalism to its knees" had ended in what one of the most prominent of the miners' leaders bitterly but accurately termed abject surrender.

The government had won a complete victory. It remained to see what use it would make of it. One outstanding result of the struggle had been to make Mr. Baldwin the most popular man in the British Isles. If at the commencement of the strike there was a tendency to reproach him with some acrimony for having failed—after the expenditure of £23,000,000 on the subsidy—to avert the catastrophe, during the crisis his calmness, his moderation and his quiet firmness of purpose had been not only the greatest asset the government possessed but a revelation to the entire country, socialists and nonsocialists alike.

It was immediately made evident that the same qualities of sobriety were to dictate the peace. That night, when the whole of Britain was awed and thrilled with a sense of deliverance comparable only to that of November 11, 1918, Mr. Baldwin sent out a simply worded but dignified message by radio in which, after restating the constitutional principle for which the government had fought, he said:

"Our business is not to triumph over those who have failed in a mistaken attempt. It is rather to rally them together as a whole in an attempt to restore the well-being of the nation."

The same note of chivalrous abstention from all vindictiveness, of refusal to recognize the hostility of classes in the totality of the nation, was struck in a message from the King, also broadcast that night:

"To my people: The nation has just passed through a period of extreme anxiety. It was today announced that the

Continued on Page 90

When Cowboys *were not* Movie Stars

LONG before the Wild West ever lost its wildness, there were Horton Washing Machines. Horton history, in fact, goes back to the *first* of all washing machines, itself a Horton.

That maiden Horton was built in 1871—years before Bell gave the world the telephone, and Edison the incandescent lamp!

Fifty-five years have passed—2860 Washdays! A great industry has grown up around Horton, the leader, whose leadership may best be expressed by the fact that the sales of Horton Washers and Ironers are sweeping ahead *three times faster* than the total sales of the whole industry!

It takes an extraordinarily good product to win and hold good will throughout 55 years.

Perhaps in the beginning, this Good Will toward Horton Washers and Ironers was inspired mainly by sentiment—the natural regard of the liberated for the liberator. But each passing year has unfailingly raised Horton higher and higher in the good graces of the public.

Horton Washers and Ironers are *bought* by women in local stores, just as other household necessities are bought—not *sold* by high-salaried crews of traveling salesmen calling from home to home.

Store-to-home distribution is not only natural, but economical. Thus can Horton expend extra care and quality in making superior Washers and Ironers.

When left to their own choice, if not hurried into buying, most women inevitably pick out a Horton.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY *(Established 1871)*, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

HORTON *Washers Ironers*

SOLD BY 9262 STORES

The "Chariot" of Jehu

The horse-drawn cab is today nearly as obsolete as the chariot driven so "furiously" by the original Jehu. The modern business man calls a motor cab.

Mopping and hand scrubbing are just as surely being supplanted by *electric* scrubbing. The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine will scrub *cleaner* and far more easily than hand methods. It will wax and polish, too—wood, linoleum, tile, cork, etc. It has proved a time and money saver for thousands of business concerns, large and small. Several models—a right type for every size, kind and condition of floor.

FREE BOOKLETS! "Your Questions Answered by Users," for business concerns and institutions. If interested in the new FINNELL Polisher and Scrubber for household use, ask for booklet, "Beautiful Floors." Address

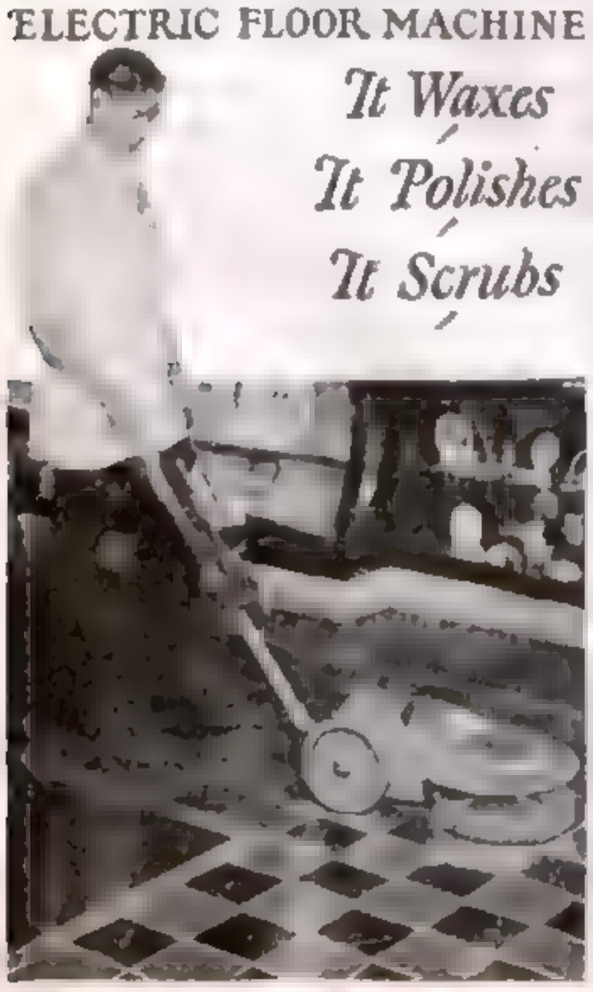
FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc.
107 Collier Street, Hannibal, Missouri
Floor machine headquarters for twenty years
District offices in principal cities of U. S. A.

Foreign Agencies:
Standard Bank Bldg., Ottawa, Ont., Canada
114 Southampton Row, London, W. C. 1, England
Kungsgatan 65, Stockholm, Sweden.

Note to the Public! When you see clean floors, remember that "Clean Floors reflect clean management, clean methods, clean business."

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

It Waxes
It Polishes
It Scrubs



(Continued from Page 88)

general strike had been brought to an end. At such a moment, it is supremely important to bring together all my people to confront the difficult situation which still remains. . . . Let us forget whatever elements of bitterness the events of the past few days may have created, only remembering how steady and how orderly the country has remained, though severely tested, and forthwith address ourselves to the task of bringing into being a peace which will be lasting, because, forgetting the past, it looks only to the future with the hopefulness of a united people."

The situation was indeed still difficult. The strikers, and even their leaders, seem to have imagined that once the strike was called off they could forthwith troop back to the work they had so brusquely quit. They were startled and dismayed to find that this was by no means the case. In the transport industry particularly, thousands of men had been newly engaged under the distinct promise, backed by the government, that their interests should be safeguarded. Orders had been canceled in every industry, and there was no longer immediate employment for the full pre-strike staffs.

Nonvindictive Victory

Finally, there was practically no trade-union agreement which had not been broken, and the employers were naturally determined not to reëngage their men until new agreements had been entered into. The railwaymen, the transport workers and the dockers, on the other hand, all declared vehemently that they would continue on strike unless and until the whole of the strikers were reinstated. At first it looked as if the general strike had merely dissolved into a number of individual strikes in the vital services.

Speedily, however, under the inspiration of the government, which declared that it would not tolerate any employer or group of employers using this virtual breakdown of trades-unionism to impose upon their workpeople less favorable terms of employment than those prevailing before the strike, negotiations in all the important industries were initiated. The trade-union leaders then realized that not only had they by their own act destroyed the standing of their unions with the employers but they and all their members found themselves personally and individually liable for damages and breach of contract, in as much as—and the principle had been solemnly affirmed in a legal judgment during the strike—a general strike was illegal, contrary to law and not covered by the Trades Disputes Act of 1906.

It was obviously not to the advantage of the country, however, that the trades-unions should disappear. All the great industries were accustomed to rely upon them for the making of collective contracts with their workpeople. One after the other, all the big unions hastened to conclude settlements, all modeled on the new agreement between the railways and the railwaymen's unions. That agreement, although studiously nonvindictive, was eloquent of the plight in which trades-unionism found itself:

1. Those employes of the railway companies who have gone out on strike to be taken back to work as soon as traffic offers and work can be found for them. [This utterly abandoned the claim of the railwaymen to go back all together or not at all.]

2. The trades-unions admit that in calling a strike they have committed a wrongful act against the companies and agree that the companies do not, by reinstatement, surrender their legal right to claim damages arising out of the strike from strikers and others responsible

3. The Unions undertake:

   a. Not again to instruct their members to strike without previous negotiations with the companies.

   b. To give no support of any kind to any of their members who take any unauthorized action.

   c. Not to encourage supervisory employes in the special class to take part in any strike.

4. The companies intimate that arising out of the strike it may be necessary to remove certain persons to other positions, but no such person's salary or wages will be reduced.

5. The settlement shall not extend to persons who have been guilty of violence or intimidation.

The settlement between the London Newspaper Proprietors' Association and the printers' unions had three significant clauses:

1. There shall be no interference with the contents of newspapers owned by members of this association.

3. There shall be no interference by members of the unions with the management of businesses, or with the right of the management to employ, promote or discharge members of the staffs.

5. The strict observance of agreements in the newspaper trades shall be regarded as a matter of honor affecting each individual employer or employe.

When the Unions Struck Out

The full effect of the defeat upon British trades-unionism cannot yet be measured. It is certain that in the days following the collapse the unions had to employ special orators to harangue their members in the street and to exhort them to remain within the unions—and those orators received a very severe heckling from their audiences. The whole movement was in chaotic disorder—a disorder which can be inferred from a manifesto that was issued by the General Council of the T. U. C. on May nineteenth:

"The General Council of the Trades Union Congress desires to urge upon its affiliated unions and their representatives not to be led into public controversy by statements on the part of those who for political, personal or other motives seek to make capital out of the policy of the council in relation to the recent strike.

"While such unwarranted terms as 'surrender,' 'betrayal' and so on are being applied to the General Council's decision to terminate the strike, the council has been guided in its policy by its knowledge of the facts and circumstances, the purpose for which the strike was called, and the responsibility that it holds to the trade-union movement as a whole.

"The council will take the opportunity to justify that policy to the authority from which its mandate was received, and a conference of the responsible executives of the affiliated unions has already been arranged."

It may safely be prophesied that at that conference the General Council will be far more occupied in explaining why it called the strike than why it terminated it. From the point of view of labor, it accomplished precisely nothing, except to fling thousands of men out of employment for an indefinite period. It certainly did not help the miners. The moment the strike was called off, the government took up the negotiations exactly at the point where they ceased. The result, from the trade-union standpoint, was summed up by Mr. Frank Hodges, secretary of the Miners' International and the predecessor of Mr. A. J. Cook as secretary of the Miners' Federation. In a public statement he said:

"This disaster, for such will be its description for many a long year, arises from the noticeable disposition in recent years to fly away from economic facts. . . . This episode may not be remembered by a name. Here there was no Black Friday, nor Red Friday, only a Gray Fortnight, during which the trade-union efforts of half a century crumbled before our very eyes."

Slogans Across the Sea

The great strike cost Britain an immense amount of money and a great anxiety. But, all things considered, the gain outweighed the loss. Had it done nothing but demonstrate—as it did conclusively—that the great industrial masses were not revolutionary, but on the contrary singularly impervious to revolutionary suggestions at a time of great crisis, the strike would have been worth while. The revolutionaries, whether they call themselves communists or Left-Wing socialists, have learned definitely that Britain is not Russia, and that there is no patent short way, as they firmly believed, to spring revolution upon it. They have learned not only that the despised bourgeoisie is singularly quick and competent to protect itself, but, what is even more disconcerting to them, that the workers of Britain have not the least desire to make a revolution.

The great mass of the nation has regained confidence in itself. From one end of the country to the other, it feels that a long-standing menace has been met and defeated. Characteristically it feels no vindictiveness, but rather a chivalrous sympathy for the strikers who were so disastrously misled. There is a conspicuous absence of any tendency to take advantage of the prostration of trades-unionism to lower the standards of life of the working class. Quite the contrary. Even before the strike, industrial Britain—employers and employed alike—had begun to awaken to the secret of American prosperity. Since the strike, employers and employed alike are beginning timidly to whisper the American slogan of Highest Possible Wages and Highest Possible Production. Very soon, unless the signs are altogether deceptive, they will be shouting it in unison, and Britain will once more begin to move forward to the restored prosperity of a happy and united people.

To the Women Motorists of America
Jimmy—the Courtesy Man—is proving a real motoring friend to the women of America.
Those various little courtesies which you may reasonably expect, Jimmy renders when you are buying gasoline and oil. We feel certain these little attentions have struck a responsive chord. You will always find Jimmy at a Fry-equipped service station. It will be well worth your while to seek out a Fry-equipped station and so get the benefit of the courteous service which Jimmy so willingly dispenses.
Jimmy! Buy from a Fry. There's one close by. Buy from Jimmy. Millions do.
Made in five and ten gallon capacities—both labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories.
Guarantee Liquid Measure Co., Rochester, Pa.
Fry Equipment Co., Ltd., 401 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto, Can.
Photos © Underwood & Underwood
FRY
Visible Pump
"Always Accurate"

Putting it up to the smoker

The match is an instrument of the most varied usefulness and the best intentions. Tobacco, in whatever form individual preference suggests, is intended only as a pleasure and a satisfaction. Neither of itself is an agent of destruction.

Yet "matches and smoking" year after year heads the list of causes contributing to the loss of more than $500,000,000 in property and to the tragic sacrifice of more than 15,000 lives.

"Matches and smoking" will cease to figure on the nation's fire records, will no longer tax the resources and endanger the lives of American citizens, when every match and every "smoke" is handled as it should be.

North America Agents can help you to eliminate preventable fire. Success means greater safety for everyone, greater prosperity and lower costs for insurance protection.

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

INA 1792
The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

PEOPLE AGAINST CASTANO

(Continued from Page 23)

drunken stupor; it was the attitude of a body lost to sensation, and it was the posture of a man fallen in death.

"Murder," said Antony, suddenly quieted. He went to his knees beside the slain man. He moved slowly, pressed on by the necessity for action, but knowing not what to do. The creaking of feet on the loose parquet flooring of an inner room gave him his cue. He leaped up, ran to the pistol, snatched it up, and charged into the room whence had come the sound of footsteps. The feet were running now, fleeing; he heard them pounding through the kitchen. He heard the reverberation of a door snatched open and flung back into place. He bolted into a private hall, quested about, and found the pantry that gave through a kitchen into the service hall of the house.

He sprang to the outer door of the kitchen, yanked it open, and jumped into the dark service hall. He halted now, looking up, looking down, listening. Had the killer fled up the stairs, thinking to escape over the roofs? Had he darted down there to find an exit from the cellar? Where—where?

He has said that he did not know whom he was following, did not think to guess. It is reasonable to believe him in that.

A faint scuffling as of feet came up to him through the stair well and decided him; he flung himself recklessly downward, negotiating the steps three or four at a time. The sun had gone down—a long start secured and the murderer would lose himself in the darkening street.

He was at the head of the last flight when he saw looming before him the bulky shape of a policeman in uniform.

"Must have gone up," ejaculated Antony, wheeling.

"Halt!" cried the officer. "Halt or I'll shoot!"

"There's a man been killed upstairs!"

"And where are you running from? Hand over that gun! Quick! Now come on back upstairs."

"Let go my arm."

"Never mind about your arm. Walk right ahead, young fellow. Up you go!"

They climbed the stairs that Antony had descended so hastily. The service door to apartment 4-A was still open. They entered.

There was a cheerfully excited group in the foyer, with additions arriving.

"That's him!" exclaimed the West Indian hallboy.

"Know him?" asked the officer.

"Sure do. He come in and said he'd wash me in blood if I didn't fetch him to Mr. Mallon's apartment. Yes, sah! And when I was fetching the lady down that he come spying after, he sneaks upstairs and tries to bash in the door. Yes, sah, that's him."

"Did you see that pistol on him?"

"I wouldn't be certain sure it was that identical lethal weapon," said the colored man conscientiously. "Must have had a pistol with him, though. Yes, sah, he had a pistol; can't be no reasonable doubt of that."

"Did you see the pistol?"

"Must have seen it, sah. Yes, sah!"

"Followed a woman to the apartment with a gun," said the policeman, drawing out a notebook.

"Listen," said Antony disgustedly, "don't make a blamed fool out of yourself in public, will you, officer? Are you trying to argue I shot this man?"

"Who is he?" said the officer, gesturing toward the dead man with his head.

"It's the tenant, name of Mallon, sah," said the West Indian.

"Know him?" he jerked out at Antony Castano.

"Saw him down on Third Avenue this morning for the only time in my life," said Antony wearily. "I thought the name was Mahler."

"Was anybody else in this flat?" asked the policeman.

"Less'n a man came about two o'clock," said the West Indian. "Man in a brown overcoat and big collar turned up to hide him. Must have walked down."

"And who was the woman?"

"Never seen her before. Friend of the prisoner, he said."

"Who was she?"

"What's the difference?" said Antony. "Let's go around to the station house, for Christmas' sake, and get this thing straightened out. I got to get back to my work."

II

IN THE Hotel Abernathy a poker game was in session in a private room. The Abernathy was even at that time a second-class hotel, comfortable, easy-going, its high nap worn off, patronized by traveling salesmen and buyers, the residence of well-fixed bachelors who weren't too particular. It had had its young flush of fashion and fastidiousness, and had still before it the disreputable old age that ordinarily completes the life cycle of metropolitan hotels.

This poker game was an Abernathy institution, beginning at the stroke of eight P.M. and cashing in its chips at two o'clock in the morning. It was a stiff little game for those days, chips selling at two hundred dollars a stack, and had its own devoted clientele, made up of fifteen or twenty substantial New Yorkers, each man coming religiously on his day certain or being required to apologize for not leading a regular life.

Among these devoted men was Counselor Ambrose Hinkle—the famous Little Amby of the Criminal Courts. On his nights for card playing, he arrived at eight, stayed until two, went down into the bar and drank just two ponies of Napoleon brandy and walked up Broadway to the Knickerbocker.

He read the morning paper in bed until his last cigar went out in his mouth; he had a professional love for method and orderly ways.

Three diamond rings flashed from the hand that he put forth to draw in his cards; he loved fine gems and wore a row of them. There was mute evidence to Little Amby's prestige in New York's underworld; it is doubtful that another New Yorker of the time could have long combined a habit of wearing two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds with a habit of walking on two-o'clock-in-the-morning Broadway. Holdup men and their spotters—loafing in hotel lobbies, sitting at cabaret tables, drifting through gambling hells—looked at those gems as knowingly as any lapidary, and tactfully ignored them, for their wearer was Little Amby.

A frown was on his narrow face this evening; his black eyes glanced aside unkindly at a fellow who stood by his chair and distracted him from the game by apologetic but persistent whispering. The fellow was one of his runners, one of the gang of business getters that worked for him in station houses and police courts and the waiting rooms of hospitals.

"Did you try to get Cohen?" snapped Little Amby for the second time. He shrugged his narrow shoulders and stood up. "Matter of business," he said. "Back in an hour."

He went out into the lobby and to a telephone booth and called up the Night Court. "Mike there?" he said. "Tell him it's Hinkle. . . . Mike? Hello. I'll be up there right away for the hearing in the Castano case—that homicide this afternoon over on the West Side. Have it ready for me, will you?"

He went out into Broadway and caught a cab and rode to the Night Court.

It may have been by chance that the clerk called "Antony Castano!" when Little Amby appeared in the center aisle of the court room.

Antony, sitting beside a police custodian and watching the mill of justice working overtime—with a speed that appalled him, now that he was part of its grist—rose to his feet and obeyed the official pull on his sleeve: he walked to the counsel table below the judge. The judge glanced down at Antony and turned away, resuming a low-voiced but cheerful conversation with a friend who sat beside him on the dais.

Antony felt a light slap on the back and looked aside and down and saw Little Amby.

"You big son-of-a-gun," said Little Amby. "Where do you get off to use a gun? A little fellow like me, now—do you speak English, Tony?"

"('ertainly," said Antony—pronouncing it "Soit'nly," and establishing by that his native birth. "Are you the lawyer? Listen, they're not going to try me for murder right away, are they?"

"Don't worry, son. This hearing is all to the good. I'll let it go far enough to find out what they have on you, and then I'll stop it."

"They'll let me tell how it happened, won't they?"

"They would—but I won't. We might change our mind about how it happened before we go to trial downtown," said Little Amby with a wink. "Stop worrying, Tony; you got a lawyer now." And to the judge he said in a loud voice, "If Your Honor pleases."

The judge looked down. "Good evening, Mr. Hinkle," he said; and he beckoned. When Little Amby stepped upon the platform and leaned over the desk, the judge said, "Meet the great Little Amby, Otto. Mr. Krauter's got a very nice pork-products business on West Street, Amby. . . . Otto, here's a man you want to know if you ever get in a jam . . . give him a few of your cards, Amby. Amby, Otto here was asking me to run down to Lakewood with him for a couple of weeks; he's afraid to go alone. Well, I can't go, but I'm telling him where to go—to Minahan's! Fun? . . . Otto, you'll have the time of your life. Ask Amby! . . . Amby, tell Otto about the racket of the Eeru Club at Minahan's last June. Oh, go on and tell it. . . . Under the trees, you know, Otto, and some kind of big bugs were flying around like baseballs, and we were catching them and standing them on their heads in the beer ——"

So Little Amby told Mr. Krauter about the time they caught the June bugs and stood them on their heads in the beer, while the court room wondered quakingly whose fate was being settled now, and decided to get that little fellow for a lawyer next time.

The district attorney came out of the judge's chamber, and the preliminary examination of Antony Castano proceeded. The first witness was the policeman who had made the arrest. He testified that he had apprehended the prisoner while the latter was running from the scene of the crime, pistol in hand.

Little Amby was sitting by Antony, and he turned his head aside to cross-examine, giving an effect of casualness. He did not stand up.

"Did he point the pistol at you, officer?"

"That I cannot say, counselor."

"Why not?"

"I don't remember."

"You mean to say you don't remember when a man points a pistol at you and offers to shoot you?"

"But he didn't do that, counselor."

"Sure?"

"Absolutely."

The colored hallboy took the stand next. He told, under the district attorney's guidance, of having been threatened with death by Antony when he refused to permit him to go upstairs, and of how Antony eluded him and ran upstairs brandishing a pistol. He said that he was downstairs in the main hall, talking to a tenant—a Miss Speiser,

Your 2nd Shot Should Get Home

But unless you play the right club for the distance, you'll find yourself "short", "over" or "in trouble". Scientific club designing has perfected a system of numbering clubs for distance—No. 1 (driving iron), No. 2 (midiron), No. 3 (mid-mashie iron), No. 4 (mashie iron) and so on to No. 10. 13 perfectly designed and perfectly made clubs—3 woods, 10 irons—are now at your dealer's under the trade name of

GRAND SLAM GOLF CLUBS

Go see them—"feel" them—and you'll understand how they will lower your scores and help you get more enjoyment from this great game.

The price is $7 each for the wood clubs, $5 for the irons; $2 each additional for steel shafts. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct to us, asking for a copy of "*Happier Golf*", a catalog, and more. Free.

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.,
INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
For 50 years manufacturers of Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats

Part and Parcel of your Camp Equipment

When vacation rolls around and you "go back to nature" for a few weeks, there are still a few personal items that the average person refuses to neglect. That's why you will find Brown & Sharpe clippers listed in the equipment of many camping parties. For keeping the children's hair clipped down to summer comfort and your own head neat and trim, no other clipper will do the work so smoothly and easily.

News dispatches from Constantinople tell of a Bedouin queen who bobbed her hair because of a determination to look younger and more beautiful than her rivals in the palace. Doubtless the Oriental barber who assisted in this master stroke used Brown & Sharpe clippers, for they are sold all over the world. In America ninety out of every hundred barbers use them.

Barber shops are not the only places you will find Brown & Sharpe clippers. It is estimated that over 2,000,000 American homes are now using clippers to keep the edges of the hair neat and trim—on heads that are bald, bobbed or shaggy. Make the Brown & Sharpe clipper your family tool—it will last a lifetime and rarely need sharpening.

Our clipper especially designed for home use is packed in a neat case. Upon request we will gladly send the mother or daughters of the family our booklet on bobbed hair, "Keeping the Smart Bob Smart."

BROWN & SHARPE

Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

then in court—when he heard Antony banging on the door and shouting, and went up to warn him. That he came down in the car and ran for a policeman, but heard two pistol shots before leaving the car.

"Bang, bang! Like that—yes, sah."

"When did you first see that pistol?" asked Little Amby. "Wasn't it when the officer brought the prisoner back in the flat?"

"No, sah."

"When?"

"When he first came in, sah, brandishing that lethal weapon, sah."

"And that's why you wouldn't take him up in the elevator?"

"Yes, sah."

"And he went up the stairs. You saw him go up the stairs?"

"Yes, sah."

"Where was the pistol?"

"In his hand, sah."

"Then you went upstairs in the car and came back. What were you talking to Miss Speiser about?"

"Ain't got nothing to do with this case, sah."

"What were you talking to her about?"

"Well, sah, Miss Speiser say to me if I will put my fingers down her ice-box waste and see is there a mouse down there. I say to Miss Speiser, 'Miss Speiser, I most generally a most obliging person, but most generally the tenants oblige me with a quarter.' She say—Miss Speiser say—'Wilfred, will you do it for a dime?' I say 'Miss Speiser, a dime ain't funds enough to discuss about. But, Miss Speiser, for you I would do it this once for fifteen cents.' She say—Miss Speiser say—'Wilfred, will you do it two times for a quarter, if it gets stopped up again?' And I say, 'Miss Speiser, yes and no. Yes, if I gets the quarter this time.'"

"And this conference with Miss Speiser took place after you had seen the prisoner run upstairs with a loaded pistol, and threatening death to one of the tenants? That's all."

Miss Speiser took the stand. She was a commonplace little old maid who was both pleased and alarmed at the concentrated attention of so many men. Her eyes glanced like a chicken's, and she answered questions in a half shout.

She testified that she had heard two pistol shots after Wilfred had left her in the hall and while she was waiting for his final and irrevocable decision on the question of feeling for mice in her ice-box waste.

"You know that a door was broken upstairs at about the time you think you heard pistol shots?" asked Little Amby.

"Yes, I do."

"How do you know?"

"The district attorney told me, and asked me if I could swear positively that I had heard pistol shots."

"And could you?"

"After I had thought it over, yes,"

"Did you ever hear a door being burst from its lock before, Miss Speiser?"

"Decidedly not. It is not my custom ——"

"Never mind that. That's all, Miss Speiser. Just a moment—did you ever hear a pistol fired?"

"I don't recall, really. No, I don't think I did."

One of the customers who had been present in the hardware store that morning was sworn. He testified that he had witnessed a fist fight between the decedent and the prisoner, and that the decedent had broken free and escaped in his car, and that the prisoner had called after him, 'You treated that girl crooked, and I'm going to kill you.'"

"Was anybody else present, besides you and the prisoner and the decedent?"

"Yes, the girl and her old gentleman were there. Her old gent started the fight. He sails into the fellow that was knocked off, starting in a big way with talking about his honor and all this and that, and then he hauls off and swings on him. And the next thing the young fellow—the prisoner, yes—goes back and puts a slug on this fellow, and begins to brutalize him, saying he will learn him, and what he done to the girl, and this and that, when the fellow slips away and lams for his car outside. And then he says about looking him up and killing him."

Little Amby did not cross-examine, merely noting the witness' name and address. The last witness was Mr. Zahn.

"You knew the decedent?" asked the district attorney.

"From coming in the store," said Mr. Zahn.

"You had a fist fight with him, did you, this morning?"

"No, sir. That's a lie. A difference of opinion. I might have had, but I did not strike him. He struck me."

"What was that difference of opinion about?"

"I cannot answer this, sir. It is a matter too delicate for speaking about, sir. The reputation must not be questioned or it is gone. It is a matter of honor."

"A matter of the family honor?"

"Of the honor of the name, sir."

"Have you found the woman?" asked the judge of the district attorney. "The woman the prisoner followed to the flat."

"Not yet, sir."

"If she turns out to be this man's daughter, your case is complete," volunteered the magistrate. "But you have enough here. It is evident that murder has been done here, and there is sufficient reason to believe that this man is the guilty party. Unless he wants to make a statement—how about that, Mr. Hinkle?"

"We'll waive further examination, Your Honor," said Little Amby, glancing impatiently at the clock.

"Held to answer," said the magistrate, reaching for the commitment papers. "No bail."

"See you downtown," said Little Amby, patting Antony's back again. "Don't open your mouth to say aye, yes or no, until Cohen sees you tomorrow in the Tombs, understand?"

"The Tombs!" exclaimed Antony. "They're going to take me to the Tombs? Why, they can't take me to the Tombs. I don't know a thing about this murder, I'm telling you. I had nothing to do with it. I "

"That's the line, son," said Little Amby, pleased with his client. "Keep that up! Leave the planning to us and we'll get you out of your troubles. Save your questions for Cohen tomorrow."

He thrust his notebook into his breast and walked briskly from the court room. He hailed a taxicab on Ninth Avenue, and jumped in. "The Abernathy," he said. "Step on it, will you? I'm late."

III

LITTLE AMBY walked into the Park Place Building, rode up to the twenty-seventh floor, entered an office on whose ground-glass door was lettered Quentin Landyre, Counselor-at-law, and sent in his card to the inner room.

Mr. Landyre was a tall, thin man, with red-gray hair, deep-set gray eyes, and an air of knowing what he was about. He acknowledged the importance of his visitor by being slightly more attentive than usual.

"This morning's Law Journal carried a notice that letters of administration were issued to you in the estate of Lewis T. Mahler," said Little Amby.

"Yes?"

"I represent young Castano, who is accused of killing Mahler. Any information concerning Mahler would be of interest to me; his life wasn't exactly an open book. He seems to have had no relatives, no friends, no business associates ——"

"He had business associates; worse luck for them," said Mr. Landyre. "I represent them. As you say, there were no relatives or even friends—if he hadn't had something over a hundred dollars in his pockets, he'd have gone to potter's field. And nobody came forward with a will, so the creditors petitioned the surrogate to appoint an administrator, and he appointed me."

"Is it a large estate?"

"There is no net estate," said Mr. Landyre. "The only assets are the hardware business he had up there on Eighty-—— Street just off Broadway and the one-story taxpayer that the business was housed in; and they're sunk in the debts.

"He bought this hardware business about eight months ago, building and all, putting up a few hundred dollars cash and about seventy thousand dollars in mortgages and notes. He bought the business from an old merchant named Ware who wanted to retire from business; Mahler went right ahead under the old firm name. He bought forty-three thousand dollars' worth of goods in the last two months, and he hasn't paid for them, and he isn't going to. I can't find the goods, or cash, or credits; he seems to have shipped the stuff out in bulk."

"Bought for a bust," nodded Little Amby. "But how about the building and land—isn't the real estate valuable? It should be, on Eighty-—— Street just off Broadway."

"The real estate is worth about the amount of the mortgages," said Landyre, shrugging his shoulders. "It's a plot of forty feet front, and it's worth about sixty thousand dollars, and it's mortgaged for sixty thousand to old Ware."

"Not much for you to do then, is there?"

"No, there isn't. There may be a thousand or two in stock at an auction price, and I might get some speculator to give me about as much for the land and building."

"I'm sorry there's no net estate."

"Why?"

"I'd discover somebody who had a beneficial interest in putting a bullet into Mahler," said Little Amby. "He was a sort of swindler, was he? There's an idea. Perhaps one of his creditors saw the account would be a total loss and went quietly around to Mahler's house and shot him. Some fellow he rooked badly. What do you think?"

"I'd be glad to offer you one of my clients as the killer," smiled Landyre, "but they're all big corporations out in the Middle West, and none of them would bother to call a special board meeting for such a loss, not to speak of arranging to have the debtor shot."

"But, here," said Little Amby. "When Mahler was found dead he had in his pocket a contract to sell that Eighty-—— Street property. Why, that was how you found out that Mahler and the tenant Mallon were the same person. He had evidently received an unsigned contract from a broker, and he had signed it and was on his way down to hand it to the buyer and take his payment when he was interrupted."

"I'm aware of that," said Mr. Landyre. "He was going to get four thousand cash for his equity, but the buyer hadn't signed the contract and he has since refused to go through with it. We knew about that contract even before word came to us from the police," he continued. "We had been investigating Mahler, and he would have been arrested if he had brought that contract downtown for delivery. We had Federal men waiting for him. We couldn't find him, since he was keeping away from the store and we didn't know where he lived, and then we learned he had this deal on to sell the land before skipping out. We were waiting for him at the buyer's office when we heard he had been shot to death."

"May I ask for a list of the creditors?" said Amby. "I'll get in touch with them and see what they know about Mahler."

He was on his feet to leave, when a rough-looking fellow whose face was inflamed by weather or whisky appeared in the doorway. "Is this where the lawyer is who got charge of paying the owings of that party who got knocked off up in West Ninety-fifth Street?"

"I'm administering the estate," said Mr. Landyre.

The man slouched in and leaned against the desk. "I'm Joe Krohn," he said. "Didn't your party tell you about him owing me?"

"I didn't know Mr. Mahler," said Landyre crisply. "If you have a claim write it out and send it in with a voucher."

(Continued on Page 96)

RELAX

I STILL have a vivid picture of Johnny Weismuller just before the start of the 100 metres and the 400 metres Olympic swimming championship in Paris. Where many of his rivals were at high nervous tension, Weismuller was completely relaxed, either laughing and talking with his friends or else dangling his feet over the concrete side as he sat and waited for the test. When the races started he was away like a human torpedo, breaking Olympic records in both events. He knew how to relax. He had saved up something for the big moment. The "tireless swimmers" you read about simply know the value of rest periods for nerve and muscle at the right time. They know what relaxation means for those who must go the route, either as coast guardsmen or record breakers.

Grantland Rice

WE cannot all be life-guards or Olympic champions. But no less than they, we need to store up our energies against our moments of action.

Business appointment, social engagement, shopping, sport—one activity follows another in quick succession. The intervals between are all too brief. The more reason, then, for using to the utmost all these rest opportunities—many of them while motoring from one activity to another.

Are *your* countless motoring hours really restful? Can you relax in your car and store up precious energy, or does tension tire you out? In a Stabilated car, every minute is a restoring minute. You *know* there can be no sudden, violent thrust of spring recoil to disturb you. Confidence replaces tension. You relax and rest.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, Twenty-fourth and Locust Streets, PHILADELPHIA

WATSON STABILATORS

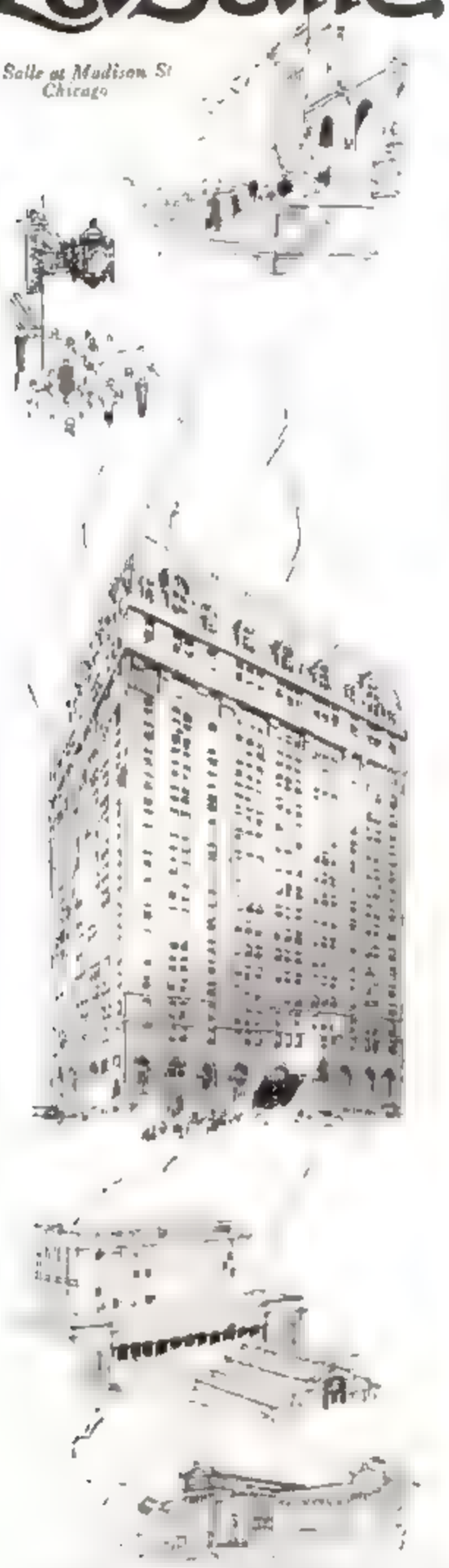
Such pre-eminent cars as Cadillac, Chrysler, Duesenberg, Franklin, Isotta Fraschini, Jordan, McFarlan, Peerless, Stutz and Willys-Knight, are standard equipped to give you relaxed motoring.

Relaxation is possible only when you know that *no* force can throw you. The only way to prevent *any* force from throwing you is to resist *each* force in keeping with its magnitude. And right there you have the Stabilator principle. This Stabilator principle is patented—and Watson Stabilators enjoy complete, sole and exclusive license under these patents.

CHICAGO'S FINEST HOTEL

Hotel La Salle

La Salle at Madison St
Chicago



Just a Moment from Everywhere

Located in the center of the city's activities, convenient to all railway terminals, Hotel La Salle is clustered about with the leading shops, theaters, wholesale and retail houses, banks, political, artistic and musical centers. Six popular restaurants, fixed prices and high standards truly symbolize the term "Stevens Managed."

ERNEST J. STEVENS, *President*

RATES FOR ROOMS

Number of Rooms	Price per day One Person	Two
16	$2.50	$4.00
73	3.00	4.50
18	3.50	5.50
247	4.00	6.00
189	4.50	7.00
142	5.00	7.50
175	6.00	9.00
20	7.00	10.00

1020 Guest Rooms

FIXED-PRICE MEALS

Breakfast . . 60c and 75c
Luncheon . . 85c
Dinner . . $1.25
Sunday Dinner 1.50

A la carte service at sensible prices

(Continued from Page 94)

"And what will I get then?" asked Joe Krohn. "A Christmas card? He owes me a hundred dollars. It is this way, mister, I know this party for a long time, maybe two weeks, and we are palling around together. He is working around this store on Eighty-—— Street, driving the wagon, and this and that, but he don't tell me he is the boss. Well, come to think of it, he seems to have a lot to say around there, and when I ask him he says he is the boss' cousin, or the boss is his cousin, one way or the other. Well, what with one thing and another, and being that I am not working just then, I ride with him on the wagon when he is going anywheres."

"Chinese laborer," interpreted Little Amby, recognizing the type.

"No, not no Chinese laborer," said Joe Krohn. "We don't go around making believe to be delivering things when we are only looking for a chance to ride something off in our wagon, if that is what you mean, mister, but just as pals, for the ride and good company. And one day he says to me in the Park, 'Joe, if you will lend me a hundred dollars, you wouldn't regret it.'"

"A hundred dollars," said Landyre incredulously. "Where did you get a hundred dollars?"

"Saved it," said Joe Krohn. "Friend of mine, wasn't he? The way I am, I will go the whole works for a pal any time. And didn't they find the hundred dollars in his pockets when he was knocked off? Well, mister, that was my hundred dollars they found, see?"

"You claim that Mahler told you he was not the boss, but only the boss' cousin?"

"Right," said Joe Krohn vigorously. "Why, he even give me a name, calling himself Borg. Well, I hear about this job being done up on West Ninety-fifth Street, and being that I want to keep abreast of the times I go up and hang around for the ambulance, when who gets carried out but poor old Borgy. Yes, sir, that give me a jolt. Poor old Borgy, one of the best guys ever loaned a hundred berries off of me in ——"

"Here, here," said Landyre sharply. "Don't start crying around here. If you want my opinion on your claim, you never lent him a cent, and you merely read in the paper that a hundred dollars was found in his pockets. He might have told you he wasn't the boss so that he could get you to do some work for nothing, but that's your lookout."

"What do you mean I never lent him a hundred?" protested Joe Krohn. "Come on up in the Park, both of you, and I'll show you where—right under the bridge in the Eighty-sixth Street transfer, when we was driving over to Third Avenue with a load."

"Third Avenue?" echoed Little Amby. "Where?"

Joe Krohn looked at the little lawyer and liked him. "There's a right guy," he said, pointing. "He wouldn't gyp a poor man out of his savings. He would rather pay it himself, I bet."

"I might see you for half a dollar of it," said Little Amby. "Where on Third Avenue, Joe?"

"Somewheres in the forties, boss. Another hardware store it was, run by an old Dutchman of the name of Zahn. Next to a deadhouse where me and Borgy used to get a shock after unloading."

"You ran stuff over there from Mahler's?"

"We certainly did."

"And you saw Zahn there? Did he talk to Borg?"

"He certainly did."

"That's where your stock went, Landyre," said Little Amby after he had dismissed Joe Krohn with a dollar and an invitation to call at Little Amby's office in Centre Street. "Mahler drove the wagon himself to keep his own secrets, and that's why he concealed his identity from this bum. He picked this fellow up on a corner somewhere to help him unload."

"This gets interesting," said Landyre.

"There may be something in it for both of us," said Little Amby. "Let's keep it between us for the time being, eh?"

Reviewing the foregoing conversation in the light of subsequent developments, it seems unlikely that Little Amby was quite frank with Landyre. Frankness was foreign to the little shyster's nature; he preferred devious and hidden ways, with theatrical effects. It is certain that, after leaving the Park Place Building he went direct to Forty-second Street and to the office of Benny Zanders.

Benny Zanders, who was under some obscure but binding obligation to Little Amby, was a real-estate operator, and was said to be worth five million dollars. He was a Polack, with the whiskers of his country still waving from his chin; he had landed in America about twelve years before and had gone to work at thirty cents an hour, carrying paint pots and washing walls with glue to save the valuable time of journeymen. And he was now worth five million dollars. Many real-estate men said that Benny Zanders was not a clever fellow, that he made so much money because he didn't know his knee from his elbow about real estate.

They had a show of reason on their side. Times had been unsettled, and ignorant Benny had jumped in and bet his few cents and pyramided and parlayed while the talent held off, saying that there would be a break and that prices were far too high and that a man better wait for the drop and catch them on the bounce up. And so Benny the Polack, with the smell of the ship hardly blown off him, was sitting as pretty as you please in a suite of offices on Forty-second Street, buying and selling the landmarks of his adopted city, while native-borns who were operating before Benny got seasick were still wetting their fingers and holding them up to the breezes.

There were two signs on the walls of Benny's sumptuous private office: One was Sell and Repent—the basic principle of every successful operator—and the other was Benny's contribution—Benny who had thought thirty cents an hour a movie salary—Never Look Back. I think I know what Benny meant by that: Lots of people would get on in the world faster and farther if they would stop looking back and seeing where they came from and telling themselves that they had done fine. That's my guess. Benny never told what the motto meant, and you couldn't believe him if he did. The motto was up there for Benny's benefit.

"Benny," said Little Amby to the man who had got rich by ignorance, "I'm thinking of buying forty feet on Eighty-—— Street beginning a hundred feet off Broadway, and I can get it for sixty thousand dollars. What do you think?"

"Grab it," said Benny. "Forty feet inside the hundred and fifty from the corner? It's worth—well, Mr. Hinkle, I could maybe give you a short profit on a quick turn. What corner, Mr. Hinkle? . . . Wha-at! That forty feet off that corner, Mr. Hinkle, you should buy with a friend's money. That you should live till you could build on it. Don't you know that sucker Cavendish is sitting on the corner? The Cavendish estate owns the very corner and your forty feet is only worth if it is part of the corner. If you own the corner you can build back on the street fifteen stories; if you don't own the corner, you can't build only nine stories, and what good is forty feet to build on? Too small. You should sell it to the Cavendish estate? Listen, Mr. Hinkle. This Cavendish estate they don't buy. They don't buy, they don't sell, they don't build; they don't do nothing but sit, the suckers!

"But!" he said, singing the scales in that one word. "Now that I wouldn't touch it, and it can't be used—that forty feet is worth a hundred and sixty t'ousand dollars as part of the corner. There is a restriction for private houses in the street, too, making permanent light. But with them suckers sitting on the corner—don't buy it for nothing. This is for you, Mr. Hinkle."

"Thanks, Benny," said Little Amby. "I want you to do something for me. I want you to offer a hundred and sixty thousand dollars for that forty feet."

"Wha-at, Mr. Hinkle?"

"You can make the offer, can't you? You won't have to go through with it. Make it look right, Benny; get somebody to bid against you, and wash the price up. The owner can't snap you into a contract; he's an administrator, and he'll have to go to court and ask permission to accept your offer. The estate is insolvent and is being administered for the creditors. I'll protect you by buying up some small claim, so that I will be in a position to object and drag things. Never mind what I want this for. It will look all right from your end, and that's all you care. It will get you social prestige, Benny; people will think you are acting for the Cavendish estate who are the logical buyers."

He returned to the little house on Centre Street wherein he carried on his shady practice, and sent for one Saracena, a private detective.

He was eager for better acquaintance with the mysterious gentleman in the brown overcoat who had visited Mahler shortly before the shooting. The police, he had observed with understanding, were not particularly interested in the stranger in brown. They had produced Antony Castano, who answered their requirements very well, and their necessarily limited time and energy were being cried for by crimes that they had not succeeded in laying on anyone's doorstep.

It may be that he had taken steps to invent an estate for Mahler merely on general principles, because he found the latter's post-mortem insolvency a hindrance. He wanted to know more about Mahler, and nobody would be bothered to avow knowledge. When a poor man dies he's commonly done for, but a rich man emerges into the perfect life and leaves behind him a shell of wealth that preserves his likeness. Relatives, to a degree of dilution that is no thicker than water, contribute their pious memories; business associates review his ways for their guidance, instancing what he did in this case and in that. Creditors shoulder in with vouchers and detailed explanations, debtors are laid hold of, memoranda are scrutinized to the last pencil scratch of the vanished hand. Ladies come, it may be, with claims at common law, lisping circumstantially the secrets that the decedent had hid cleverly, leading in by the hands, perhaps, blooming pledges of unblessed affection; people defrauded of expectations call in the newspapers and set lawyers on the estate to worry it. Sentiment evaporates in the heat; all things are made plain. The poor man, like the rich man, survives in a few lonely hearts, but his effigy is then idealized out of all knowing; only to the rich man there comes at once, after death, judgment.

Little Amby would be there when the books were opened; he would listen and see when the dead man was called to the bar. It is not evident on the record, though it is suggested by my private inquiries, that he had divined the truth about the homicide on West Ninety-fifth Street. Perhaps he was lucky; Fortune may have shown to him the favor that she does not finally deny to the bold and the cunning.

IV

IN APRIL of that year, Mr. Quentin Landyre, administrator of the lands, chattels and incorporeal hereditaments of Lewis T. Mahler late of the County of New York deceased, applied to court for permission to sell the Eighty-—— Street plot to one Benjamin Zanders for the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. This application was opposed by a small creditor named Toomey; his motivation puzzled the other creditors, but need not puzzle us. He urged that not all creditors had yet been heard from and that the estate, even with the unexpected accretion of a hundred thousand dollars, might yet prove insolvent, and

(Continued on Page 99)

Ann Pennington . . . famous as a Follies' star

Evelyn Law . . . Broadway musical comedy star

FAMOUS FEET
- - how they're kept free from corns

"MORE women than men have corns," says Ned Wayburn. "Maybe that statement isn't gallant—but it's true."

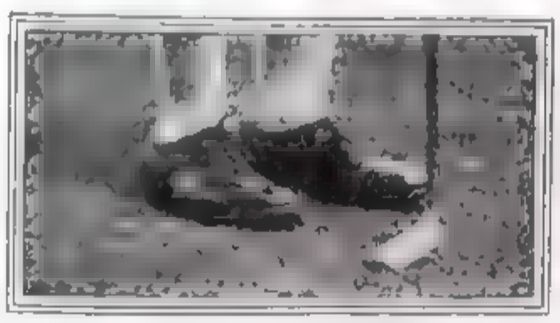
So writes the man who has directed such famous stars as Ann Pennington and Evelyn Law.

"Seven out of ten young women who come to the Ned Wayburn Studios for instruction in stage dancing are inclined to have corns.

"I always try to prevail upon a corn-troubled pupil to visit a chiropodist. But many young women prefer to doctor their corns at home, and then I suggest a Blue-jay plaster.

"There is no lost time to the dancer in the Blue-jay treatment. The Blue-jay plaster stops the pain the moment it is applied and enables the pupil to continue her lessons in comfort. The soft pad fits over the corn and protects it from shoe-friction during dancing practice. And usually in 48 hours the corn is gone."

BABE RUTH's *Home Run Feet*



GENE SARAZEN's *Golfing Feet*

VINCENT RICHARDS' *Tennis Feet*

* * *

For 26 years Blue-jay has been the old standby of those whose feet are factors in fame and fortune. To active men and women Blue-jay is the sensible way to remove a corn. There is no lost time or inconvenience. The plaster is applied in a second—the pressure and pain are relieved at once. And, unless unusually stubborn, the corn goes in 48 hours. But even the most obstinate offender seldom fails to yield to a second plaster . . . At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

BAUER & BLACK 1936

Baker Fastex Velvet

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOR FINE MOTOR CARS AND FINE FURNITURE

THE popularity of Baker Fastex Velvet is due to these very definite advantages: It is beautiful in design and color . . . will not cling to clothing in hot weather . . . its firmness of weave defies dust and wear and—it is mothproof. These advantages are incorporated in the new Nash Light Six Sedan illustrated above.

A. T. BAKER & CO., INC., Manayunk, Philadelphia

New York, Fifth Avenue Square — Chicago, 19 E. Jackson Blvd. — Los Angeles, Central Bldg.
Toronto, Victoria Bldg. — Montreal, Drummond Bldg.

(Continued from Page 96)

that a better offer should be sought. But in as much as this Toomey had successfully opposed a previous application, and in as much as Mr. Landyre offered this time to pay Toomey out of petty cash and be shut of him, his objection was overruled and the application was granted.

All that remained then to make everybody happy was for Benny Zanders to pull a hundred thousand dollars cash from his pocket and give it to Mr. Landyre for a deed. Benny said he would think about it and would call Mr. Landyre up next week.

He did not call Mr. Landyre up; he called up Little Amby and said to him, "What now?"

"Keep promising," said Little Amby. "What's the matter with you, Benny? If you won't do what a man asks you, you can at least promise him, can't you?"

"A fellow called Spence comes here just now," said Benny. "He is a lawyer—the sucker. Might he will sue me."

"What did he want?"

"Asking me I should promise him. He wants I should tell him for sure that I am going to buy this property for a hundred and sixty t'ousand dollars."

"And did you tell him so?"

"Why not? I said, 'Maybe I find my wife dead when I go home, Mr. Spence.' Could he do me anything, Mr. Hinkle?"

"For lying to him? Certainly not, Benny. That's just good business practice. Did you ever put over a deal in your experience without lying like a trooper? Let me hear if he calls again."

Little Amby hung up, and walked to the window of his room overlooking dirty Centre Street and the gray Tombs across the way. He stood with his spindling legs apart and his head forward, one hand caressing his long nose, and stared unseeingly at the great prison. When he snapped out of his reverie and strode back to his big brass-bound mahogany desk, there was elation in his narrow face.

Mr. Saracena—a dark and sturdy and fashionably attired man in his middle thirties—was sitting on his shoulders in a chair, puffing a very bad cigar with an enjoyment that would have been a worthy tribute to a dollar perfecto.

He studied his employer's expression, and said, "What is it, Amby?"

"Just got a break," said Little Amby incommunicatively.

Mr. Saracena resumed an interrupted discussion, saying, "He's our man all right."

"But you say he's not a fence," objected Little Amby.

"He's not been," said Saracena, "but there got to always be a first time, don't there? He's been selling goods cheaper than a fire sale, and they're Dietz & Company's—Hargis & Harmon's—French Brothers of Detroit—the same lines that were handled by Mahler over on the West Side."

"What would they fight about?" asked Little Amby, exploring the other's subtle mind for surmises.

"About the divvy."

"But Mahler didn't get the money. He wasn't doing the selling. Mahler would be the sore one, if it was the divvy."

The telephone buzzed again. "Yes?" said Little Amby, answering it. "Coming right over.

"I've an appointment at the district attorney's office," he said, rising. "Come in tomorrow morning, Saracena."

He stopped in the outer office to speak to Cohen, his managing clerk, and then continued on downstairs and out. He crossed Centre Street and walked northward to the Criminal Courts Building. He went into the basement and took the private car to the extensive offices of New York County's prosecutor, going to the room of Assistant District Attorney Brown.

"Hello, Amby," called Mr. Brown, beckoning.

"Good afternoon, Eddie," said Little Amby, entering.

Mr. Brown was a hearty youth of twenty-five who had made himself useful to his political party in his native bailiwick, and had been taken care of with a good job. He was shrewd and sophisticated, even if there was still some law in the books that he hadn't dug out; the necessity to prefer men on a political basis is a disability of democratic government; and there are worse systems.

Mr. Landyre and Joe Krohn were sitting in the room.

"Mr. Brown," said Little Amby with an access of formality, "certain information has come to me that may have a bearing on the case against Castano, and since he has not yet been indicted I feel that it is my duty, as an officer of the court as well as a citizen interested in sparing the county expense, to put this information at your disposal for all purposes. I have only one way of conducting a case, and that is aboveboard and with all cards face up."

"Since when?" said Mr. Brown, unimpressed. "Come, Amby, what's in this for you?"

"After you've heard this man's story," said Little Amby, "I think you'll want to have a talk with a hardware dealer named Zahn who is in business on Third Avenue round the Forties. I have no power to examine him, and you have. I suggest that you send for him."

"I have several other appointments," said Mr. Brown, looking at his watch. "We'll have to step. There's a man coming in here in an hour to talk about this very Castano case."

"That's interesting," said Little Amby. "Who is he, Eddie?"

"Like to know, would you?"

"Maybe I do. His name is Spence."

"Nothing like it," said Mr. Brown smoothly. He stepped out to give a direction, returned, and said, "Well, what's the story?"

Joe Krohn, under alternate urging and checking, went through his recital.

"Will you send for Zahn?" asked Little Amby. "Send for him. I've come clean with you, haven't I? One hand washes the other."

"I've already sent for him, and we'll have him in for the *soir dire*," said Mr. Brown. "I think he's outside now. . . . Hello, out there—see if Byrnes has brought in that man yet, will you?"

The old hardware dealer of Third Avenue was ushered in by an attaché of the office. He was obviously frightened. The normally diffused pink of his face was spotty.

"Hello, Mr. Zahn," said Joe Krohn cordially.

"What is that?"

"Come off," said Joe Krohn, seductively smiling. "You know me, Mr. Zahn. Don't you remember I was on the wagon that come from Mahler's?"

The hardware dealer's eyes widened; he sat down quickly.

"Well," he said with the tranquillity of despair, "I guess you got me, ain't it? I will tell you all about it."

"You don't have to incriminate yourself," warned Mr. Brown. "Do you want to see a lawyer?"

"I am not going to lie, so I don't need no lawyer," said Mr. Zahn more strongly.

He suddenly jumped to his feet and burst into speech, glaring at Mr. Brown.

"This crook Mahler," he shouted, "comes to me in mein store and tells me he is a jobber with great bargains of auctions and remainders and he would give me a chance once. Well, I buy off of him ten or twelve bills of goods, and *sehr billig*—cheap—for altogether maybe sixteen thousand dollars. And I paid him the money—every red cent, cash money. I done a big business.

"Then comes this Mahler to mein store once more yet, and says, 'Lend me four thousand dollars, Zahn.' I says, 'For what?' He says, 'So I can skip out. Are you so *dumm?* You know all I sell you comes from mein store on Eighty —— Street, and they ain't paid for, not a cent. Maybe you would like to pay the wholesalers twenty-five thousand dollars, or be grabbed for a receiver? Suit yourself, Zahn.'

"Well, gentlemen, ask me—what shall I do? I am a poor man, and if I will call in a cop this crook will lie me into such a trouble I will lose mein store, mein business. Will somebody believe me I am such a fool to think I can buy goods at such prices? *Niemand wird glauben dass Ich so ein dummer Esel bin.* It is the truth, ha-ha—but who believes it? Gentlemen, for forty years in business ——"

"Don't get so excited, Zahn," said Mr. Brown, "or we'll have to have an interpreter in. What did you do when you found yourself in this jam?"

"I didn't do nothings," said Mr. Zahn, suddenly going pale and slumping into a chair. "Go on, arrest me. Who cares? I can't pay."

"Did you go over to Ninety-fifth Street to see Mahler?" asked Little Amby.

"I did not!"

"Just a moment," interposed Mr. Brown. "Kindly don't put any questions, Mr. Hinkle. Let's confine ourselves for the time to the question of receiving."

"As to that," said Mr. Landyre, "we won't press a charge, if it lies with us. I believe this man's story, and, besides, the estate will be ample to meet all claims when the real estate is sold to Mr. Zanders. There will even be a surplus of sixty thousand dollars or so."

"If and when," said Little Amby.

"What's that?"

"A Mr. Spence calling," announced an office boy, thrusting his shaggy head into the room.

"Show him in," said Mr. Brown, with an oblique glance at Little Amby. "You'll have to excuse me, gentlemen. Would you mind waiting outside?"

They were on their feet when two men appeared in the doorway. One of the two was Mr. Spence the lawyer; the other was a heavily built man of middle age, wearing thick glasses and a slight and constitutional smile that was now troubled.

"Mahler!" exclaimed Zahn, with popping eyes.

"Mr. Brown?" said Mr. Spence, bowing. "At the request of my client, Mr. Mahler, I am bringing him here to submit to any questions you care to put to him. He has been wintering in Florida for his health during the past several months, and learned from an old newspaper only three days ago that he is supposed to have been murdered in his apartment on West Ninety-fifth Street. He hurried up North at once to put himself at the disposal of the authorities. . . . Sit down, Mr. Mahler.

"Mr. Mahler left the West Ninety-fifth Street apartment about four o'clock that day, did some buying of personal things, and took a six o'clock train for the South from the Pennsylvania. He cannot shed any light on the terrible occurrence in the apartment, further than to make a shrewd guess. It is his guess that burglars must have got into the apartment and made free with his belongings, and that one of them was shot and killed in a quarrel over the loot while dressed in his clothes."

"Not a bad story," said Little Amby, smiling amiably at the mute Mahler. "No doubt Mr. Mahler didn't know that his property had suddenly become very valuable and that it was worth sixty thousand dollars to him to come back."

"He was not influenced by any such information in the least, sir," said Mr. Spence testily.

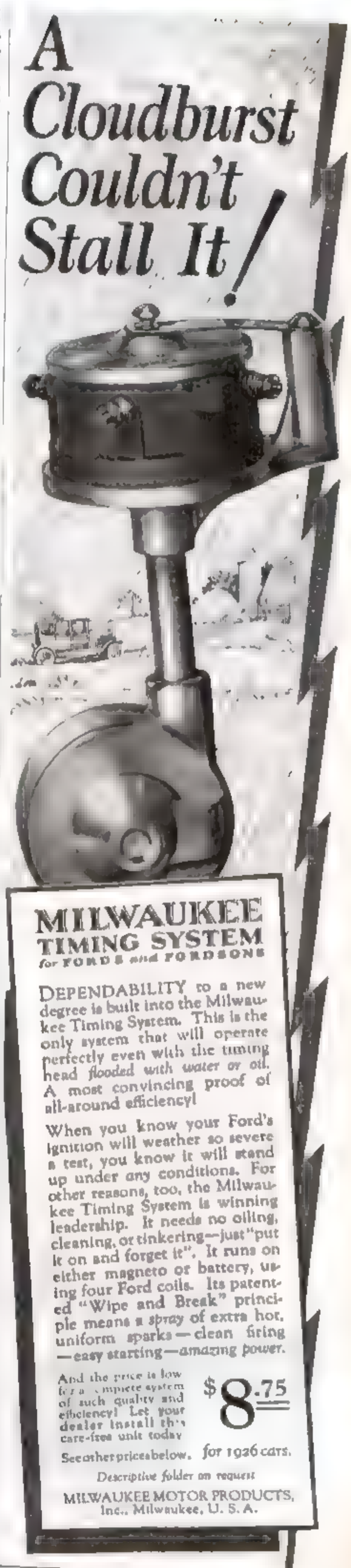
"As to his story about the burglars," Little Amby went on with sardonic enjoyment, "I can suggest to him a better one, though I will admit that his would wash. The man who was killed in the apartment was his cousin Borg."

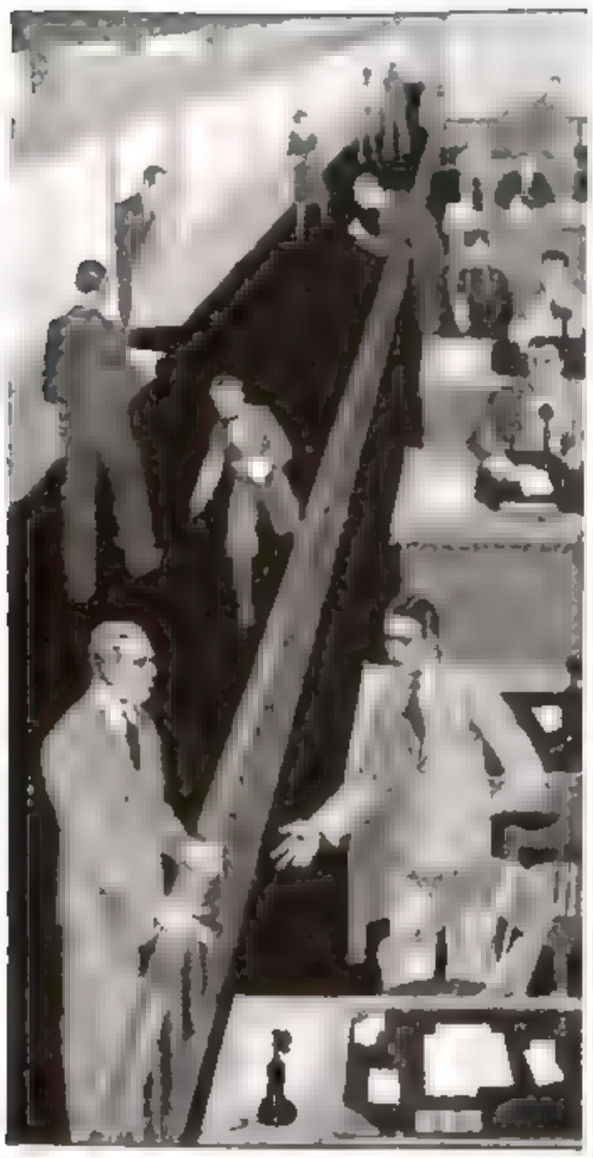
"That's—known?" said Mr. Spence slowly. "I mean, the identity has been established?"

"Meet Joe Krohn, a friend of your cousin's, Mr. Mahler," said Little Amby.

"You look a lot like him, Mr. Mahler," said Joe Krohn gratulatingly. "Don't he though, just?"

"It is my notion," said Little Amby, lighting a gold-tipped cigarette, "that Borg


A Cloudburst Couldn't Stall It!
MILWAUKEE
TIMING SYSTEM
for FORDS and FORDSONS
DEPENDABILITY to a new degree is built into the Milwaukee Timing System. This is the only system that will operate perfectly even with the timing head flooded with water or oil. A most convincing proof of all-around efficiency!
When you know your Ford's ignition will weather so severe a test, you know it will stand up under any conditions. For other reasons, too, the Milwaukee Timing System is winning leadership. It needs no oiling, cleaning, or tinkering—just "put it on and forget it". It runs on either magneto or battery, using four Ford coils. Its patented "Wipe and Break" principle means a spray of extra hot, uniform sparks—clean firing—easy starting—amazing power.
And the price is low for a complete system of such quality and efficiency! Let your dealer install this care-free unit today
$8.75
See other prices below. for 1926 cars.
Descriptive folder on request
MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, Inc., Milwaukee, U. S. A.
TIMER HEADQUARTERS - since 1905
Timing System
Easily installed. Needs no attention. For Fordsons, $8.75; old Fords $10.00 (includes armored cable), new Fords, $8.75
Oil-less Timer
Same principle and dependability as System. Self-centering, always in line with camshaft. $2.75
Roller Timer
Famous bakelite case model. Short-proof. Bronze brush assembly. Millions sold. $2.00



was got up to impersonate Mr. Mahler. And why? Because Mr. Mahler had an appointment to deliver a contract and receive four thousand dollars. Mr. Mahler forgot about his appointment or he wouldn't have gone down to Florida without keeping it; that, however, fits into Mr. Spence's conception that money doesn't sway Mr. Mahler in the least. And Borg didn't suspect that officers were waiting to arrest Mr. Mahler, or he wouldn't have undertaken such an impersonation, even to collect four thousand dollars. Borg was then shot down. Who shot him, or in what quarrel, we do not know. Somebody else must have been in the apartment to pull that trigger, and all we are sure of is that it was not Mr. Mahler, because he had left at four o'clock to go to Florida."

"Very ingenious, Mr. Hinkle," said Mr. Spence, recognizing the famous little advocate. "May I ask in what character you offer these hypotheses? We are glad to have them, certainly."

"Merely as a friend of the court, Mr. Spence," said Little Amby, walking to the door. "Mr. Brown was good enough to help me, and turn about is fair play."

"By George, Hinkle," said Mr. Brown, frowning heavily, "you are shooting pretty close there!"

"Pretty close to actionable slander," said Mr. Spence sharply.

"The case against Antony Castano is closed, I take it," said Little Amby. "If I'm not yet ruled out of court, I'd like to suggest a thought to Mr. Landyre as attorney for the creditors. Don't release your man, now that you've got him, either criminally or civilly, until Benny Zanders has bought the property and paid the money for it. Good day, gentlemen."

"It's always hard to identify a dead man," said Antony Castano, as if he knew about such things. "Besides, there was nobody turned up that really knew Mahler. He looked something like his cousin, and the identification was made by his clothes and what he had in his pockets."

"Where are we going?" said Haidee Iris Zahn, looking from the taxicab they were riding in. "You said we would take a ride in the Park, and here we are going south."

"Never mind," said Antony harshly, seizing her hand as she moved to knock on the front window. "Don't be always thinking about yourself. Think about your father—how lucky he is."

"How?" she said.

"Well, he won't have to pay all that money, will he? That man Zanders wouldn't buy the property, but another speculator got sucked in when he thought he saw a chance to head off Zanders, and he grabbed it for enough to pay the creditors." Castano added, "I had a talk with your father about you, Haidee."

"About me? The nerve!"

"Yes, he said he would be out of all his troubles if you would only get married and stop writing letters to movie actors."

"I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Castano, and you can tell my father, and that is you can both mind your darned business! Stop this cab—I'm getting out."

"You're not," he said, catching both her hands, and breathing quickly. There was a look in his black eyes that frightened her. "Look at—look at poor Mahler. There's a man got troubles. What did he do except kill somebody? Say, I'd do that myself. They can't prove it on him that he killed his cousin, but they're going to give him the limit for fraud and larceny while they're investigating. And what did he do after all? Bah, what's murder?"

"Let me out! Where are you taking me? What a piece of impudence to think I'd marry a man always covered with plaster! Stop this cab!"

"Scream," he snarled, his black eyes burning her, "and bring the police, and see what happens. You know where you're going?"

His powerful arm went around her, crushing her to him, but he held his head back to glare into her eyes.

"You're going with me down to the City Hall to take out a marriage license, Haidee. I could choke you."

"I'm not! Oh, help!"

"Nobody'll help you. Nobody'll ever help you, but me. I'd kill anybody—I want you, Haidee—I'm going to have you. I'm going to marry you—I am. You are! You—are!"

His lips were crushed against hers. She felt herself lifted, borne in air. Strength went out of her; her arms went around him, clung to him.

"Antony," she mumbled. "Antony, I never knew you loved me like this. I love you, Antony; I love you, but—for heaven's sake ——"

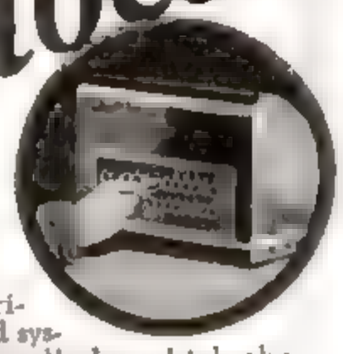
"City Hall!" called the chauffeur, shaking the door, and looking away politely.

Human Needles in Business Haystacks

Lots of business establishments are like haystacks. If a man is away from his desk, he's lost. The only way they have to find him is to phone into every department or send the office boy scurrying around on a voyage of disturbance and interruption—painfully slow and uncertain method of searching for the missing man.

The right answer—simple, inexpensive, unfailing—is an Autocall, the mechanical man-finder. An

Autocall



Paging Service is an electrically-operated system of code-calls by which the telephone operator locates any individual without disturbing others, and brings him at once to the nearest phone. A dime a day often covers the cost. Get all the facts. Clip coupon to letterhead and mail.

The Autocall Co., 506 Tucker Ave., Shelby, O.
☐ Send data on Paging System and free trial offer
☐ Send data on Industrial Fire Alarm System
☐ Send data on Watchmen's Supervisory Service

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

Plucked Eyebrows! Such verve! Such *esprit!* Such *nuances!* Director Lansing Keeple has infused a quality of rare poesy into the picture, making it altogether a spectacle of sovereign beauty. To miss it is to miss an artistic treat. . . .

FROM THE FOREHEAD—ONE MONTH LATER

Table of Contents

The Silent Drama—The New Æsthetic Force in the American Scene, by H. Thoreau Finney.

FROM THE FILM YAWP—TWO WEEKS LATER

Due to a crowded schedule, the Plonsky-Hi-Art production, retitled Love—Is It All? has been shelved indefinitely.

FROM THE NEW YORK MORNING ATOMIZER—TWO WEEKS LATER

H. Thoreau Finney has left for the Coast to assume a position as second assistant chief literary supervisor with the Plonsky-Hi-Art Pictures. His place as assistant motion-picture critic on the Morning Atomizer will be taken by Miss Florence Lily Willicombe. Miss Willicombe is a recent graduate of Bixby College and is the author of articles on Sophocles and the Greek Drama.

—R. CONNELL.

Indorsing Nature

BY THE Heliconian powers
There is poetry in flowers!
Pansies, pinks and violets
Form delightful triolets;
Cherry, peach and apple blooms
Make impeccable pantoums;
Arching bridal-wreath spiræa
Is itself an epopœia;
Lovely Canterbury bells
Group themselves in blithe rondels.
Yes, in spite of nomenclature,
There is poetry in Nature!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

New York Scherzo

SOMEWHERE in a little town
At dusk the young girls wait,
Each beneath a lilac tree,
Beside the lattice gate.

Somewhere in a little town
Lads come down the street.
Somewhere in a little town
Life is sweet.

But in the greatest town of all,
Oh, hearts beat just as light
Beneath the grim skyscraper where
I wait for you tonight!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

The Faithful Heart

OUR automobile, she is faithful and true;
Our automobile is dependable;
She answers my urging with vigor and zest,
But acts with a prudence commendable.
One day, hearing fire bells, she started herself
With her self-starter; cool as an icicle,
She rushed right into a burning garage
And rushed right out with a bicycle!

One night when a burglar came into the house
Inspired with a purpose burglarious,
My automobile blew a blast on her horn
To warn of intruders nefarious!
He jumped in the car and he stepped on the gas,
Her warning, of course, had molested him.
But she blew up her tires when in front of the jail,
And back-fired until they arrested him!

But alas, she is old; and alas, so am I;
I am almost as old as the missus is;
And soon, I foresee, to a land we must go
Which far from terrestrial blisses is.
Yet I know that my auto will seek out our tomb,
Though her motor is wheezy and ruinous,
And her old carburetor will weep on our grave
And the last of her gas will be dew on us!

—*Morris Bishop.*

Neighbor: "This Fourth of July Business is the Bunk!" "Is Dat So! If it Wasn't for Them Brave, Noble Colonists That Fought to Free Us From Old England, Where'd You and Me be Now?"

Paint White
or light colors

EAGLE
Pure WHITE LEAD
OLD DUTCH PROCESS

Assuring cheerful
SUMMER BEAUTY
with
White-Leaded Surfaces

WHEREVER you may go for summer health and play—among mountain pines, by a quiet summer lake, or to the fashionable shore resorts—you will find homes and hotels and clubs painted white or in attractive light colors. Because experience has taught the importance to happiness and health of a cheerful environment.

You will find the best-painted of these summer homes and hotels to be White-Leaded—many of them painted with Eagle Pure White Lead mixed with pure linseed oil. The owners have found that Eagle Pure White Lead not only makes their property attractive and cheerful, but it provides the most complete paint protection from one season to the next.

And—what is equally important—Eagle Pure White Lead is most economical. It costs no more—often less than many paints containing other materials; yet lasts longest, because it is pure white lead, Old Dutch Process. 100 pounds of Eagle makes seven gallons of pure white lead paint.

Eagle—in use since 1843—is sold by leading dealers.

[*Employ a good painter—*
Good painters use EAGLE]

The
EAGLE-PICHER
LEAD COMPANY
134 NORTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO
ELEVEN PLANTS
BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

YOUTH IS SERVED

(Continued from Page 15)

if the show's a failure. And then you begin to hunt a part again."

"Why, Margaret, I never heard you talk like this!"

"Then listen. Life on the stage is ruled by hours that have nothing to do with the life of normal people. You eat luncheon at twelve because of the matinée; you dine at six for the evening performance. You can't go to any ordinary evening party if you're working; and when your work is over there's nothing left but night clubs and late restaurants. You must sleep through the best of the morning to get anything approximating your proper rest. So, because you're never free at the time of day when people usually are, you're barred from many pleasures. There'd be little tea dancing with your B. F.'s, my dear; few lunches with your girl friends; no parties, no balls, except in the dreary hours after midnight."

"You make it sound horrid. Allasame ——"

"I haven't touched on the work involved, the constant study and the constant effort to keep yourself young, slender, physically fit. All this with constant uncertainty and constant strain. No matter if your nearest and dearest died before your eyes that day, no matter if you yourself are so ill you think you will die if you move, you must go on and play your part and play it well."

Across Celine's young beauty Margaret met Cora's eyes, comprehending, full of thanks.

"You don't think I'd have the nerve and the strength and the courage to stick it, do you?" asked Celine, pouting.

"I don't doubt about your courage and your strength, but I'd hate to see them put to so hard a test when I'm so fond of you."

"What I don't understand is, if it's so dreadful, why you've stuck it so long."

"My dear child," said Margaret, "if you truly love, you don't desert your loved one because she is cruel. There's your answer."

Celine looked up, her pertness gone, her sweetness and gentleness shining out. "Dear Margaret," she said, "no wonder mother and I are so crazy about you. You are such a darling."

After dinner, when she had fluttered off with another B. F. and the friends were left alone, Margaret answered Cora's unspoken words. "If she had a real talent I'd not have discouraged her."

"I know. It was exactly what was needed, and I do thank you. Whatever Dallas and I said sounded only like parental prejudice, but what you say she'll consider. Oh, she's such a problem, Margaret. And I love her so much and so helplessly. If anything happened to hurt her I'd lose my mind, I think. She has so many lovely traits, but they're so unformed and chaotic, and so mixed with a sublime confidence in herself, and the most astounding belief that the world and all that's in it was specially created for her amusement. She shapes so slowly, yet she's nineteen. She needs all sorts of maturing influences; but when I try to apply them she finds them a bore and slips away like quicksilver."

"Yet if I had a daughter I'd want her to be another Celine, without a thing changed."

"And if I had twins, I'd want another Celine. So there we are. Don't let's talk about her any more. Tell me about this play. I wish you'd brought it and read it to me."

"No; before anything else, I want a cold, solitary session with it. After that I think I can say whether it might go or not."

"I'd give everything I have, except Dallas and Celine, to have you make a great success, as you deserve."

"It would mean everything to me. It won't be so long now before all I can play will be dowagers. This Erica's someone new—a woman with a past—of course that isn't new—but utterly unashamed of it when it's dragged out before her, confounding her accusers by her laughing indifference. Not a sentimental streak in her. Perfectly honest. Courageous—and you know how the dear public loves courage."

"She sounds splendid."

"She is."

"Well, I'll keep pulling for you—and for Erica if you like her."

Talking about the play made Margaret restless. She ought to be at home reading it, thinking of it, instead of enjoying Cora's solacing companionship. So home she went, and all the way there thought of the play and all that might hang on it.

First of all, there was the real artist's craving for recognition honestly due. How glorious it would be to have a big part and play it to its uttermost limits, and to have the acclaim and the applause that were good work's fair reward! She wanted the money too; for though Henry Torrey might pretend that her poverty wasn't real, she actually lived on the smallest of margins. She had never been wasteful, but it wasn't in her to be stingy; and a good season's profits too often had to last over two bad seasons' meagernesses.

And there was Henry Torrey—she knew she was too fond of him, and her sensitiveness detected, or at least suspected that in his manner to her there was the least bit of condescension—King Cophetua stuff. With a great success, she would be placed where marriage to a rich man would mean little or nothing to her. She would then have more to give a husband than he to give a wife. He would have to recognize that.

She rebuked herself. Henry wasn't that sort. In the first place, he didn't want to marry her; and in the second, he wasn't so spoiled and conceited that he felt he was stooping if he did want to. All the same, she was human enough to want the obvious favor to be on her side. His cautious response today to her burst of friendliness left a mean little sting. She'd like to show Henry what she could do—what she could be. He would value her more highly if the world did—that was human nature.

She seized the script eagerly and began to read. As she read, the conviction grew in her mind that this was not just a good play, but a great play; that it had truth and poetry; that it was well built, rising from scene to scene with heightened suspense; that the dialogue bore on the action and developed the characters logically, unforced; that the exits and entrances were not mere shifts, but had meaning and reason; and that it all drew up closely to an unforeseen and powerful end. Its great fault was the stiff, flowery style in which it was written. It needed translation into the way real people talk

The more she read Erica's lines, the more she liked the part. A fat part, a part that would take a lot of playing. Erica must conjure and cajole, must make her very wickedness a virtue; yet she must be played as quietly and with such deft hints of smoldering fires that the audience wouldn't dare take its fascinated eyes off her. And at the end—what a blaze, what a flame, what a furious, complete conflagration!

"There isn't an actress in the business who wouldn't snatch at this part," thought Margaret. "Oh, I must have her—I must!" She walked the floor, script in hand, going over Erica's lines again and again, and only the hour prevented her from saying them aloud. At last, exhausted, she went to bed; but the play lay within reach of her hand.

Early the next morning she summoned young Pagett and tried to be calm. When he came she put her view before him clearly. "It all needs working over. Not so far as the structure is concerned, nor the essential idea, but merely the dialogue. None of your people talk—they converse. It makes the characters unreal."

To her relieved surprise, he was reasonable. "I felt that myself, but I couldn't seem to say what I wanted to say in any other style. What shall I do?"

"If you want to work with me we might try doing it over ourselves. For if you take it to any competent playwright he'll have to be given a share in it; and there'll be so many delays that we'll get nothing done this season, maybe not for two. If you and I roll up our sleeves and go at it and really toil, we ought to get it done in two or three weeks. At least it will only take us a few days to find out whether my plan is any good. What do you say?"

"You feel enough interested in the play to work on it with me?" cried young Pagett. "Why, Miss Atkinson, that's the finest compliment! I'll do it, of course. I've been awake almost all night, in a cold sweat, for fear you'd think the whole thing was rotten. Work! I'll work my hands off! When can we begin?"

"Now," said Margaret, "this very minute. Act I, Scene I."

And with no further preliminary they sat down to make the play over from her larger experience of the stage, her larger knowledge of life. Young Pagett was easy to work with, quick to catch and develop an idea, not touchy about criticism, though perfectly able to stand up for what he believed best and urge his own view when he thought he was right.

At first, until they were adjusted to each other's methods, the revision did not go very fast. They took it sentence by sentence, word for word. Young Pagett's Latinized English became Margaret's colloquial Anglo-Saxon tinctured strongly with modernity. They worked each day, all day and all evening, until the letters refused to register on their tired eyes. Margaret allowed herself no touch of the outside save an hour's walk before dinner, usually with Cora, sometimes with Celine, and occasionally young Pagett went with her to continue an argument. She submerged herself in the making over of the play; and always, as she worked, the need for its success grew larger in her thoughts. She was a gambler staking her last dollar. Here was her big chance. Could she make it go?

They were finishing the first act when Thursday came, and her engagement with Henry Torrey. Of course she couldn't take the time to keep it, not with that first-act climax coming alive under her and young Pagett's manipulations. And since it happened that today Celine was going to walk with her, she had a brilliant plan. Why shouldn't Henry take Celine in her place? He'd have an amusing evening, and it would be a good chance to bring a maturing influence, such as Cora lamented as so few and so unsatisfactory, on Celine. Do her a lot of good to get away from her silly little slick-haired smarty B. F.'s for an evening and be with a real man. The more she thought of it, the better she liked the idea. Celine was willing.

"Oh, I'd love a change," she said. "I'm dead sick of everybody I know. It'll be a thrill to go out with somebody who's older, who's a man of the world and has heaps of money. Sure you don't mind, Margaret?"

"You'll be doing me a favor. Don't be respectful to Henry, Celine, any more than you are to your mother and me."

"I'll do my best. But he may not want to take me—there's that to be considered."

"He'll love it," promised Margaret; but even as she went to telephone to Henry and break the news of the substitution to him, she had a moment of uneasiness. Certainly she'd done a very rude thing and taken much too much on herself. He might very well be furious. However, it was too late for repentance. She put on her most coaxing voice, her most convincing manner. "I simply can't leave the play when we're at such a crucial moment, Henry. I can't begin to tell you how dreadfully I feel about giving up this evening. And now I must confess ——"

Henry took it better than she had anticipated, after a few protestations and—she thought—astonished gulps. She wasn't sure whether the astonishment was because she would be willing to forgo an evening of his society or because she had thus deliberately wished Celine on him in her stead. Anyway she had fixed it. She could go back to the desk where she and young Pagett were revising, amending, correcting, changing so assiduously, with a clear conscience. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad thing for Henry if he realized that she didn't think he was the most important thing in the world.

She was rather pleased, too, that he had asked: "You're working with the author—this Pagett?" And then —"I see." He evidently saw that "this Pagett" was with her when he wasn't. "A woman's pretty low when she stirs up jealousy to find out how a man feels toward her," thought Margaret. "But Henry is so used to being a conquering hero, or at least a hero able to conquer if he wanted to."

She forgot all about Henry, and Celine, too, in the excitement of that finished first act. For they finished it shortly after midnight, just about the time Henry and Celine were returning from a round of dinner, dancing, theater, more dancing and supper.

Margaret heard about it in the morning, for Celine telephoned ecstatically: "He's perfectly darling, he's just too sweet. He didn't talk down to me a bit, or try that you're-only-a-little-girl stuff so many older men think is clever. He was just ever and ever so nice."

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world," thought Margaret. "I only hope Henry found it endurable."

It appeared that Henry found it very endurable. He said, in his turn, that Celine was an amusing youngster with distinct possibilities. There was sincerity in his voice, and no least trace of offense at having been shunted off, of having his engagement arranged for him. So Margaret went back to the revamping of Erica with a sense of having done a delicate thing well.

Erica went more quickly, now that the first act was done to the satisfaction of the collaborators. They had learned to work together, and in the process their first instinctive liking of each other had been strengthened. "The boy's got real brains," was often in Margaret's thought. "The woman's got real genius," was in Pagett's; and though they did not say these things aloud, unspoken, they created a harmonious atmosphere.

Margaret gave up everything else now, even her daily walk, so that she saw nothing of Celine, nothing of Cora except by telephone. As for Henry, when he called up, as he did at intervals, she denied herself and quite brazenly suggested that Celine be asked in her place. She didn't try to keep track of the number of times he followed her suggestion, but she knew that it sometimes happened, for Cora mentioned it. It seemed to Margaret, rather dimly, for all the world came to her now through her fog of preoccupation with the play, that Cora spoke of it as if she didn't quite like it. But that, she decided, must be imagination.

So, breathlessly, in a crescendo of effort and concentration, Erica was at last fully revised, and when the scripts had been copied afresh for the fifth time—"I shudder to think of the typist's bill," Margaret said to young Pagett—the two workers leaned back and relaxed, worn, but satisfied.

"But we mustn't waste a minute. Now for the managers," said Margaret. Here was new matter for debate. "I'd like to take it myself first to Somes," she said, "because he's always believed in my work, and has told me again and again that if I could get a play he'd back me. Keep your fingers crossed, knock wood, pick up all the pins you see, and don't walk under ladders, don't spill salt or break mirrors."

"I'll go to bed and sleep all day; then I'll be safe from any jinx. You're a slave driver, d'you know it?"

"If you think we've been working hard, wait until we get into rehearsals."

(Continued on Page 107)

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS *Cleans and Polishes*

1894
32 Years of
Continuous Service
1926

Lubricates—3-in-One gives smooth action to every light mechanism, kills squeaks, lessens friction, saves repair bills. Ideal for phonograph, sewing machine, clocks, washing machine and vacuum cleaner motor, locks, hinges, bolts, lawn mower, auto springs, starter, generator, horn, etc., typewriters, time locks, revolving chairs, fans—all office mechanisms.

An oil compound of highest quality. Flows freely into deepest bearings, "washes out" grease and dirt, stays on the job—never gums or dries out like straight mineral oil.

Cleans and Polishes—3-in-One is used by millions of housewives to brighten up veneered and varnished furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum and oilcloth. *Removes* all dirt and grime, doesn't *cover* it. Never grows sticky. Pleasing odor.

The quick, easy way to clean and polish furniture with 3-in-One is explained in illustrated Dictionary of Uses wrapped around every bottle. Dictionary also tells how to wash windows in a jiffy, how to make a cheap but practical Polish Mop, also a fine Dustless Dust Cloth.

Prevents Rust—Rust and tarnish cannot attack metal protected with 3-in-One. The oil actually penetrates the pores of metal and sheds moisture like a duck's back.

Rust-proof your firearms with 3-in-One—the oil recommended by gun manufacturers. Use on golf clubs, razor blades, tools, all metal parts of automobile.

Save lining of gas stove oven. Keep bathroom fixtures free from tarnish. Preserve appearance of all black iron equipment.

Sold everywhere in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles, and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans, most convenient for lubricating. For household use, the ½-pint bottle is most economical

Avoid imitations. Look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Company,
130LE. William St., New York, N. Y.
Please send sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses to

Name_____

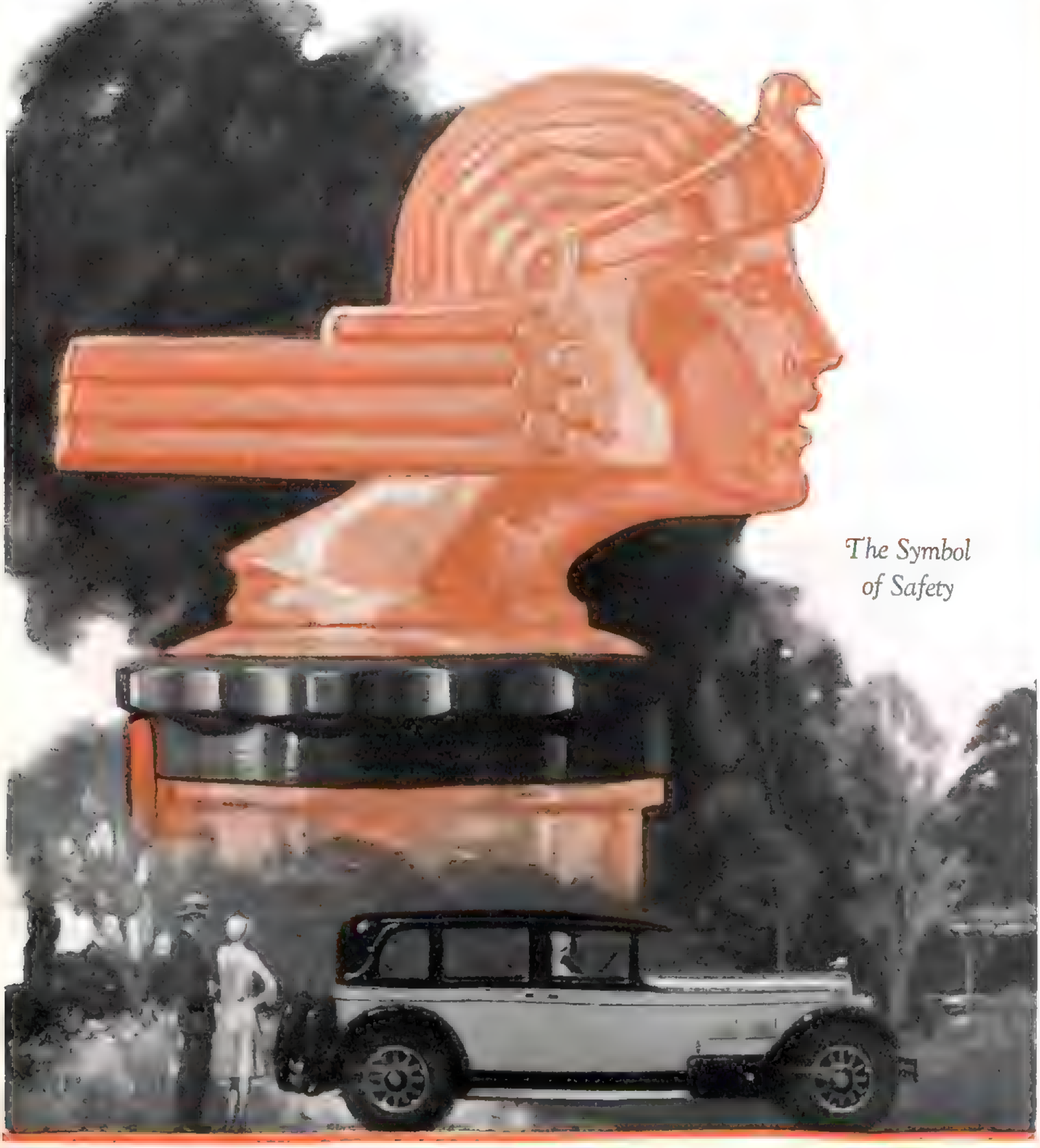
Street Address
or R. R.

City State

H91

The NEW STUTZ

[with SAFETY CHASSIS]



The Symbol of Safety

– the Safest Car now made even safer

WE now announce NEW STUTZ models, including seven-passenger cars, in which *every window*, as well as windshield, is of special *safety-glass*.

This eliminates the hazard of injury from flying shattered glass, at front, sides and rear. These NEW STUTZ models are the first cars ever built regularly equipped with safety-glass all around.

The phenomenal sales of The NEW STUTZ attest the success with which this advanced automobile meets the public demand of today.

And The NEW STUTZ, with Safety Chassis, already the world's safest automobile, is now made still safer for its occupants.

No other car has this combination of safety features:

Safety-glass in windshield and all windows. Narrow, clear-vision front corner-posts.

Frame of unequalled strength and rigidity, with integral steel running-boards ("side-bumpers").

Perfect road balance; elimination of side-sway achieved by scientific frame and spring arrangement. Stabilators and long, low-rate flat springs co-ordinated for ideal action.

Unparalleled stability, gained by a radical lowering of the "center of mass" of the car. The resistance to overturn is so great that one side of the car may be raised more than three feet higher than the other without toppling the car over. This lowering of the center of mass is made possible by The NEW STUTZ worm-gear drive, manufactured by Timken.

Hydrostatic four-wheel brakes, developed and built by Timken; greatly increased effective braking surface, with perfect equalization of braking energy at all points on each wheel. Non-leaking, no adjusting; quick, even deceleration —no discomfort to passengers, no skidding, no swerving, no side-sway.

Instant acceleration from ten to fifty miles per hour in less than eighteen seconds; an alertness that quickly pulls the car out of tight places. And speed adequate for all occasions.

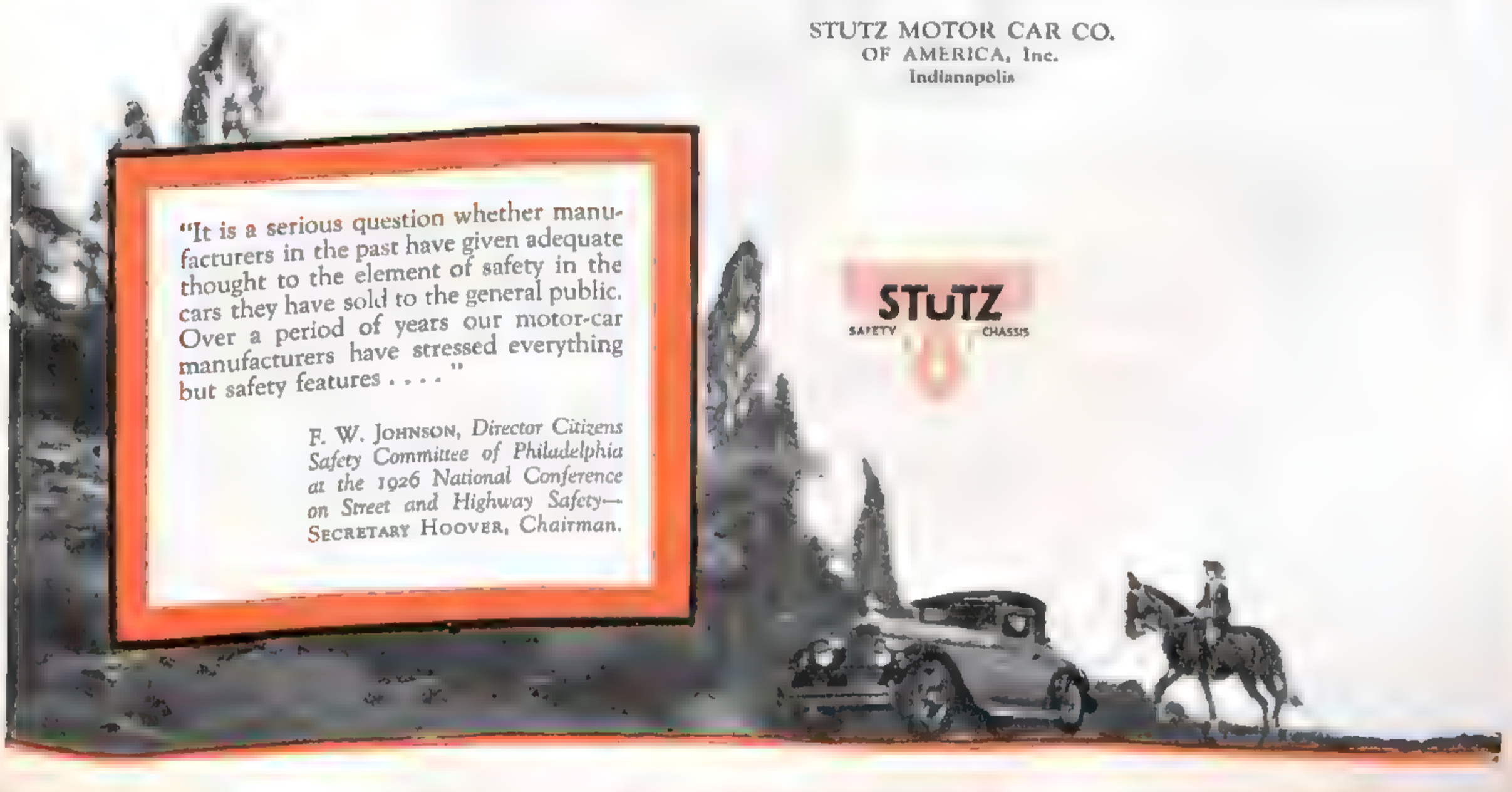
The entire car has Underwriters' Class A rating on both fire and theft. It is permanently protected at no cost to the car owner by The Fedco Number Plate System in co-operation with the William J. Burns International Detective Agency.

See The NEW STUTZ cars with safety-glass all around as the final safety attainment in the automobile that most successfully meets modern motoring conditions.

Your local dealer is now showing these models, which in addition to their exclusive safety features have a custom-like smartness of body design and the utmost luxury of appointments.

Eight body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO.
OF AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

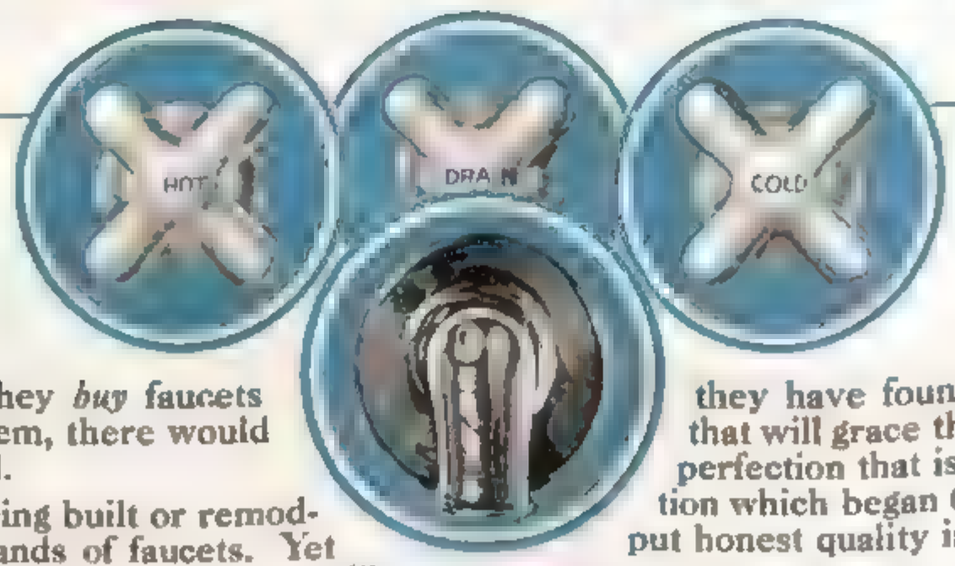

"It is a serious question whether manufacturers in the past have given adequate thought to the element of safety in the cars they have sold to the general public. Over a period of years our motor-car manufacturers have stressed everything but safety features . . . ."
F. W. Johnson, Director Citizens Safety Committee of Philadelphia at the 1926 National Conference on Street and Highway Safety—Secretary Hoover, Chairman.
STUTZ
SAFETY CHASSIS

If faucets *always* looked as BIG as they appear these hot days

Consult your architect in regard to the Vital Spots of plumbing. He knows Mueller Faucets are dependable and will be glad to approve your desire to have them installed.

A step ahead in hot water heating

In one master stroke the Mueller heat control system eliminates the trouble points in the hot water heating plant and brings greater comfort, greater convenience and reduced coal bills. See your *merchant* plumber or steam fitter about this inexpensive, dollar-saving convenience.



If people would be as critical when they *buy* faucets as they invariably are when they *use* them, there would be fewer faucets that *could* be criticized.

Right now thousands of homes are being built or remodeled and into them will go more thousands of faucets. Yet how many of those who select the faucets for these homes will see them as they appear during this hot weather when a faucet can be the one heartening thing in a scorching day—or one more little irritation.

The fact is that, in selecting faucets, as in selecting many other things, the out-of-sight-out-of-mind attitude leads many people to put price ahead of ultimate cost and to simply *hope* that any faucet which *looks* right will work right.

Yet thousands of people are *not* habit-blind when they buy faucets. Thousands have considered faucets in their true proportions—as the Vital Spots of the plumbing system. In Mueller Faucets they have found not only beauty of design and finish that will grace the finest fixtures, but also the mechanical perfection that is the fulfillment of a manufacturing ambition which began 69 years ago when Hieronymus Mueller put honest quality into the first Mueller products.

There are Mueller Faucets for the bathroom, the kitchen sink, the laundry, the garage—for every need. When you install Muellers at every Vital Spot in your plumbing system, you will know that it *is* possible to have faucets that turn completely on and fully off—that there *are* faucets that won't groan, chatter, spurt, or splash.

As a skilled craftsman your *merchant* plumber is glad to supply and install Mueller Faucets. If he does not carry them, he can quickly get them from the nearest Mueller jobber. There are three hundred of these jobbers—established wholesalers whose large scale operations materially reduce the cost of supplying your plumber and thus produce a saving that is later passed on to you.

MUELLER CO. (*Established 1857*) *Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Branches: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles *Canadian Factory:* MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

© Mueller Co.—1926

(Continued from Page 102)

"How soon d'you suppose Somes will let us know?"

"I'm going to tell him that forty-eight hours is all he can have."

"D'you dare?"

"I tell you that for this part I'd dare anything. They've got to see it as we see it—the managers, the public, everybody. I'll make them."

"By the jumping Jupiter, I believe you will!"

There was no need for any daring with Somes. He was kind, if a little pompous and patronizing. He evidently felt that a play brought to him by Margaret Atkinson for her own vehicle was nothing to get excited about. Forty-eight hours, he was sure, would be plenty of time for him to read it and make a decision.

His patronage did not dash Margaret's spirits. Only, now that the play had left her hands and young Pagett had disappeared, she was restless and uneasy at the sudden and uncertain idleness. She went to a beauty parlor and had every treatment they could give—sure aids to feminine morale. She even considered buying a new hat, but thought it safer to wait. And lastly, refreshed and smartened, she hurried over to see Cora.

It was four o'clock and Cora was almost invariably home at that hour. Today, though, she was out; but in her living room Celine was presiding over a festive tea wagon and her sole guest was—Henry Torrey!

"I've got a cold and can't go out," she explained hastily as Margaret appeared. "And mother was downtown, and it was so dreary here alone I called up Henry and made him come to tea."

It seemed to Margaret that Henry wore his usual imperturbability a bit awry, that he was just a trifle confused at her finding him there alone with Celine. Absurd of Celine would him, when she knew how plead and persuade and blandish when she wanted anything or anyone. She sat down without the least awkwardness.

"I hope there's enough tea for me," she said. "I'm a starving woman. I couldn't tell you whether I've had any meals during the past three weeks."

"How's your young playwright?" asked Celine. "I'm sure he's in love with you, to have done a play just for you."

"If he's in love with me he conceals it manfully. Our conversation consists of long, rude, heated arguments about the changes I want and the ones he'll consent to make."

"Aren't you ever going to finish these arguments?" asked Henry Torrey.

"Temporarily, at least, they are finished." She told them about Somes. Celine seemed disinclined to chatter as usual—not specially pleased, perhaps, to have her tête-à-tête interrupted. But Margaret pushed that thought away—it was as absurd as to think that Henry Torrey was confused.

At last Cora came in, and to add to Margaret's odd impression, she felt that there was real relief in Cora's manner at finding her there. "Oh, you don't know how much I've missed you," she said over and over. "I'm so glad to see you—so very, very glad."

And now Henry Torrey got up to go. "If you're free for dinner," he said to Margaret, almost wistfully, "will you ——"

"She's going to stay here to dinner with us," interposed Celine. "Isn't she, mother?"

"I'd love it," said Cora. "But if Mr. Torrey ——" It was almost as if Cora wanted her to go with Henry Torrey.

"Oh, no, she must stay," went on Celine. "I'm sick and can't go out, and it's her duty to be nice to an invalid. Do, do stay, Margaret. I won't let you go."

"I think I'll stay," said Margaret. "You know, Henry, you do things on such a grand scale, and tonight I just don't feel up to going home and dressing, and I couldn't go out with you in these rags."

"If you'd take my car ——" he began, and his persistence was sweet to her.

"No, I must stay and talk to Cora. But if I don't hear from Somes I'll go with you very soon."

"I'm going to Chicago tomorrow for a few days, but I'll call you up as soon as I get back. You've been slighting me." He lingered, put reproach into his manner, but she would not change her mind.

"You weren't very kind to him, Margaret," said Cora as soon as he had gone. "He thinks a great deal of you. He was really hurt."

"Oh, no, he wasn't, mother," put in Celine. "He was just doing the heavy polite."

"Celine," said Cora, in a strange flare of anger, "your passion for contradiction is abominable. You will please never speak to me in that way again. Now suppose you go into your room a while. I've not seen Margaret for a long time and I want to talk to her."

"Why, Cora," protested Margaret in amazement, "I never knew you to be so hard on Celine. She didn't mean to be pert."

Cora looked at her oddly. "What I said won't hurt her. She gets very much above herself now and then. Dear, I'm really disturbed that you rushed poor Henry off so rudely. I wouldn't have been selfish about keeping you, even though I'm gladder than I can say that you stayed."

"If you talk like this I shall think you wanted me to go."

"I did," said Cora. "And I wish you would understand why."

"It isn't convenient, or you're not feeling well, or you've got some other people coming? Is it a cross-word puzzle?"

Cora sighed. "For none of those reasons. And it's almost a cross word, if not a puzzle."

"But, Cora, you're not like yourself."

Cora shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "Oh, Margaret, you're just too good and kind for this world. Usually you know what I mean if I bat an eyelash, but now —— Well, it's on the knees of the gods. Let's forget about it. I'm awfully glad to see you, old dear. Take off your hat and let's be cozy."

But the evening that followed had a shadow on it. Celine did not come back—sent word that she'd gone to bed and would like her dinner in her room. Dallas Mayo came in and the talk between Cora and Margaret became perforce less intimate. It was not half so soothing an hour as Margaret had hoped for, and when she went home Cora's strange words and stranger manner elbowed Erica for place in her thoughts for a while. But she had seen Cora in moods before, and Erica was so vitally important. She wondered if Somes had begun to read the play. And would he see it, would he feel it, as she saw and felt it? He was a man sensitive to every good quality of theater, but that was no guaranty that he'd take Erica and produce her.

"Just once," she said aloud to her shabby little room—"just once to be in a splendid new fresh thing, with a fine setting, a foolproof cast. I don't want to see it done grubbily, with old sets dragged out of Caines' storehouse, and a misfit lot of people who merely happen to be at liberty. Just once ——" It was almost a prayer.

In the morning she fidgeted and fussed about, not knowing what she wanted to do or how to go about it. She began a piece of mending and threw it down; started a letter, tore it up; skimmed through the headlines and flung the papers in the waste-basket.

The telephone rang, and she heard the sound as a portent of fate. She was right—it was Somes himself.

"Look here," he began, "I'm just as crazy about this play as you are. I began it and I couldn't put it down. This is a great play. It's great, I tell you! Dig up the author and come along over. We must get at it right away."

She turned white and faint with the joyful shock of it. Hardly knowing what she said, she summoned young Pagett, and they skimmed the air rather than walked to Somes' office. He was waiting for them.

"It's the psychologic moment," he declared. "I can get a house, I can get Robert Willton and Jane Sanders and Andrew Goring and you"—he turned to Margaret—"and it's going to be such a whale of a success as will make Rain and Abie's Irish Rose look like fly-by-nights. I'm getting contracts ready for you"—he turned to Pagett—"and we'll hop right to it, and if luck holds we'll give it a tryout in the sticks in four weeks."

Margaret looked at Paul Pagett and Paul Pagett looked at Margaret and they both looked at Somes. "Oh, no," said Margaret at last, "I didn't hear that. It simply can't be that at last—at last —— You two look away, for I'm going to have hysterics. And after that—well, there'll be dancing in the streets and banners waving. Somes, do you mean it—do you, Somes?"

"You know me," said Somes. "And now get ready, the two of you, for we're going to work as only fools and people in the theatrical business ever do work."

So they went to it. There were no delays, no moments of rest. The casting was done in four days, with Somes pressing everyone on like a madman. His assistant, John Pender, took over the business of rehearsing, with Somes an ever-present shadow ready to materialize at the least lagging. Sets and costumes were devised and discussed, redesigned and rediscussed to the minutest detail. The whole intensely interesting business of the mechanics of mounting a play, making the skeleton which must support its speech and motion here in Somes' office it had its beginning, in a dozen workshops its realization.

Through it all Margaret studied Erica, studied her as she had never studied a part before. She lived and breathed and ate and drank and walked and slept and dreamed Erica - Erica, the woman who had the courage to look back, but to do it calmly, without repentance; who neither sentimentalized nor glossed nor ignored the truth, yet who was never hard, or mean, or petty, or afraid.

This study filled her days and nights completely. Henry Torrey came back from Chicago, sent her flowers, called her up and asked her for an evening, but she could not give it to him. She told him of Erica, however, in the rapture that was inseparable from all she said about the play. Celine she did not see, never thought of. Cora remained, as always, the steady, sure friend. Even so, it seemed to Margaret at times that Cora was regarding her with an unusual solicitude. Cora kept dragging in Henry Torrey's name whenever she got a chance—quite unnecessarily, it seemed to Margaret. And she emphasized her belief that Margaret was not kind enough to him, appreciative enough. She was almost shrill about it.

"But, Cora, my dear, I can't see him now," protested Margaret. "Here's my one big chance put into my hands by a miracle of coincidence, and it means everything to me. I'd be mad to lose the least bit of it by playing about with Henry. Henry can wait. If Erica does what I think she will do, then I can take up my friendship with Henry on a basis much more satisfactory to me than in the past. You see what I mean?"

"I see," said Cora. "But by that time it may be too late."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"Oh, Margaret, how can I, of all people, tell you?"

"You of all people ought to tell me if it's anything I ought to hear, don't you think?"

"Well, I can't," admitted Cora desperately. "And I only hope I'm mistaken and that everything will be all right, for I know you care about Henry Torrey, and —— Oh, Margaret, you're my dear friend, and yet ——"

"Don't be so mysterious. If I didn't have to fly to a rehearsal I'd get at the bottom of this. But the next time I talk with you —— Now don't worry about me, Cora. Just keep on wishing me success with Erica; that's the main thing just now."

(Continued on Page 109)

No, the World Isn't Getting Softer

A YEAR ago J. Jacob Shannon Co., who distribute Red Edges in the City of Brotherly Love, otherwise Philadelphia, got an initial order from a contractor.

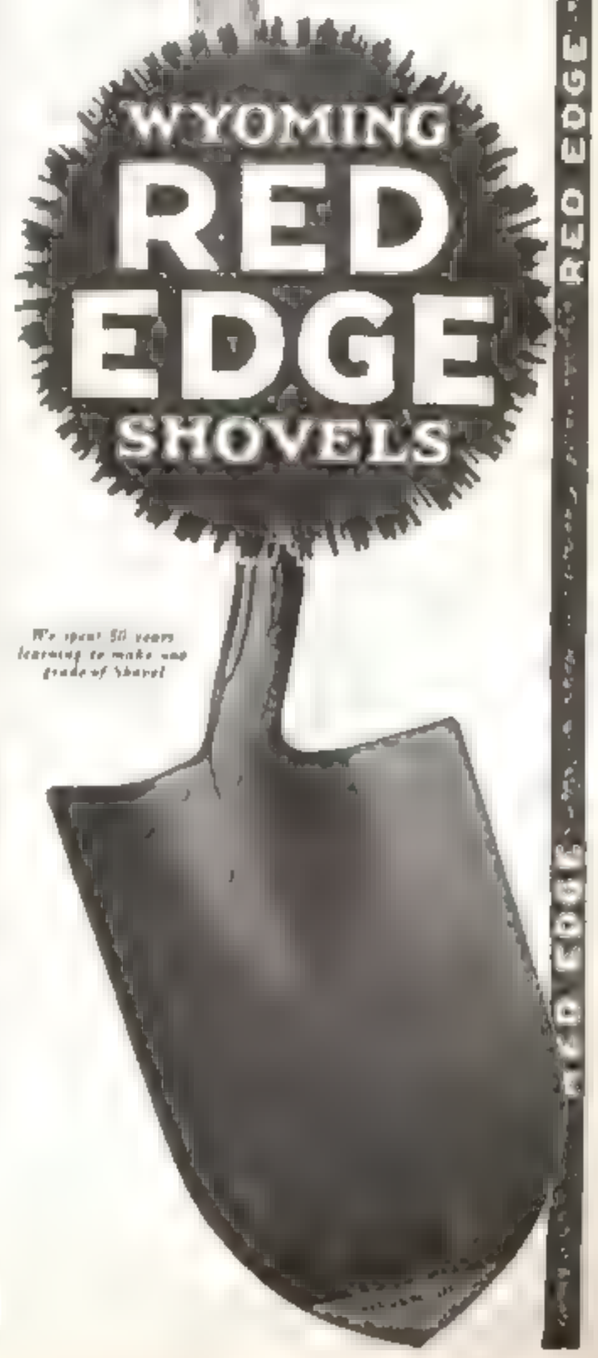
"How many shovels can you use?" asked J. Jacob's representative.

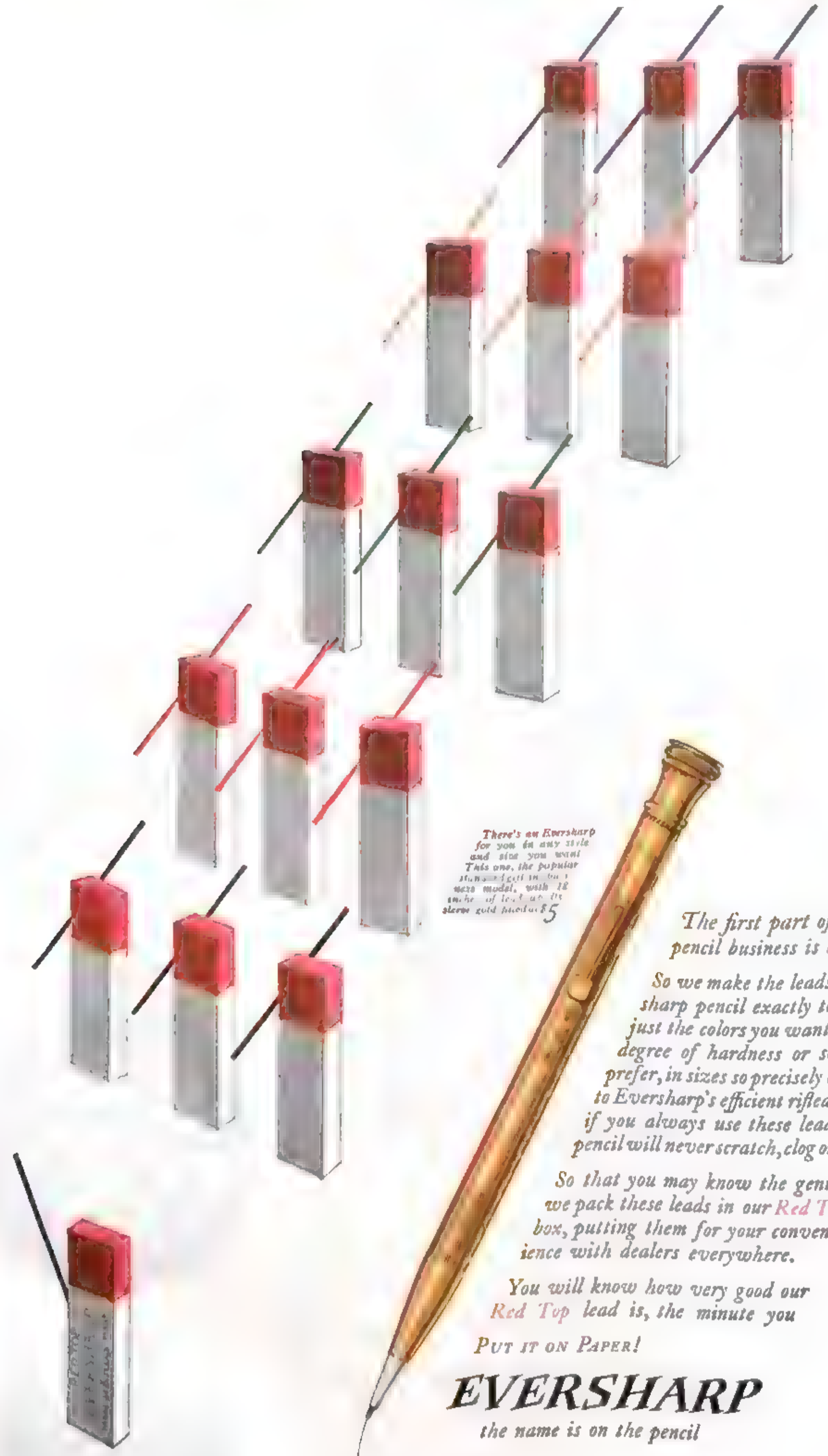
"You say those Red Edges will outlast two ordinary shovels. Well, suppose you let me have about 25 dozen. Ordinarily I use twice that many shovels but just to prove my faith in your brand we'll make it only 25 dozen this year."

A year later the same salesman called on this contractor. "How about another little 25 dozen Red Edges?"

"Run along, young fellow," replied the contractor. "Just because I like you I'll give you an order for 12 dozen. But I don't really need 'em. I've got a toolhouse full of those Red Edges you sold me last year. Either dirt and rock are getting softer, or that Red Edge is one almighty tough shovel. We don't seem able to wear the darn things out." Do *you* need that kind of shovel in *your* business?

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.





There's an Eversharp for you in any style and size you want. This one, the popular [illegible] gold in four-sided [illegible] model, with 12 inches of lead and the sleeve gold finished $5

The first part of leadership in the pencil business is lead.

So we make the leads for our Eversharp pencil exactly to suit you—in just the colors you want, in the very degree of hardness or softness you prefer, in sizes so precisely calibrated to Eversharp's efficient rifled tip that if you always use these leads your pencil will never scratch, clog or jam.

So that you may know the genuine we pack these leads in our Red Top box, putting them for your convenience with dealers everywhere.

You will know how very good our Red Top lead is, the minute you

PUT IT ON PAPER!

EVERSHARP

the name is on the pencil

Cut it on paper

This sign tops the attractive case in which progressive merchants display their complete assortment of Eversharp Red Top Leads. You choose from the case the lead that you like best, in the color that you prefer.

© 1926, The Wahl Company, Chicago
The Wahl Co., Ltd., Toronto

(Continued from Page 107)

She fully meant to demand frankness of Cora at their next talk. But by that time something so amazing had happened that she could speak of nothing else. Suddenly, out of the blue, Somes had announced a tremendous decision: "We're not going to waste effort trying Erica out of town. This play is perfect, as perfect as it will ever be. It doesn't need any licking into shape. I stake my professional reputation on that statement. So we're going to open cold, right here in New York, one week from tonight. I'm shifting Parson's Pleasure to the Bogert, and I'm going to put Erica in the Blandin."

He stared about him defiantly, a little ashamed of his own enthusiasm. The company stared back, not daring to believe its several and collective ears. To open cold, in Somes' Blandin—his newest, biggest theater, his very pet and pride—and that he had to shift Parson's Pleasure, so far his season's greatest success, into another and a smaller house—now they had the measure of his belief in Erica! Such a thing happened but once in a thousand seasons.

"It's too much," Margaret told Paul Pagett. "Life isn't like this, you know. When I was a little girl, every now and then I used to get up in the morning in a perfect fever of high spirits without any real reason. And it only meant that before the day was over I got a spanking. Well, Paul, I'm wondering when the spanking is due. It's coming. Somes giving us the Blandin—it's tempting fate, absolutely."

"I believe you," said young Pagett. "If I should hear next that King George and Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales were all coming over specially for the opening of Erica, I wouldn't be at all surprised. In fact, I'd be in favor of asking them to pay for their seats, and warning them that if they weren't amongst those present at 8:30 sharp, they wouldn't be allowed in until after the first act."

"'Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall,'" quoted Margaret.

"Tell it to Somes, not me. I'm the humble worshiper at the seats of the mighty, and no more."

But she did not tell it to Somes. She forgot all about it herself in the rush and sweep and jam of that last week. Everything else became unreality; even Cora drifted a little into the haze. Erica crowded out everything, everybody.

The first night seemed ages away when Somes told them a week before; and then, in a leap, it was upon them. Somes sent his secretary to take charge of Paul Pagett, who had collapsed into mouthing idiocy. But Margaret was strangely calm. When she came into the theater a little before seven, a sudden stillness and coolness of spirit, a detachment, had descended blessedly upon her. There were masses of flowers. Somes had sent some; Cora and Henry Torrey also; and there was a tricky little bouquet marked "Love—Celine." There were other flowers from old friends and associates she'd played with along her way. Letters and telegrams too. Actors and actresses are the kindest creatures in the world in wishing and hoping good fortune to their friends. But Margaret had Zena, her dresser—a sensible, middle-aged colored woman, experienced in the theater—carry out the flowers, put the messages away unread. Afterward, yes. But now they were distractions, impediments. She needed all her thoughts, all her strength for the play.

Then Somes stuck his bald head in at the door. "Cheerio! It's going to be a great night," he said.

She nodded, touching the brilliancy of mascara on her lashes. Somes didn't matter. She kept on looking at herself. "You're going to do it, Margaret, my girl," she kept whispering. "You're going to do it." Zena moved about her in silent helpfulness, watching her. The fifteen-minute call came for the curtain as she put the last touch to her first-act costume, a black-and-white ensemble, smart, intricate. On an impulse she sent Zena to bring a red rose from the great mass of flowers Henry Torrey had sent—a fitting talisman, since this was all for him. She put it in the fur at her throat, where she always wore a flower. It was excellent. She smiled at her reflection. "Oh, you're going to do it!" she whispered again.

Erica made her entrance early in the first act. In the wings, Margaret waited for the moment. The two on the stage were fumbling their lines a little—not a bad omen, she thought. But she wasn't going to fumble. Now—her cue. She went on.

She went on and the play became hers. She lifted it, she made it, she lived it, in every line, in every least gesture, each subtle change of pose and turn of eyes; she was this strange and brave Erica who refused regret and repentance as a logical commonplace, not with any mock defiance or bravado. And the audience, the typical cold, sophisticated, show-us first-night audience, rose to her in acclaim.

There were seven curtain calls after the first act, ten after the second, and at the end the audience rose and cheered, pounded the floor, refused to leave until at last Margaret went out alone to speak. She said what was in her mind—one sentence:

"I've waited a long time for this, but it was more than worth waiting for, and I thank you from my heart."

More recalls after that, and she made the company come out with her. They dragged on Somes too. But Paul Pagett cowered in the wings and couldn't be forced to appear. However, it didn't matter. It was not the author's night, but the star's.

So it was over. Zena had brought back the flowers into her dressing room, and Cora was waiting there for her by the door, Dallas Mayo a little behind her. And then came Henry Torrey—and Celine. And at the instant she looked at these two Margaret knew that her chastisement was prepared for her. Celine was in love with Henry Torrey. It was in her eyes, in a new softness and sweetness and radiance, in her hand on his arm, in her awareness of him patent to the least observant. From the pinnacle where she was waiting, Margaret dropped down to the depths. She turned piteously to Cora, and she saw that Cora knew and was torn harshly between love and anxiety for her daughter, love and anxiety for her friend.

"I tried to tell you and you wouldn't listen," said Cora, her arms about Margaret.

"Hush!" answered Margaret. "Don't let them hear you. It wouldn't have made any difference if I had listened."

But they could say nothing more. And there was the rest of the night to go through with. Henry had ordered supper for them; they must all go to that supper and sit about the gala table and talk of Margaret's triumph and the play and what the critics would say, and so on and so on. Paul Pagett drifted in, white-lipped but steadier now. He was to come to the supper; and Somes, if Somes would honor them. It developed that Somes would graciously appear.

In the end it was Somes who saved the party from disaster. He was so pleased with himself and the vindication of his judgment that he bragged and swaggered and back-patted himself in a never-ending loquacity. Dallas Mayo talked, too, and Celine a little; but Margaret tried not to look at her when she was speaking, she was so tenderly happy. Celine sat between Paul Pagett and Henry Torrey. Now and then Margaret looked at Henry, but of what he felt she could tell nothing. He was as impassive, as imperturbable as ever.

"But he would never have let Celine fall in love with him if he didn't care for her," Margaret groaned in spirit. "He's not that sort."

After interminable ages of the supper party, she got away to her two lonely silent little rooms, sweet now with the flowers Zena had brought from the theater. Margaret looked about her drearily. She needn't live like this any longer. Erica would provide comfort, luxury. The long hard questing was over. She had won through—the great play, the great part, her own mastery of it—all that she had so longed for.

So she sat down among the flowers and began to cry and cry and cry, for all the treasure she had sought so long and had found at last was nothing but ashes and rubbish. When at last she could stop her tears and go to bed, it was morning.

About eleven she woke, with a confused heavy sense of trouble. Mechanically she looked at the papers. The critics had united their voices in a mighty pæan. They praised her with all the heaped-up adjectives in the theatrical thesaurus. They praised the play. They praised the settings, the production entire—"The greatest success artistically that has been in years . . . and we venture to predict also, the greatest financially." . . . "Margaret Atkinson has come into her own at last." . . . "Soul-stirring, electrifying, inspired."

She wanted to cry again, but she pulled herself together. The discipline of the long bleak years behind her stood her in good stead now. "No woman," she assured herself, "gets everything she wants." And now she realized this strange thing—that one is richer when one has only hope than with a heaped-up glittering success.

The getting through of the day began to solve itself, for now her telephone was unlocked and it rang incessantly. Everyone she knew, and many she didn't, wanted to talk to her; photographers longed to take her picture; reporters were hot for interviews; the theater's own publicity agent must see her as soon as possible; and enterprising hostesses, scenting her as the newest sensation, demanded her for teas and luncheons. After an hour of this she locked the phone again. It was too wearing. She must get a personal maid at once to keep such people off her.

She had some telephoning of her own to do. Cora—no. Her hand fell back from the receiver. What could she say, what would she dare to say to Cora? She tried Paul Pagett's number instead. He was quite cocky now, almost too joyful to be coherent. People were making an enormous fuss over him, and—"I like it," he said. Then: "That was an awfully pretty girl at the supper party last night—the one who sat by me. She was so gone on the old chap who gave the party she didn't notice me much, but I was awfully taken with her. D'you think she'd mind if I called her up and asked her to go to tea or luncheon or something?"

"No," said Margaret, "I don't think she'd mind. Don't let all this flattery and attention go to your head, Paul. I want you to write more plays, just as good as Erica. There's nothing in the world that's to be counted on like hard work."

"I say, you don't sound nearly so cheery as you should."

"You weren't so gay yourself while the play was going last night."

"Don't talk about it. I was all shot to pieces. Then you think I might call up Miss Mayo? She isn't engaged to that old chap, is she?"

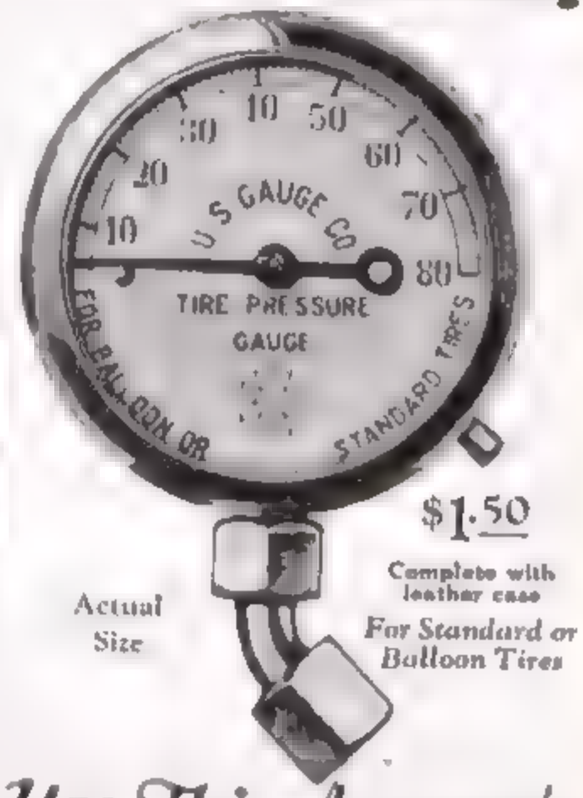
Margaret forced herself to truth: "Not so far as I know, but I think she's—she's very much interested in him."

"A blind eye could see that. And I'll bet he's interested in her, for all he's got such a poker face. Lord, how could he help it?"

She rang off. So Henry Torrey was to young Pagett only "the old chap who gave the party." But he had seen plainly how Celine felt. Oh, it was all too damnably difficult!

She had lost Henry Torrey, and so stupidly, so needlessly. Gradually, painfully, she picked up the incidents she had ignored: Finding him at tea with Celine, Celine's insistence that she shouldn't go to dinner with him, and prefacing these, her own seeming sudden indifference to him. Yes, but if he had actually cared for her he would not have left her so easily. How she would miss him, his easy companionship, his entire congeniality! His mind and taste had suited hers as perfectly as his dancing. Why had she, like an utter

If Tires Are Expensive SAVE THEM by Maintaining Correct Inflation.



Actual Size

$1.50

Complete with leather case

For Standard or Balloon Tires

Use This Accurate Gauge Regularly

IT'S easy to check up on the air pressure in your tires at regular intervals with the dependable U. S. TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE and *know* that the correct inflation is maintained.

Too much pressure is as bad as too little. You can't afford to gamble with your tire investment nowadays.

The durable U. S. TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE is guaranteed accurate to the pound—it is handy to apply and as easy to read as your watch. This improved gauge fits all types of wheels and has an unbreakable crystal.

Play safe! Get a U. S. TIRE GAUGE from your dealer or order direct.

UNITED STATES GAUGE COMPANY

44 Beaver St. New York

308 W. Randolph St. Chicago

Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges

All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

simpleton, construed this into a promise of his love? She had thought he must love her, that he must respond to what was in her own heart; but he, apparently, had not been so convinced.

She walked her little room, sick with pain. Perhaps if she tried, even now she might bring him back to her, take him away from Celine. But no, she mustn't dream of that. If she hurt Celine as she herself was hurt, if she flung her down into the same despairing abyss where she was lying, put out that lovely radiance and trust and tenderness she had seen last night, she'd be committing murder. She'd be killing Celine; and more, she'd be killing Cora through Celine. Cora, her friend, who adored her only child, as she herself had said, helplessly. In such love there are no defenses. To hurt the object of it is to pierce the naked heart.

How cruel, how wicked of fate to have entangled her in such unbreakable meshes. But this one thing was clear: She couldn't, she daren't, try to win Henry back at the price of disloyalty to Cora. Better to have an aching heart than one ashamed—ten thousand times.

A messenger boy banged furiously on her door with a note. It was from Henry Torrey, pat to the moment.

"I didn't get a chance last night to tell you half how glad I am, how more than glad I am for you," he wrote, "or half of how wonderful you were. It seemed to me the finest acting since Duse in her height. Of course I knew you could do it, and yet you went far beyond my imaginings. I know you will be very much occupied, but at any time, when you could give me a moment, I will be very grateful. Please don't let your success sweep you entirely away from your old friends."

She read it over and over. He was leaving himself and her—oh, yes, her too—an easy way out. He knew she would be "very much occupied," but if she would give him a moment now and then, he "would be grateful." That left it in her hands. Very clever of him, and very decent. He was letting her down easily, making it appear that she had dispensed with him rather than he with her.

She shut her eyes tight to keep back new tears. She must—she must command herself. The play must go on if she lost a thousand Henry Torreys. Erica must keep her triumphant progress, straight over her own bruised and aching heart. After all, it might have been worse. Erica might have been a failure and Henry lost besides. She tried to think of this, but reasoning by comparatives is a thin consolation to one who is suffering in superlatives.

As she put Henry Torrey's letter down on her desk her hand dislodged a little written slip, folded over in a worn crease. It was the paragraph about friendship she had copied from the first draft of Erica that she had read to Henry Torrey and to Cora:

"Deep within the heart of each is the knowledge that in any pinch of circumstance, the other is ready to be a rock of safety, an aid, a comfort, a strong and aggressive ally."

Reading that steadied her resolution to be loyal to her friendship. She would make Cora believe that losing Henry Torrey meant little or nothing to her, now that she had won her great success. It would be difficult to deceive Cora. "But what's the use of being an actress unless I can act to some purpose? I don't want Cora whipsawed between Celine and me—that's unthinkable." She tried to remember exactly what she had said to Cora the night before; her recollection was that she hadn't given herself away too badly.

Any muddle clears with the forming of a high line of action. Margaret found that Henry Torrey, definitely relinquished, Cora definitely cheered and reassured, put her a step on the way toward a peaceful mind. And there was left, for the present, her work. Erica was there at the theater waiting for her; she would be there, night after night, demanding her strength, her proudest effort.

Somes had said that he would be at the theater all afternoon to experiment on lighting changes. She needn't go, but she thought she would—go and lose herself, thinking about nothing more thrilling than shadows turned this way or that, or wholly eliminated; the color-changing quality of the spots, the effect that would be visible to the highest balcony, and yet not glaring to the front row.

Somes was surprised but pleased to have her appear. "I supposed you'd be conducting a constant reception today. You needn't have come. You look pretty tired."

Celine Was Presiding Over a Festive Tea Wagon, and Her Sole Guest Was—Henry Torrey!

"That's the lights again," said Margaret dryly. She walked back and forth in the empty, sounding theater, watching what was done, listening to the wrangling of Somes and the head electrician, giving her own opinion now and then. At the same time her mind ran a subconscious current of wailing lament that she could not quite stifle.

But she felt better. When the session was over she was able to telephone to Cora—if she didn't do it she knew Cora would conjecture dreadful things. She told Cora, quite easily, where she was and what she had been doing, and added that as it was so late she was going to stay downtown and have an early dinner and then come right back to the theater. Would Cora join her for a cup of tea at least? There was so much she wanted to talk about—she must get a maid, and maybe a new apartment, and this and that. She checked herself from running on too glibly. That would be as suspicious as faltering.

But no, Cora couldn't come. She wanted to, terribly, but Dallas had asked two visiting professors and their wives to dinner, and the cook was displaying rich temperament. There was a questioning eagerness in her voice. "Are you all right, Margaret?" she asked at the last. "Oh, my dear girl, I'm so glad of your success! I'm so glad! I could shout and sing and isadoraduncan around the block, honestly I could. And Dallas and Celine are just as glad as I."

Margaret held her voice firm and gay. "How's Celine? She looked so pretty last night, and so happy. It was beautiful to see her." Cora would understand that.

"Did you think so? That's—that's sweet of you, Margaret. You know how I feel about Celine."

"Of course I know; and so do I—just the same." Cora would understand that too. "I hope I'm not selfish; but honestly, I'm so everlastingly cheered up by Erica being such a hit that I can't think much of anything or anybody else. If you knew what it means to me to have my biggest, seemingly impossible dream come true! Cora, I suppose there isn't anybody in the world this minute who's so ecstatically rapturous as I am."

"Truly—truly, Margaret?"

"Truly, truly! Well, I must see you very soon. 'By."

There was a beginning at least. She thought she had sounded convincing enough even for Cora. After all, it was only another bit of acting; and since all the critics now thought she was such a great actress, she ought to be able to put over her own private drama. She'd protect herself by not being with Cora too often or too soon.

All that she now hoped was that Celine and Henry Torrey wouldn't announce their engagement before she was well drilled in playing her part. She didn't answer Henry Torrey's note; she tried not to think of him; but as Erica settled down into the smooth even rut of a prosperous New York run, she found that she was missing him more than ever and that she couldn't forget him. But she did see Paul Pagett, and that young man shortly gave her news of Celine. He had called her up, had gone to see her, they had gone out together. Henry was probably in Chicago again, Margaret thought cynically.

"She's a ripping dancer," said young Pagett. "I never knew many girls; I've always been rather off 'em, they seemed so shrill and stupid; but she's a charmer."

"Yes, Celine's very lovely."

"She's a lot more than that. I want to put a girl like her into my next play if I can. But it's difficult—she's so complicated."

"About as complicated as a piece of string." Margaret wanted to cry out at him. Aloud she said, "Celine will be complimented. She wanted to go on the stage at one time."

"Yes, she told me. But she's given it up. I think she was right. She's too fine textured and exquisite to go up against the sort of thing one meets on the stage."

"Paul, go away," said Margaret desperately. "You're so young today I am tempted to take you out and buy you a lollipop and a red drum."

But as she walked over to the theater the conversation roused all sorts of questions in her mind. If Celine was in love with Henry Torrey—and even allowing that he might be out of town—why was she flirting with Paul Pagett? It was flirting, she felt sure. Surely Celine was not so ignorant and so cheap as to play fast and loose with real love. Margaret couldn't think that of her. She was frantic to ask Cora; but in the new attitude she had adopted toward her friend she was taking the pose of being so utterly enrapt in Erica as to be oblivious of all else.

She was so engrossed in her whirling current of conjecture and supposings that she did not see Henry Torrey until he stopped before her on the street, hat in hand.

"Won't you even speak to me?" he asked.

"I didn't see you." She shook hands with him nervously, feeling her heart jump. "And," she chattered on, to hide her agitation, "it's very funny, for I was just this minute thinking of you and wondering if you weren't in Chicago."

He walked along beside her. "Why did you think that?" he asked.

Her explanation was confused. "Oh, I hadn't heard from you or seen you for so long; and then you do go to Chicago, you know."

"You couldn't have wanted to hear from me very much or you would have answered my note. I know your time must be immensely occupied, with your great success, but surely an old friend ——"

He was actually daring to reproach her. A wave of anger at what he had made her suffer rose in her spirit. "Your own time I should think would be immensely occupied," she said. "I can't imagine why you should want to see me—under the circumstances."

"Under what circumstances?"

Oh, he might as well hear it. "I thought you were engaged to Celine Mayo," she said; "and if you were, you'd naturally be with her all the time."

"It's not your fault if I'm not. You deliberately set that baby vamp on me and I've had —— Why did you do it, I'd like to know? Were you tired of me? Did you think you were choosing an easy way to get rid of me, to show me that you didn't care for me, that you never would care for me? I've got to know. I've been through too much ——" He stopped. The cool impassive Henry actually stopped because he could not command his voice. It broke and shook and choked.

"You've been through so much—you! What about me? And it's horrid of you to call Celine a baby vamp."

"That's what she is, and no more. This younger generation! If you imagine that I ever sought her out of my own free will and accord—well, I don't wonder you threw me down so hard. I, a cradle robber, a baby snatcher? Thank you, no!"

Margaret began to laugh. "Henry, we're quarreling. Isn't it delicious? Oh, how I've missed you!"

He caught hold of her arm. "I've got to get this straight. You've missed me? I like that! You began by breaking an engagement with me and pushing that little baby vamp, which is all she is, into your place. I could hardly refuse to be civil to the daughter of your best friend, could I? And then you couldn't see me, and I asked you again and again."

"Not so very again and again."

"Yes, it was, too, again and again, and again. And all the time you were with that little rat of a playwright. I wonder I didn't wring his neck. I tell you, Margaret, a man can only stand about so much. . . . Yes, and what about your opening night?

(Continued on Page 114)

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

Improved Four and New Six

The only way to be sure of getting dollar for dollar value in your next car is to try before you buy. Try them all—for power, acceleration, ease of handling, economy. Talk to owners about upkeep. And if you want maximum value—More Power and Superior Quality—for less than $1,000 your choice will be a Star Four or Six. Let the nearest Star Car dealer show you the world's greatest dollar for dollar value.

NEW STAR SIX

Chassis	$650	Coach	$880
Touring	$725	DeLuxe Sport Roadster	$910
Coupe	$820	Landau Sedan	$975

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

Hayes-Hunt Bodies

IMPROVED STAR FOUR

Com. Chassis	$470	Coupe	$675
Roadster	$540	Coach	$695
Touring	$540	Sedan	$795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

DURANT MOTORS, Inc., 250 W. 57th St., New York General Sales Dept.—1819 Broadway, New York

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico

PLANTS: ELIZABETH, N. J. LANSING, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL. TORONTO, ONT.

MORE POWER and SUPERIOR QUALITY

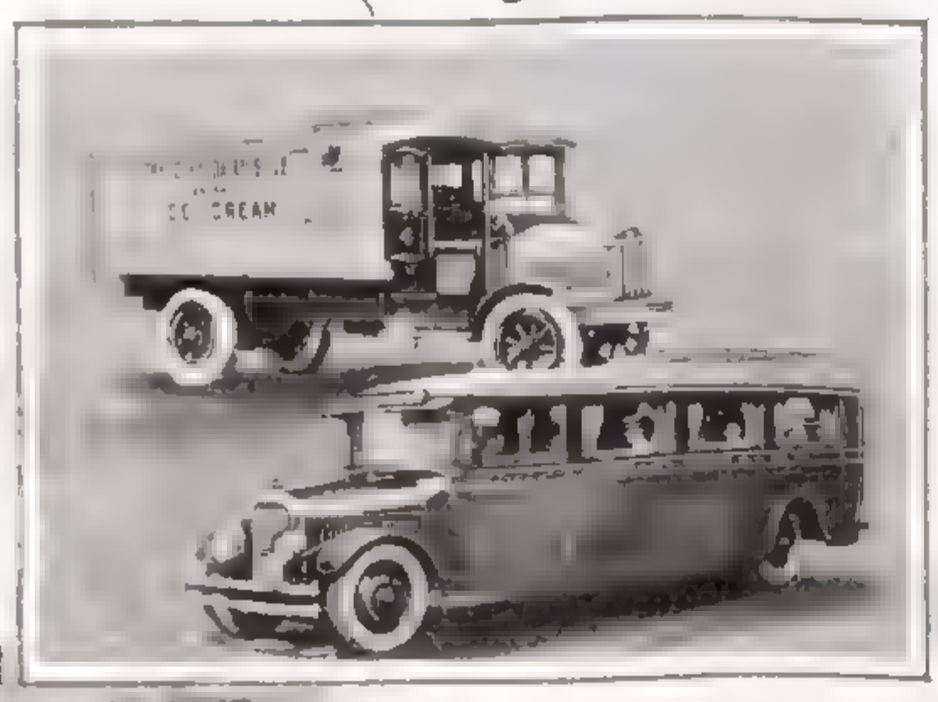
What about Anheuser-Busch ?

Basic industry rests upon life necessity. Wheat, coal and steel serve human needs. So long as food, shelter and transportation remain conditions of existence they insure the permanence of industries which answer to them. . . . . The great, broad bedrock of lasting industry is human service.

Anheuser-Busch and the other Busch interests form an institution with a breadth of industrial base extending over a range of essential industries and manufactures. It rests upon foundations as solid and basic as bread, coal, railroads and shipbuilding.

Industry that serves the needs of life endures and thrives

Aug A Busch



Bus and Truck Bodies

Ice Plants

Besides the character of fundamental industry, the institution embodies a great organization of men, carefully developed under the direction of specialists, and a physical structure among the greatest in the world for industrial purposes. In its broad and widely varied service to the nation, as well as to the people and business of its own section and the city of St. Louis, this institution represents profitable service and the profitable employment of capital and men.

"What about Anheuser-Busch?" The exhibits answer.

Operates Its Own Mines and Railroads

Coal is basic. Coal is essential. From the Busch mines comes the coal for their own industries, for all public schools and many of the larger independent industries and railroads in and about St. Louis.

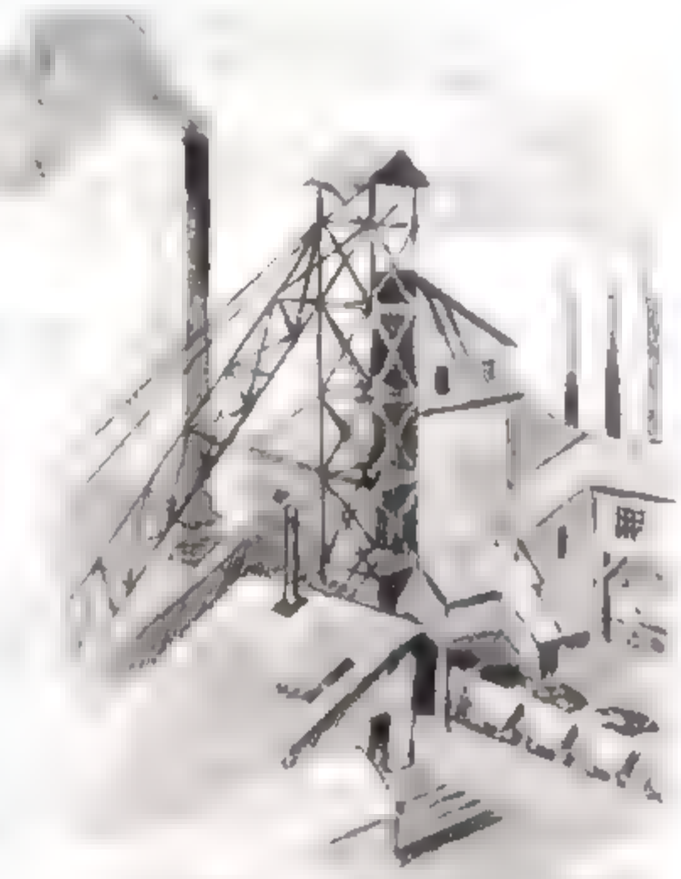
Then there is transportation—basic certainly, essential without question. This tremendous coal tonnage is hauled into St. Louis day after day over two Busch-owned railroads. One of these railroads is a terminal system serving 275 St. Louis industries besides Busch interests.

Here are mining, transport and a major phase of distribution. Each, alone, is an enterprise employing many men and millions in money; and each performs definite, human service.

Ice, Ice Cream and Dry Pack Cabinets are Big Industries

Ice plants on the Atlantic Coast and in the Midwest produce 740,000 tons of ice a year and Anheuser-Busch cold storage plants contain 14 million cubic feet of refrigeration space

In the drug store or candy shop near you you may find the ice cream kept in an Anheuser-Busch dry pack ice cream cabinet. Many thousands of these are built annually and they are in use all over the United States. Ice cream itself—a million gallons a year—is manufactured by Anheuser-Busch in New York City, New Orleans and Oklahoma City.



Coal Mines

Putting Refrigeration on Wheels

Development of refrigeration looms prominently among the contributions of the decade to better living. Practical science has wrestled long with the problems of transporting perishable foodstuffs. In this field is found another notable Anheuser-Busch exhibit. Tons and tons of perishables all over America are transported cleanly, quickly, economically and with minimum deterioration in specially designed refrigerator bodies built by Anheuser-Busch and mounted upon motor trucks.

Meats, milk, fresh fruits and vegetables and ice cream are safeguarded by Anheuser-Busch mobile refrigeration

Diesel Submarine and Stationary Engines

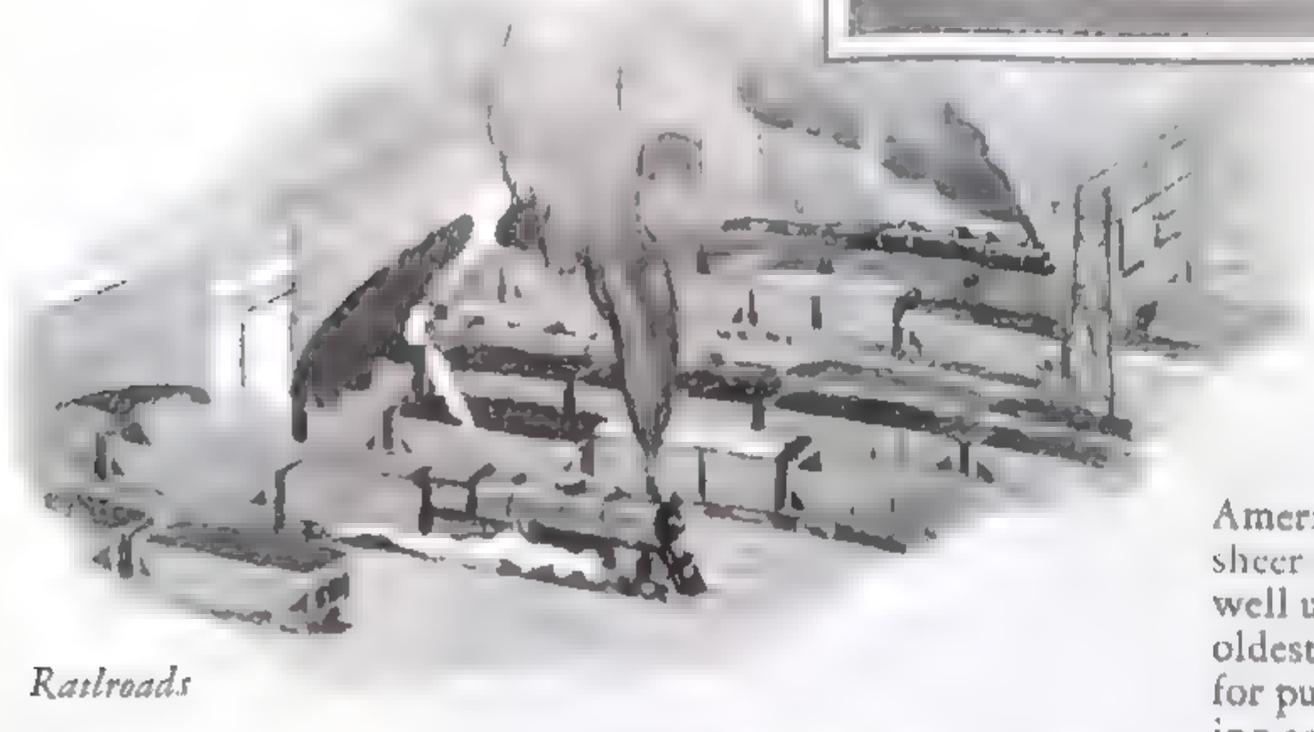
between shipping platforms and city and rural stores. The merit of these refrigerator bodies has been attested by the liberal patronage of motor truck manufacturers, packers, shippers and dairymen—a patronage so sound that building of mobile refrigeration units has become a big industry in itself.

Manufactures Motor Bus Bodies

Transport is an ever recurring phase of human service. There is the same necessity for moving people as there is for moving goods. And human transport affords another exhibit, another voice in the chorus answering, "What about Anheuser-Busch?" Millions of people ride in comfort and safety in and about and between cities in bus bodies made by Anheuser-Busch and mounted upon the chassis of the country's foremost motor bus builders.

U. S. Navy Uses Busch-Built Engines

Adolphus Busch, first president of Anheuser-Busch, built in St. Louis the first two-cylinder Diesel engine in the world to be placed in commercial service. That was in 1898. Busch-built Diesel engines, marine and stationary, have been in successful operation in the United States ever since—for 28 years.



Railroads

During the World War the entire plant activities were diverted to making submarine Diesel engines for the U. S. Navy, and 72 of these engines were built for the Navy. America's largest submarines—the V-1, V-2 and V-3—are Busch-Diesel equipped. Engines for peace industries and ships of commerce are now being built in sizes up to 3,600 brake horsepower.

Contributes Essentials for Bread Making

Other exhibits of the virility of Anheuser-Busch are numerous. Into the nutritious bread loaves and the dainty, fluffy confections of thousands of bakers go Anheuser-Busch extracts and syrups and cereal products. The Hotel Adolphus at Dallas, a five-million-dollar property, is owned and operated by the Busch interests. Vast herds of live stock and countless flocks of poultry come to market fattened by Anheuser-Busch feeds. From the Anheuser-Busch glass plant come millions of bottles to serve as containers for Anheuser-Busch soft drinks.

Yeast Manufacture Is Expanded

An Anheuser-Busch industry just launched is the manufacture of yeast for commercial and household uses and to meet the increasing demand from dietetics. Technical knowledge and practical use of yeast in this institution cover more than half a century.

Hotels

Glass Plants

Building for 69 Years

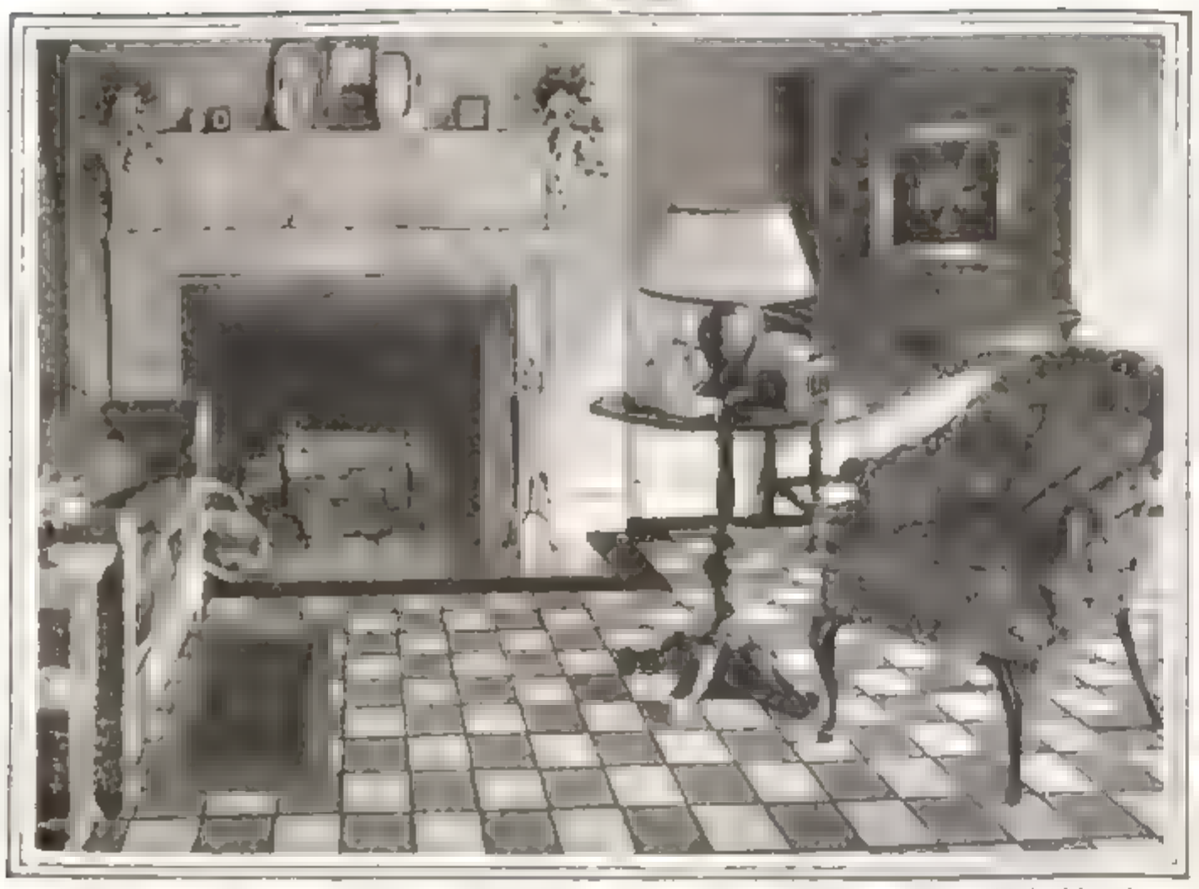
Just the housing of these industries within industries requires 300 separate buildings. A single building of the group in St. Louis contains 27 acres of floor space and this entire building is used for bottling, storing and shipping the famous line of Anheuser-Busch soft drinks. In practically every city and town of importance in the United States Anheuser-Busch has either a branch or a distributing agency.

The money spent, the money earned, the changing business conditions that helped or hampered the rise of this industrial colossus in 69 years—these details are a story in themselves. It is pertinent to this picture, however, to mention that throughout those 69 years Anheuser-Busch plants have been in continuous operation and Anheuser-Busch workers have been constantly employed.

American industries are the wonder of the civilized world. By sheer size they inspire an awed admiration. Anheuser-Busch is well up in the forefront of these giant industries. It is one of the oldest of them. Upon a foundation of quality it has built solidly for public service. It stands today a very material, pulsing, living answer to the question: "What about Anheuser-Busch?"

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS

One of the Buildings of Anheuser-Busch Plants



In this room there was used a charming color scheme. The basis for it was a Blabon floor of Inlaid Linoleum in tiles of red and tan interlined with black (pattern #386), and the border of Blabon's Plain Black Linoleum.

Consider the Floor in your decorative scheme!

Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on harmonizing furniture and draperies with walls and floors, in our 36-page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," beautifully illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

When you visit the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition at Philadelphia, see the displays of Blabon's Linoleum at these locations: The Blabon Exhibit in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; The Wall Paper House in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures. The Shippen House on High Street (Good Housekeeping's Model Home).

Color is the magic wand of the artistic homemaker. By its proper use, the simplest furnishings can be transformed into cheerful, charming and homelike rooms.

The living room shown above was made particularly attractive by using brilliant touches of color. The davenport was of golden velour, and the chair of figured linen had predominant notes of grayish green, black, and reddish orange. They were in absolute harmony with the Blabon floor of Linoleum in a tile pattern of soft red and rich tan. Then, too, the Blabon Plain Black Linoleum border set off and completed the artistic appearance of the room.

The charm of a Blabon floor of Inlaid or Plain Linoleum is not alone in its colorful patterns, but also in its smooth, napless surface. It is so easy to keep fresh and clean by merely wiping up surface dust with a damp cloth that this new type of floor makes housework easier! Being resilient, a Blabon floor is comfortable and quiet to walk upon; and never needs expensive refinishing!

If you have not seen the new decorative effects in Blabon's Linoleum you have a pleasant surprise awaiting you. They are displayed at home-furnishing and department stores. See them, then write our Advisory Bureau of Interior Decoration for suggestions without cost to you!

For genuine Linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," sent free, upon request.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 75 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

(Continued from Page 110)

I might as well have been the carpet on the floor for all the attention I got from you! And you say you've missed me!"

She was floating up, up, like a toy balloon, for lightness. He loved her. It was in his touch, his voice, his anxious eyes, imperturbable and cool no longer. They had played a bitter childish game of cross-purposes, but at last all was clear between them. "I have missed you. I was just silly and sensitive. I thought you condescended to me, rather, because you were rich and I was poor."

"Margaret, you couldn't have thought that about me?"

"Yes, I could. Whenever I said anything nice to you, you sort of curled up and got away from me as if you were afraid I wanted to marry you."

"I did not. When you said anything nice to me I was scared stiff that you might not mean it, that it was just politeness, and that I was reading into it something you didn't intend. I didn't dare hope that you cared for me."

"Well, I do. I always have. I've been almost out of my mind about losing you to Celine." Her vanished resolution rose and confronted her accusingly. "Henry, what are we going to do about Celine? I won't hurt that child, and I won't hurt Cora through her. No, not for my own happiness, not for anything. It would break Cora to bits to see Celine unhappy."

"But I don't understand. It was Mrs. Mayo who sent me to you."

"Cora sent you? How—when?"

"She sent for me; she made me tell her the truth, and she urged me to make an opportunity to talk to you somehow."

It flashed across her confused emotions that Cora had done this in her own loyalty. She had sacrificed Celine to her friend—even as Margaret had tried to sacrifice herself to Celine and to Cora's love for Celine.

Henry was talking on: "If you think I'm going to let you go now, after I've been through all hell, because of any notions you have about any other woman—you don't know me, that's all."

"But, Henry, if Celine loved you she couldn't love anyone else. I know how that is. Oh, I must talk to Cora at once and—oh, look at that clock! I've got to go on to the theater. I'm late."

"I'll be waiting for you when the play's over." He held both her hands tight, tight, for a long moment and let her go.

She ran down the alley of the stage entrance, nodded to the doorkeeper, flung into her dressing room. Zena was there, waiting. "I was just getting worried about you, Miss Margaret," she said, advancing competently.

But Margaret waved her aside and seized the telephone. She seemed to be always telephoning to Cora in fateful moments.

"Cora, you sent for Henry. What did you say to him? What about Celine? You must tell me—you must tell me everything."

Cora's voice came back with a sort of loving drollery in it. "Oh, Margaret, we are too noble, you and I. You wouldn't hurt Celine; my poor heart was all bruised and miserable for you; and Celine ——"

"Yes—Celine?"

"She's out with young Pagett. It's been nothing but young Pagett, young Pagett for a week. That affair is going at such a pace —— Oh, Margaret, the trouble is that you and I know nothing about young girls today, speaking generally, and speaking Celinely in particular. Youth, my dear, seems to be served—shall we say, liberally and with facility as regards affairs of the heart. My child is fond and fickle. And so, you see, I felt sure Henry Torrey loved you."

"But how could you, when I didn't know it?"

"It was the way he looked that night here when you wouldn't go to dinner with him. And you've been trying to bluff me that he meant nothing in your life; and so, with Celine's ardent though temporary crush on him—I can give it no better name—I've been nearly out of my mind. Please, Margaret, never be noble again; I can't live up to it. Just be grabby and mean and selfish."

Oh, good old Cora! She could always depend on Cora—a strong ally, a rock of safety indeed. Their crisscrossed, miscued loyalty had not been wasted after all. Without it they could never have come through this ordeal. Zena was at her elbow, impatient, but she had to have one more word. "I've got everything now, Cora," she said—"everything any woman could want—a lover, my work and you, my friend."

"But you've always had me and always will," answered Cora.

"Yes," said Margaret. "That's what makes it so good."

Mr. Hibrow—"Cicero, Unless You Discontinue This Contumacious Deportment Immediately, I'll Take You Straight to the Movies!"

In spite of it—

THIS shouldn't surprise you, because every rule, you know, has its exceptions.

Here was a man, successful in spite of his handicap. But probably because he had gotten a running start at a time when these things were not regarded so much as a social offense as they are today.

Still his employees used to whisper to each other about it—sometimes jokingly—sometimes with outright disgust.

Meanwhile he remained blissfully unaware of it all.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually and fortunately halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only *never in bulk*. There are four sizes, 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE
25 CENTS

"If I were having heels made to order—I'd order Seiberlings!"

Posed by MARY ASTOR,
First National Star appearing in "High Steppers."

GOOD LOOKS that last—comfort in every step of a long life—what more could you ask for in heels than just these Seiberling qualities?

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING RUBBER HEELS

For gentlemen too, of course.

NO STATEMENT FROM MR. GUNN

(Continued from Page 25)

close I get to it. I may starve down there, but I won't have to shiver too; and up here I might do both. So why not take a chance?"

We had some trip at that. Say, I know all about Georgia mud there is to know. But we got there at last, which I doubt Milt Penney ever would have alone, or if I hadn't hung around a garage so much as a kid. And I certainly was sick of livin' on hot dogs and fillin'-station coffee. I can guess now, though, what they do with all the old oil they drain out when they give you free crank-case service. They throw in a handful of chicory and sell it at five cents a cup. Tastes that way, anyhow.

And I must admit that first off Florida gave me a big bump. We came down through the state durin' a wet spell, and it looked to me like everything was gonna be under water if it didn't clear up soon. Say, if we ever got a rain like that in New Hampshire, nobody'd have to go to Niagara Falls—there'd be one in every township. But down there it just runs into the sands and trickles off a few inches into the ocean, and the next thing you know the sun's out and everything is dry and lovely.

Not that I was so crazy about this place where we landed—not at the start. It didn't look any more like the pictures I'd seen than I look like the Prince of Wales—no coconut palms leanin' over a shinin' beach, no one-piece mermaids caperin' up and down the golden sands, no nothing. In fact this joint is in the middle of the state, miles from either the Atlantic or the Gulf. 'Course there is a lake—quite a good-sized one—out in front of the hotel, and there's pine trees and little rises of ground that might pass for hills. But everything is so raw and new and glary.

"Where's the palm trees?" I asks Milt.

"There's a big truckload just arriving," says he.

Sure enough, they were bringin' 'em in, their roots all bagged, ready to set out in the holes that had been dug around the hotel and along the lake front. He says they're gonna have a beach, too, as soon as a few trainloads of sand can be delivered and spread around.

That's the way they do things down there. They have some artist draw a picture of what the place ought to look like and then they go ahead and build along them lines. If they've advertised canals, they dig 'em; if they need islands, they pump 'em up from the bottom. All that's stumped 'em yet is mountains, and I expect some day an enterprisin' development syndicate will pile some up, or maybe invent rubber ones that can be inflated durin' the winter season.

Well, I got taken on at this Paradise Hall as one of the openin' crew. I varnished floors and hung window shades and lugged mattresses and shifted bedroom sets for three weeks there, until we was ready for guests. We had a two-hundred-and-fifty-room house, and where all the people was comin' from to fill it was more'n I could see. But we'd hardly opened the front doors before they begun pourin' in by train and tourin' cars. For a few days I was on the silver washer in the kitchen, but as they were shy of bus boys I was put into a white coat and set to distributin' ice water and butter and rolls. I got pretty handy at it too. Then one Saturday night, when a big bunch of tourists checked in and Milt was short of biscuit shooters, he give me a couple of tables and I got to be a reg'lar waiter.

And say, there was another thing I was good at. I dunno why, unless I'd been skimped on food so long myself that it was kind of a joy to hand it out to others, and recommend this and that and urge 'em to have more.

"Is it all right to get chatty with 'em?" I asks Milt.

"Sure," says he. "They're a folksy bunch, and, anyhow, you couldn't help it."

So I'd get him to tip me off on their names, and as I pulled out the chairs for 'em I'd spring my line.

"'Morning, Mr. Goofus. Nice day, ain't it? Gonna shoot a little golf today, I expect. Here's the mornin' paper. Blizzard up in the Middle West and twenty-eight below in Minnesota. Guess we're glad we're down here, eh?"

It's only the same sort of stuff that used to get me in wrong back home, but in this case it goes over big. You see, a lot of those old boys and their wives wasn't much used to bein' among strangers, and the friendly voice at breakfast was just what they needed to make 'em feel at home. They just ate it up. They'd take my advice on how to have their eggs, ask how far it was around the lake and what kind of fish was in it, tell me how many hours late their train was comin' down and show me snapshots of their married daughters and the grandchildren they'd left behind. I'd let drop the fact that my name was Ernest, and how I lived in South Adnock, New Hampshire. Ten to one they'd know somebody that had been there or was from some part of the state; and after that I wasn't just a common waiter to them—nearer an old friend and confidential adviser. And if Milt tried to wish one of the girls on 'em instead of me they'd put up an awful howl. No, sir, they wanted Ernest and nobody else.

"How do you get them that way, Gabby?" he asks.

"It's a gift," says I, "but it ain't ever got me anywhere before."

'Course, this wasn't strikin' it rich either. With the tips and all, though, I was doin' fairly well. I saved up enough to buy me a snappy suit and a straw hat with a fancy band, and as I strolled around town afternoons I wanna tell you that for the first time in my life I felt like a reg'lar guy. I musta looked it, too, for the next I knew some of these real estaters was invitin' me to step into their cars and let 'em show me some good buys. I didn't have the nerve at first, but gradually I eased into it and got carted around while they pointed out this and that and talked in six figures.

"Three hundred a front foot?" I'd say. "M-m! Less see, that'd be a hundred and fifty thousand for the plot. Well, I'll think that over, mister."

And me with maybe two ones and some chicken feed in my pocket! I don't know how I kept from snickerin'.

Then one day I eased in with a bus load that was being taken out to the openin' of a new subdivision. Something good, this was—band concert, chance to draw down a new closed car and a free chicken pilau. Eh? Why, that's boiled chicken and rice cooked in a big iron pot. Purrloo, they call it. Not so much, if you ask me, and I missed out on the car, but I did get a kick out of the twin auctioneers that did a duet stunt, callin' the same bid in the same voice at the same time, just as advertised. Say, them boys sure got the crowd goin' with their trick stuff, and their field agents passin' around eggin' you on to bid, and the band breakin' loose every now and then with Yes, Sir! That's My Baby. And though these lots was staked out fully three miles from town, with no improvements outside of a couple of fancy gateposts and some paths cut through the scrub palmetto, they was sellin' off like peanut bags at a circus.

I got excited and pushed in close to the auction stand and the next thing I knew, when Number 39 on Seminole Avenue stuck at eleven hundred dollars, I found myself makin' a bid.

"'Leven fifty!" I yells.

"Twelve!" says a bird over on the other side.

"And fifty!" I comes back at him.

"Sold," says the auctioneer, "to the lucky young man in the straw hat! Step right around to the cashier's table and get your contract. Now, Number 40 on the same plat."

Well, I ain't so good at figures, but I could reckon that at one-third down I was expected to dig up something more than four hundred dollars right then and there; which was more money than I'd ever handled in my whole career, let alone havin' so much all at one time. Next, I begun to wonder what they'd do to me if I didn't pay up. Jail, maybe. And say, I never had such a scare thrown into me. I got absolutely panicky. Seemed to be only one thing for me to do—to get away from there as quick as possible and as quiet. I starts edgin' around toward the cashier, but all of a sudden I veers off and worms my way through the crowd. I'd got into the open, too, when I glances over my shoulder and sees this heavy-set guy with the droopy, black lip whisker followin' me. Looked like a deputy sheriff. So I lets on not to notice him and walks faster.

"Hey, you!" he calls out, hoarse and hostile.

That was enough for me. I wasn't gonna get shoved in no hoosegow if I could dodge it, and I figures this tin badger must be carryin' weight for age and that I could outrun him. So I strikes my best sprintin' gait. He had me blocked from the highway, but off to the left was a bunch of trees and bushes that looked good.

"Hey! Hey!" he keeps callin', but every time he yells I lets out another burst of speed, and off we went towards the woods.

I did fine for maybe a quarter of a mile, but my wind ain't what it ought to be, and though I gained some on him at the start, he kept right on poundin' along behind. Then I got gaspy, and finally I tripped over a log, dead-beat, and next thing I knew he's standin' over me.

"Hon—honest, mister," I pants out, "I didn't mean to ——"

"But you did," says he. "You bid in 39, didn't you?"

"Ye-es, I suppose I did," I admits. "But I—I ——"

"While my back was turned. They didn't give me a chance. And I need that thirty foot to go with my Number 38."

"Eh?" says I, gawpin' at him.

"What good's thirty foot on a corner?" he goes on. "Gotta have sixty for an apartment-house site, ain't you? You know that. Well, do you wanna buy or sell?"

"Me?" says I. "Why, I—I'll sell."

"Price?" says he, snappy.

"Why," says I, kinda dazed, "I dunno exactly what ——"

"Two fifty?" he raps out.

'Course, two dollars and a half don't seem much on a trade like that and I had a quick hunch he might go another quarter if I held off. So I starts stallin'.

"Seems to me," says I, "it oughta be worth ——"

"Oh, three hundred!" says he. "Or if you want mine at that ——"

"I don't," says I, gaspin' it out.

"Then come back with me and sign it over," says he.

And say, I couldn't believe it until I'd cashed the check at the bank and counted all them twenties a dozen times. At that, I near fainted to think how much real money I'd been runnin' away from. Suppose I'd won the race! If I had, I might still be jugglin' trays at Paradise Hall, or if I hadn't been such a softy about gyppin' this Mr. Bollinger out of his three hundred.

You know, I got to thinkin' of that simp, and how he didn't look like a party who could afford to drop a roll like that, and how maybe I oughta offer to give him back some. Yeauh, I was that much of a sap once. So what does I do but hunt him up to see if he feels like he'd been robbed. I finds him hangin' out in front of one of them real-estate offices lookin' well fed and contented.

(Continued on Page 118)

Chassis and Bodies *for Every Business!*

Successful commercial haulage depends upon the recognition, by truck maker and truck user, of vocational differences.

Graham Brothers meet this problem by building their own bodies and designing them to meet the needs of more than 450 different kinds of business.

The body fits the job for which it is intended, as well as the chassis on which it is mounted.

Operating on this policy and powering their trucks with Dodge Brothers dependable, economical engine, Graham Brothers have rapidly grown to be the largest exclusive truck makers in the world.

In this development an intensive study has been made of many lines of business. Helpful literature on haulage has resulted. A Vocational Folder, covering your own field, will be mailed you on request.

[*Graham Brothers Trucks, with Dodge Brothers ¾-Ton Commercial Cars, meet 90% of all haulage requirements*]

1-TON CHASSIS (G-BOY) .	$ 885
1½-TON CHASSIS . . .	1245
MBM LOW CHASSIS . .	1295

f. o. b. Detroit

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Evansville — DETROIT — Stockton
A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS, INC
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED—TORONTO, ONTARIO

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

The Knox "Comfit"* is the straw hat in which comfort plays a character part. Try it and you'll make it your hat this season and the label of Knox your guide for the future.

EXTRA QUALITY
MOVEO ET PROTEGO
KNOX

*Where the brim touches your head the "Comfit" has rows of flexible straw to make things easy.

White Witch

is amazingly fine to keep the skin clean

No excuse now for grimy finger-tips, when you can use White Witch.

This fine, white powder—used instead of soap—easily washes off dirt, grease and stains, softens and whitens the skin, does not irritate.

White Witch *Softens Hard Water*—lathers freely in hot or cold water. It's fine to use regularly on face and hands, and in the bath—deodorizes too. Bland and soothing to skin made sensitive by wind or sun.

Handy can is sanitary for all the family

"Every shake a fresh cake"

Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply, send us his name and we will send you a sample can free.

North American Dye Corporation
Makers of the famous Sunset Dyes
Dept. S, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

25¢

(Continued from Page 116)

"You really wanted them lots to build on, did you, Mr. Bollinger?" I asks.

"Me?" says he. "Not a chance! I just grabbed 'em off to make a turn with. I got 'em listed at a thousand advance."

"Gee!" says I. "Any customers in sight?"

"Not yet," says he. "But I'll find one. Can't go back to Iowa until I do."

"Huh!" says I. "They say the summers down here are fierce, too. Maybe I could find a buyer for you."

"If you can, son," says he, "there'll be a straight 5 per cent in it for you. Hop to it."

And I did. At one of my tables is an old boy from Michigan, a Mr. Pease, who runs a department store somewhere out there and looks like he was well fixed. I starts workin' on him, discovers that he's been nibblin' around here and there and is about ripe to get in on something.

"How about an apartment-house site in a fine new subdivision?" I suggests.

"Well, what of it?" he asks. "What you got on your mind, Ernest?"

"Why," says I, as I'm openin' his three-minute eggs for him, "I happen to know of a party that is anxious to unload a sixty-foot corner frontage before he goes back home. It's a pickup too. 'Course, I ain't tellin' everybody, but you and Mrs. Pease has been mighty nice to me and ——"

"I'd like to take a look at it, Ernest," says he, slippin' me a dollar tip.

And inside of an hour after I'd towed him within reach of Bollinger he'd been hooked. Also, before the day was over, I'd salted away a fat little commission and had opened a bank account of my own. More'n that, one of the real estaters that handled the deal gets wise to my work and suggests that I sign up reg'lar with them.

"Quit bein' a waiter?" I asks.

"Not at all," says he. "That's where you got the inside on the other coon dogs. No, stick right where you are and work the guests. You tree 'em and we'll bring 'em down. Three per cent on everything."

Well, I went at it, first soapin' Milt with a ten to put me on transient tables only. I expect I was kinda crude at first, but it ain't long before I could spiel as smooth a line of booster talk as any of them high-pressure birds that meet the sucker busses; only they have but one thing to think of, while I had to take orders, hand out the rare roast beef to the right ones, remember which had coffee and which iced tea and get my stuff across, all at the same time. It was like keepin' three balls in the air and balancin' a lamp on your nose. But, say, I was good. Uh-huh. And it would go something like this:

"'Morning, Mr. Whosit. Fine day, eh? How about half a grapefruit as a starter? From our own groves. Yes, sir. Ought to drive out and see 'em. Free bus starts at 10:15 from the front door. Now, what'll come next? The liver and bacon is extra good this morning, sir. Hot rolls or toast? Very well, sir. Here, boy! Rolls for Mr. Whosit, and an extra pat of butter. Gonna look around our town a little, I expect? It's worth it. . . . Yes, sir, coffee right here, sir. Two lumps? And cream—real Jersey cream, sir. Just try that drinkin' water, Mr. Whosit. Ever tasted any better in Florida? Right from the city mains, that is, and it's one of our best bets. The lake's another. Twelve miles around, sir, and they're puttin' a sixty-foot boulevard all the way. Gonna be some fine water-front home sites along that south shore, and one section goes on sale to-morrow. . . . French fried? I'll get an order right away, sir. There you are, and a little marmalade on the side. . . .

"Play golf, sir? Then you oughta take a look at the new eighteen-hole course they're layin' out back of the south shore. It'll be finished by next fall, ready to play on. Then them water-front lots will take a jump, eh? Even if anybody don't want to build, they're A-1 buys, and the ones that get in now are bound to clean up on resales. . . . How's that liver, sir? Little more bacon? Lemme get you a pot of hot coffee to warm that up. . . . Yes, sir, that lake frontage is gonna be scarce in a few months. All improvements goin' in. Sidewalks? Yes. City water? Sure thing. Electric lights? Of course. White-way poles? You bet. . . . Finger bowl, sir? . . . And if you should wanna see any of them lots, here's a card to some people that'll take you out there in a nice car without any obligation. Yes, that's my name in the corner. . . . Luncheon from 12:30 to 2:30, sir. Maryland fried is the specialty today. I'll save out an order in case you're a little late from your drive around the lake. Thank you kindly, sir."

'Course it don't always get over. Some of those old boys was so cagey about loosenin' up on a dollar that they musta had fishhooks sewed in their pants pockets to keep 'em from gettin' careless, and others wouldn't pay a nickel to see an earthquake; but now and then I'd get to operatin' on one that was all primed for the part and only needed a little push to start him goin'. I've been tipped as low as fifty cents by a party whose little flyer in real estate would net me five hundred the same day. And first thing I knew I had a balance that run into five figures.

Now some would have chucked the waiter's job at that stage, bought a De Luxe Six with a dandelion-yellow body and red disk wheels, and sported around in white knickers and baby-blue golf socks. Not me though. I stuck to the white coat and the dinin' room where I had direct contact with the come-ons. Say, some of them agents that was upstagin' me about then would have given their necks to meet the people I was gettin' chummy with every day. I may be Gabby Gunn too, but I never spilled anything about my game or how much I was collectin' out of it to anybody, not even to Milt Penney.

But I quit workin' for 3 per cent. Yeauh. Why turn over all that gravy to somebody else? I starts shoppin' around on my own hook, picks up a few likely pieces here and there, mostly business units on 10 per-cent binders, and begins toutin' property that stood in my name. Maybe I was poor at it. Say, I got so I could almost sniff out a check book in an inside pocket and guess what the balance was. I'd give 'em general booster stuff with the soup, local statistics with the fish, get down to front-footage details with the roast and almost shove the dotted line in front of 'em with the pie alamode. About the only trick I didn't turn was to have the orchestra play Almost Persuaded at the critical moment.

Anyhow, I made some good deals, and the more I sold the more I bought. Then I came across this young Ogden Ames from Boston, who was down there tryin' to swing an acreage proposition on a shoe string. I hear how he's been wirin' his old man frantic for backin' on a second payment, but daddy being a State Street banker, he was gettin' only good advice, night letter, collect. Well, I kinda liked the looks of Oggie, who seems like a livewire, and I got him to show me his tract. It struck me as a piece that was bound to come strong within a few months. So I buys in.

"There's only one thing to do, Oggie," says I; "and that's to blow about five thousand into development—street markers, administration buildin' and full-page ads. Maybe ten thousand."

"But I haven't that much," says he.

"I have," says I. "Gimme your notes for your half and we'll bust her wide open."

"I say, old man," says he, "that's sporting of you, and I'm mighty glad to have you for a partner!"

You might think we was an odd team; Oggie Ames of Brookline and Swampscott, Harvard '19, and all that, and me, Gabby Gunn, lately kicked out of South Adnock and jugglin' trays at a hotel. But when we'd hired an office in the Seminole Arcade, the firm name looked well on the plate glass: Ames & Gunn; frosted gold letters. I took one squint at it and resigned as waiter. Didn't seem right to keep on after that. Besides, there was too much to attend to in plottin' out Pearly Gates Gardens. My name for the subdivision, by the way. Oggie did balk a bit when I thought it up and hints that it's too high flown.

"Not for Florida," says I. "Can't get anything too fancy down here."

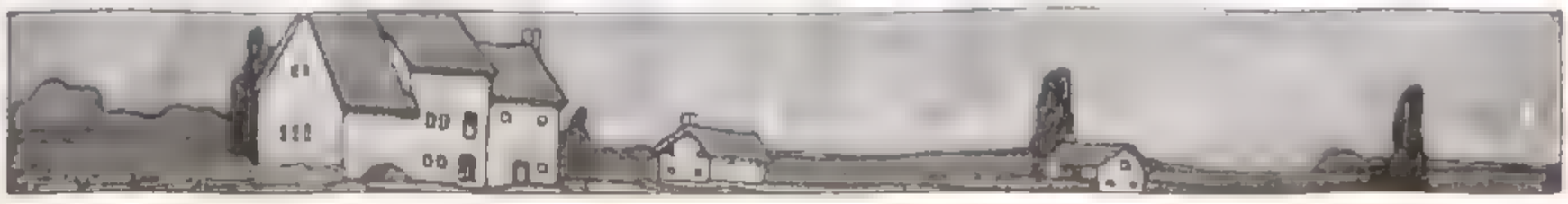
So it stood. And inside of thirty days we had it roughed out, got the city commission to extend Osceola Avenue out there, with water and lights promised, and we'd built an orange-and-blue-stuccoed field office that would almost knock your eye out. At that we didn't intend to put it on the market until next fall, but the local brokers was so eager to get in on it that we staged a semidevelopment sale that had 'em standin' in line from sunset Friday night until seven A.M. Monday mornin'. Honest, we unloaded the cream of three blocks as fast as two stenographers could draw contracts, and banked near a hundred and fifty thousand when the day was over. Then we took everything off, so we could mark up prices next December, bought us each a nice limousine and started on our summer vacation.

But say, son, if you should write anything for your paper, you can tell 'em that Pearly Gates Gardens is gonna be the swellest, most exclusive residential colony in the whole state. Yes, sir. There's Paradise Lake in front and the Paradise Golf and Country Club in the back; there'll be four miles of paved avenues, parked and landscaped; a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar apartment hotel; half a dozen elegant residences built by men of national prominence, such as Mr. Henry Boggs, president of the Boggs Brush and Comb Company, Mr. G. R. Muth, head of the Ryan-Muth Chain Groceries, and a lot more just as prominent. Of course Oggie Ames is plannin' on buildin' a handsome Spanish-type winter home for himself; that is, if a certain party says the right word. I expect he's out in Brookline now with his ear stretched for her answer.

Me, too? Say, what use would I have for a house anywhere, except right here in South Adnock? Yeauh, there's one I wanna buy just for the sake of tellin' the folks that own it how soon they got to move out. The Spooner cottage. Yeauh. I hear old man Spooner's bakery business has been all shot to pieces from him tryin' to buck a big New York firm that ships in bread by express. Maybe he ain't so cocky now, and maybe Ella Spooner ain't so free with her giggles.

Anyway, I'm gonna roll around there and see. Like to go along, son? If I do make the deal, you might add a line or two about how Mr. Ernest Gunn, the successful Florida real-estate operator, stopped off long enough to make a little investment in Elm Street property. Just a minute while I slick up a bit. Say, how does this spotted tie strike you? Goes all right with the check suit, eh? Anyhow, it matches the shirt, and they tell me that's the nifty trick to pull. Now, where's the new straw lid? Thanks. Kinda noisy band on it, I admit, but it's nothin' to what they're sportin' in Miami. I got a cane, too, and some yellow chamois gloves, but I guess I won't spring 'em on old Spooner. Might strain his eyes.

(Continued on Page 121)



AUTHORIZED SALES AGENCY
FEDERAL
EXTRA SERVICE TIRES

High Mileage at Low Cost

Federal tires are noted for high mileage at low cost. In the complete Federal line there is a tire exactly suited to the car you drive and the work it must perform.

Look for the sign of the Federal Authorized Sales Agency. It denotes service and satisfaction.

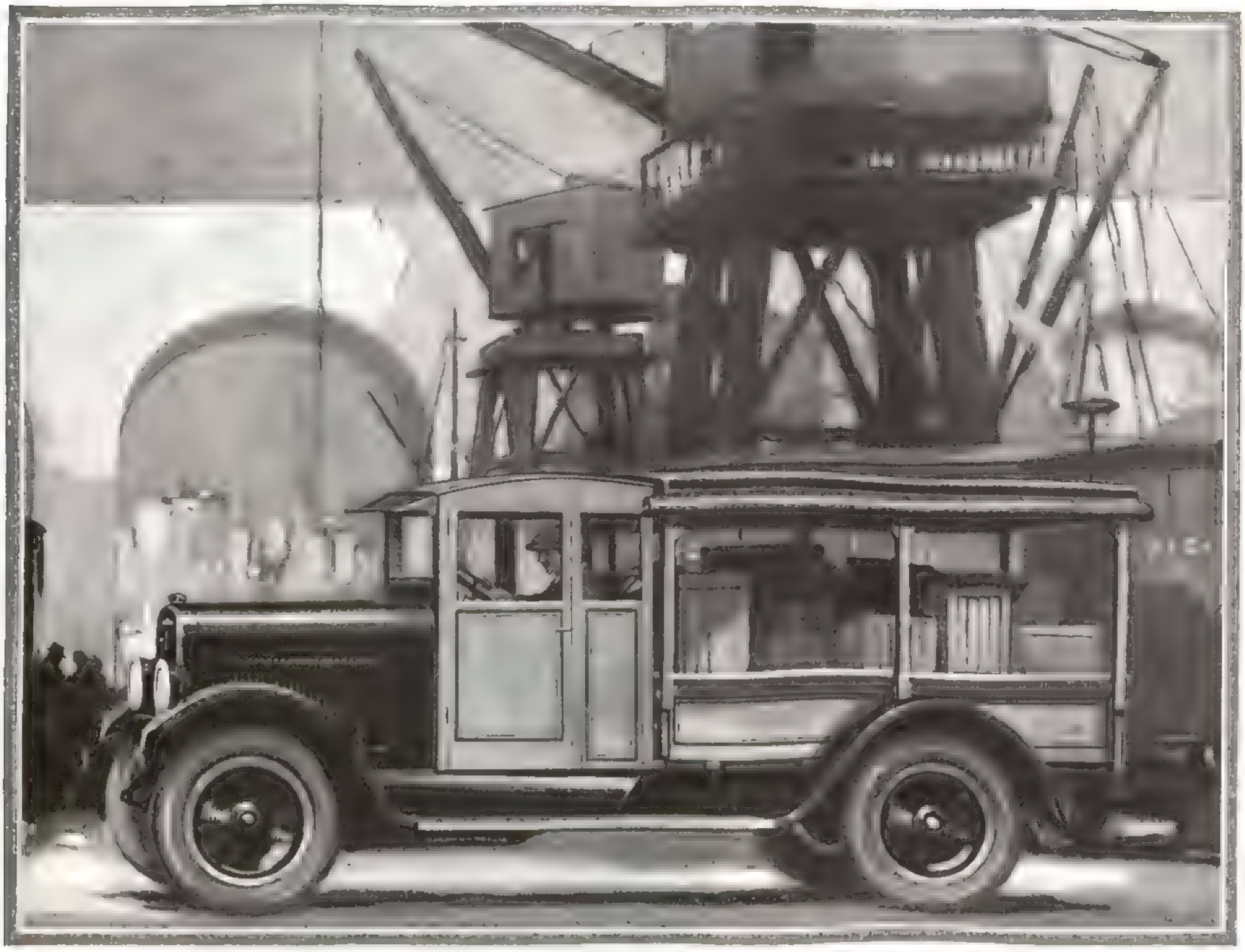
The Federal line includes:

Federal Double Blue Pennant in balloon and high pressure types.

Federal Double Blue Pennant Truck tires, known among truck owners as "extra endurance tires".

Also Defender, a low priced tire of remarkable value and carrying the standard warranty.

FEDERAL
TIRES



Quicker *and* Cheaper Haulage

The new and improved Speed Wagon has a longer wheelbase, lower body, shock-absorbing steering mechanism, Tilt-Ray headlights, a bettered appearance and real comfort for the driver.

TIME conservation is article number one on America's schedule for greater business efficiency. Industry is speeding up. Production is on faster schedules. *And transportation must keep pace.*

The improved Speed Wagon is directly in line with today's dynamic business spirit. It *has* initiated an economy-program in the highway movement of short-haul freight.

It *does* save time! It *does* cut costs!

Speed Wagon development facilitates door-to-door deliveries—when doors are great distances apart.

It has instituted economy through motorization for truck owners in more than a thousand vocations.

Reo conceived the Speed Wagon idea, and most effectively put it into working practice.

Write for a copy of the new catalog.

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

SPEED WAGON

(Continued from Page 118)

Light up another of them cigars, son, while I'm phonin' down to tell my chauffeur I'm ready. All set, ain't we? Then let's go.

Now what's that bellhop chasin' me for? Telegrams? Aw, chuck 'em in my box until I come back. I told my broker down there I wouldn't sell a thing until I came back. Eh? Committee from the Rotary Club? I know what them birds want, and they'll ring me in for no luncheon speech today. Tell 'em I'm just leavin' town. Yes, this is my bus. Drove all the way up in it, me and Harold. . . . Number 26 Elm Street, Harold—two blocks up and then your first right. Two-story white cottage with lilac bushes in front. There it is. Looks kinda run down, too. Well, this job shouldn't take me more'n ten minutes. Maybe less. I can see the old man putterin' around in the garden out back, and that's Ella, hangin' out clothes in the side yard. I'll ring the front doorbell, though, and see who comes. Say, this is gonna be good, this is!

Sorry, son, if I kept you longer'n I said. But the fact is, Ella and me —— Well, we had a heap to talk about. She's had a lot to worry her, that girl. Seems the old man is about all in, financially and every other way, and she's doin' her best to keep things goin'. Bakes pies and cakes to sell at the Woman's Exchange, does her own washin' and some for others. Lost a lot of weight, Ella has, but it ain't hurt her looks any. She can still giggle, though. Comes natural as breathin' to her, and don't mean a thing. I should have remembered that when old Spooner threw me out. Even if she did giggle then, she was awful sore on him for it. Didn't speak to him for a month after. And I never knew!

I found out a few things though, these last few minutes. Say, she's some girl, Ella! Waitin' to hear from me all this time, and me never so much as droppin' her a picture post card. Thought I might have been dead. Had that to worry over, with all the rest. But we're gonna end that. Uh-huh, I'm stayin' on in South Adnock for a few weeks; and there may be something for the society notes later on. I expect I will build one of them Spanish bungalows right next to Oggie Ames' house in Pearly Gates Gardens. Must wire to have plans drawn. Ella says she don't care whether there's a fountain in the patio or not, if she can have plenty of closet space in the bedrooms and a kitchen sink that ain't set too high. Say, she's gonna have just what she wants, take it from me.

Eh? No, there's no deal to report. Pa Spooner's gonna have the cottage all fixed up and get a housekeeper. And that one little job I spoke of attendin' to —— Well, that's all off. Also you can tell old Whipple, as I said before, that Mr. Gunn has no statement to give out. Absolutely.

THE PAY OF NAPLES

(Continued from Page 19)

ably vouched for and thoroughly understood and liked, and no one on board knew or cared that a certain colored person who called himself Pierre Arnaud had attached himself to the Birmingham crowd.

Meanwhile Pierre had been introduced to President Latimer, Director J. Cæsar Clump and Lawyer Evans Chew as a clever cosmopolite who had once spent several years in Naples, who spoke Italian fluently and who had volunteered to take the troupers under his wing until such time as they had been comfortably established in a clean, second-class hotel. He was made effusively welcome.

Immediately after lunch the colored Thespians rushed on deck to marvel at the wonders of the Italian coast, gray and brown and faintly green against a sapphire sky. Far ahead a single mountain reared proudly from the sea, and Welford Potts voiced his amazement:

"Well, who would of thought that Gibraltar would git heah ahead of us?"

"That," explained Pierre, "is the island of Capri."

"Dawg-gone if it ain't! Whaffo' they got it way out in the ocean like that?"

The Napoli crept closer and closer. Dotting the hillsides could be seen tiny white villages of stucco, and the sea became jeweled with queer sailing craft and rusty tramp steamers. Then a majestic passenger liner, twice the size of the Napoli, surged proudly toward them, and passed with much shrieking of sirens and broadsides of handkerchief waving.

"Golla!" commented Florian, as he gazed at the passengers on the outbound ship. "If they knowed what I know 'bout how much water they got to travel over, they'd turn right aroun' and go back."

In the full glory of late afternoon the ship nosed into the Bay of Naples, and from then on the passengers were shiny-eyed and quiet; stunned to silence by the beauty of the bay, with its jutting, jagged shore line, its gleaming villages, its channels winding off between craggy islands. It was only when the grim shape of Vesuvius reared its head from the horizon and they could see the thin pennant of smoke feathering from it that they were again excited to conversation.

They rounded a promontory and Naples appeared to their delighted eyes, all white and brown and green, rising from the water's edge; the inner harbor studded with queer-sailed fishing craft, and here and there a speed boat skimming over the water like some great, noisy dragon fly. It was a scene amazingly different from any these people had ever seen; a scene exotic and impressive beyond words, and it was not until a small boat put out toward them—a boat containing certain officials resplendent in gold-laced uniforms and jangling swords—that the magic spell was broken.

In the cabin-class lounge the passengers were lining up before the purser and two officials from Naples, having their landing permits stamped on the passports. For'ard, a far more rigorous examination was being conducted. But aft, where the Midnight Pictures Corporation was traveling, the ceremony was reduced to the extreme of simplicity.

The assistant purser and one port official came back to the room which the negroes had used as dining salon and lounge. Twenty-two negroes stood about the walls and twenty-two perfectly legitimate passports were laid before this official. Briefly the assistant purser explained that this group was a unit. The inspection of passports was brief and casual, and neither assistant purser nor port official noticed that one colored man remained very much in the background while the passport of Jasper Sneed was being stamped. They had been vouched for as a group, and no one suspected that in the group a new figure had taken its place.

When the twenty-two passports had been stamped the assistant purser returned them to President Orifice R. Latimer, and the port official smiled broadly and passed a few remarks in Italian, and the negroes were left alone, after receiving instructions from the purser to remain on their own end of the ship until a special gangplank should be run up from the landing stage.

Latimer, Lawyer Chew, Cæsar Clump and his wife, Aleck Champagne, Florian Slappey and Pierre Arnaud moved onto the deck.

They stood bunched against the rail, staring down at the intimate panorama spread before them.

Dusk had fallen and already the glaring arcs of Naples were puncturing the gloom. The huge concrete pier was virtually deserted, save for a dozen or so men who immediately caught Florian's eye; men garbed in blue uniforms with red-slashed capes and broad, cocked hats.

"One dozen Napolium Bonapartes," exclaimed Mr. Slappey.

Pierre exclaimed with keen interest but no enthusiasm. "They are the carabinieri."

"What kin' of thing is that?"

"Police. The best police in Italy."

"Shuh! Never befo' seed no police dressed up like ginrals."

The carabinieri on the wharf moved about quite mysteriously. Their arms were invisible beneath the capes, which shielded their faces so that only the eyes were visible. Pierre turned away, as though the sight of so much officialdom was distasteful.

Naples gleamed black and white in the night. The streets seemed to rise like young mountains from the congested waterfront, and splotches of brilliance were evident all about the pier. One of them was a tiny little booth, which Pierre explained in a whisper was a bank. Florian immediately passed the explanation loudly along to the others, using an authoritative voice.

"Whaffo' they got a bank down heah, Florian?"

"That," explained Florian grandiosely, "is fo' changin' money into lire."

Eventually the cabin-class gangplank was raised to the level of B deck and the passengers descended in a cloud, passing en route an eager group of gayly uniformed hotel couriers and travel-bureau representatives who cried their wares in a mixture of good Italian and poor English. The passengers disappeared across the landing stage into a far-flung building which Pierre explained was the custom house.

The next passengers permitted ashore were the troupers from Birmingham. A guide to whom the purser had spoken, conducted them to the custom house, where they were immediately surrounded by quantities of their baggage and a score or more of men wearing gray uniforms and caps of a darker shade, each made gay by a tiny feather pointing skyward.

"More policemens?" inquired Florian.

"But no. These are merely custom inspectors."

"Oh, yes. Dawg bite if they ain't."

There was small formality in the customs. A half dozen gray-uniformed men, unquestionably eager to get home to their dinners, marked the various pieces of Birmingham luggage with blue-chalk circles. Then an obsequious and verbose porter directed the transfer of themselves and their baggage to a pair of impressive busses which had appeared by magic. Pierre whispered instructions to Florian, and as a result thereof, Mr. Slappey strutted up to one of the drivers and fairly dazzled his contemporaries by the enormous assurance with which he gave his orders.

"Albergo Regal, Piazza Amedao!" he declaimed loudly, and the driver bobbed his head affirmatively.

"*Si-si-si-si-si!*"

Florian turned a hunted face to his Algerian mentor.

"What's he sayin'?"

"He remarks '*si*'—which means yes."

"Oh!" Mr. Slappey was relieved. "I thought he was hissing me."

A tremendous crowd had gathered beyond the iron gates of the landing stage. The two busses were stopped and a quick inspection made of all the baggage, each piece having a straight line chalked through the center of the blue circle which the original inspector had drawn. But Florian was not particularly interested in that detail. What fascinated him was the tremendous proportion of gentlemen in uniforms of varying magnificence.

"Great sufferin' tripe!" he ejaculated. "They done sent the whole army down to meet us."

(Continued on Page 125)

A New Low Price

$3.75

A New Guarantee of Complete Satisfaction

Tell your dealer you want the new model No. 142 6-lb. Security $3.75 Iron. He'll gladly show it to you. This is the kind of iron he likes to sell. It carries a new kind of guarantee. Try it in your own home—if you're not satisfied just send it back to the factory and your money will be cheerfully refunded. We make quality products and we want you to prove it.

Convince Yourself

You'll see why we make such a wonderful guarantee when you try a Security Iron. You'll like it. It has an extra large hand wound element that heats uniformly and prevents cold spots. It's all iron, that's why it holds the heat.

There are other features too—you'll recognize them when you try it—and if you are not satisfied with it at once your money will be cheerfully refunded by us.

See it at your electrical or hardware dealer's or sent prepaid at price shown. Catalog on request FREE.

SECURITY ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
2635 Canton St. Chicago, Ill.

Security

HEATING APPLIANCES

COMPARE THE GOODS—COMPARE THE PRICES

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

CANADA

In summer the trek is ever north!

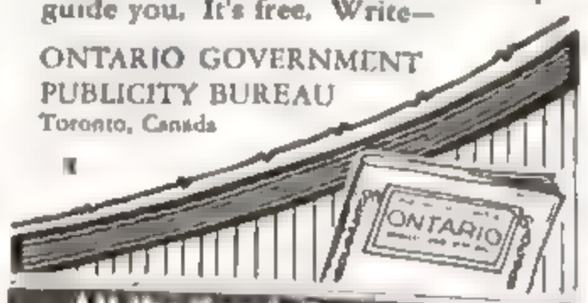
With better roads, this movement is steadily increasing in volume.

Soon the choicest spots in Ontario Highlands, the last great summer playground for America's middle and eastern states, will be preempted.

No more delightful—no more profitable—way of spending your vacation than to spy out this land of promise—and select a site for your permanent Summer Home.

Let our new Highway and Resort Map guide you. It's free. Write—

ONTARIO GOVERNMENT
PUBLICITY BUREAU
Toronto, Canada



All the Songs Everybody Loves
The Book of a Thousand Songs

Contains more than one Thousand (1,000) standard hit songs everyone likes to sing at a cost of less than one-fifth cent each. Price Only $2.00. Catalog of Music Books. Dealers, write for terms.

MUMIL PUBLISHING CO. 1140 Broadway New York City

To ELECTRICIANS

Architects, Owners, Builders, *Inspectors* appreciate your using WIRE-NUTS to join and insulate wires. *Screw on wires like a nut.* SAFER than Solder. QUICKER than Tape. CLEAN and APPROVED. *Millions in use.*

$44.50 per 1,000. *Sample free.*

TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

REVOLUTIONARY

$215

COMPLETE

FOB DETROIT

Finest quality steel refrigerator with refrigerating unit at the lowest price at which complete electric refrigeration has ever been sold.

THE NEW MODEL COPELAND has ample capacity for the requirements of the average family. Always maintaining a constant temperature below 50° it safeguards even the most perishable foods in its crisp, dry atmosphere

It banishes forever ice worries, prevents moist, unsanitary conditions and eliminates the ice box drain

In addition, the Copeland freezes an abundance of ice cubes —108 at a time—and makes delicious frozen desserts.

Entirely automatic, the Copeland needs no attention.

COPE

IMPROVEMENT

IN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

Revolutionary in Value!

Revolutionary in Design! . . . Revolutionary in Service!

HERE is the electric refrigerator that thousands of families have been waiting for at a price which they can easily afford.

For $215—the lowest price at which a complete electric refrigerator has ever been offered—you can purchase this new Copeland, built of steel, insulated with solid corkboard and beautifully finished in enduring white pyroxylin, with a lining of snow-white metal. The greatest advance in design and value since the beginning of the electric refrigeration industry!

1 ***Entirely New Design:*** The cooling unit, where ice cubes are frozen, and the machine, are all one piece, mounted on a cork-insulated base which forms the top of the refrigerator. This simple design results in many savings in production cost. And these savings make possible a new standard of quality at a low price.

2 ***Five-Minute Service:*** If attention should be needed, the Copeland service man merely raises the hood, lifts out your unit and substitutes a loaned unit about as quickly as the ice man fills your present refrigerator. No interruption of refrigeration. Now you can have electric refrigeration with never a moment's thought about service.

3 ***Family Size:*** More than 5½ cubic feet of actual food space. Large enough for the average family, yet so compact that it can be used in a small kitchen or pantry. Outside dimensions: width, 26¼ inches; depth, 21 inches, height, 62½ inches. The inside is all one big chamber. Thus the usable space is increased. The shelves are removable.

4 ***Plenty of Ice Cubes:*** This new model Copeland will make all the ice cubes you will ever want—108 at a time, and these frozen within a shorter space of time. A double depth ice drawer is provided for freezing desserts or a large block of ice.

5 ***Low Operating Cost:*** Copeland Engineers have triumphed again with low cost of operation. It will cost but a few cents a day to run your Copeland if your current rate is about average. The higher efficiency of this improved design not only gives better refrigeration, but greatly reduces the cost of operation.

6 ***Simple Installation:*** The handsome steel cabinet is moved into your house like any ordinary refrigerator, the hood is removed and the small, compact unit set into place. Then, the hood is replaced and an electric cord connected as for your library lamp. Soon the temperature in the Copeland is below 50° and you have abundant ice cubes.

It is simple, compact, reliable. No pipes to run from a machine in the basement or the bottom of the box to a cooling unit in the ice compartment. No connections to inspect. No parts which are not readily accessible.

The Copeland is the result of many years of experience in electric refrigeration. Today, it is establishing a *new standard* of care-free, long-lived service at a new low price.

COPELAND PRODUCTS, INC., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

COPELAND PRODUCTS, INC.
6249 LYCASTE STREET,
DETROIT, MICH.

Please send me the Copeland Booklet further describing the revolutionary improvement in electric refrigeration.

Name _____

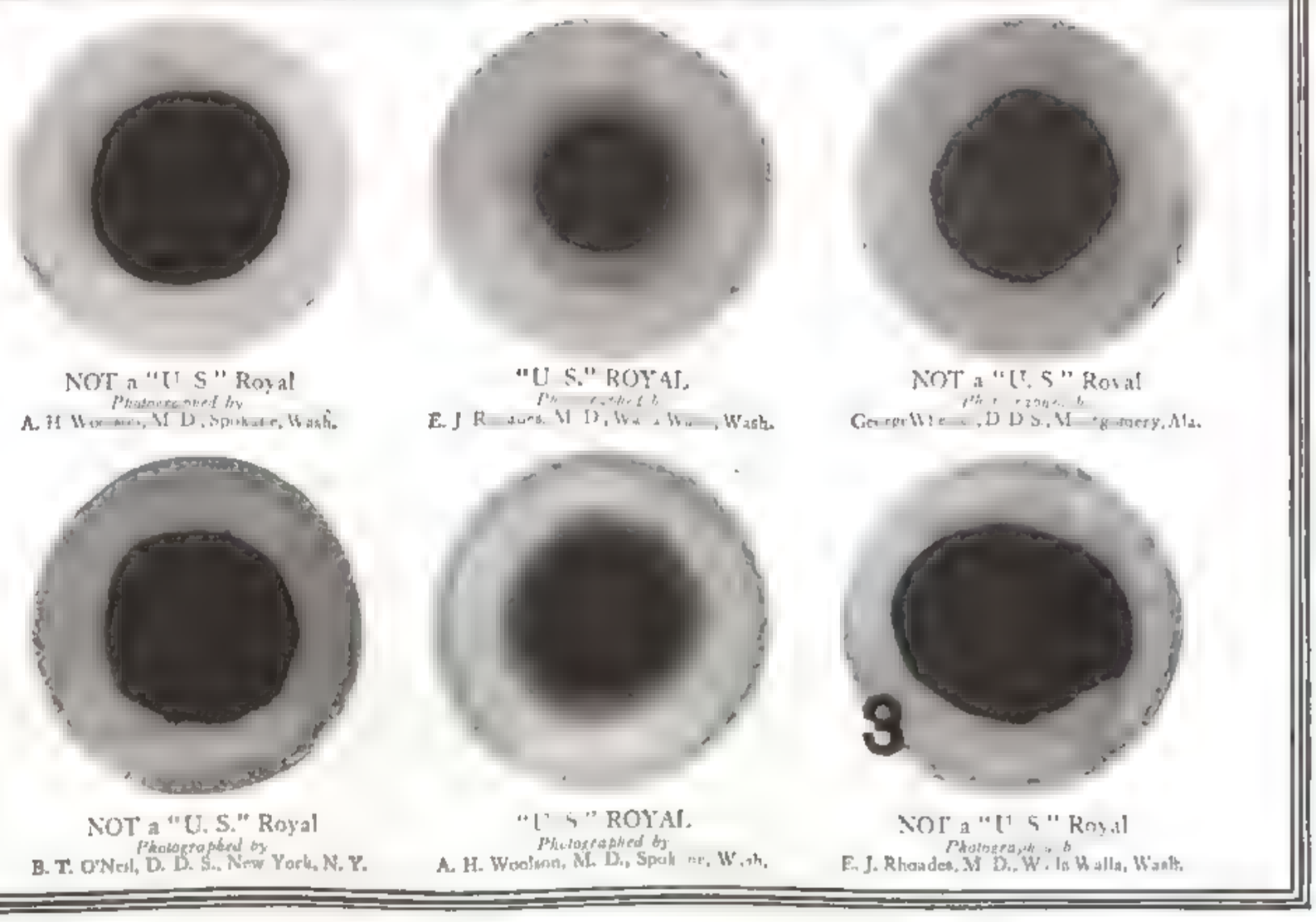
Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

LAND

The putting accuracy of a golf ball depends absolutely upon the trueness with which the center of gravity is positioned in the center of the ball. And only the X-Ray probing to the inside of a finished ball, can disclose what has taken place in the making. These X-Ray photographs were taken by interested golfers on their own initiative and without our knowledge, and voluntarily sent to us without invitation or suggestion on our part. Ask the doctor member of your club, or anyone else who has access to an X-Ray machine, to do the same.

X-Ray photographs of two "U. S." Royals and of four other makes of standard golf balls. In the "U. S." Royals the black center is the heart or "pill." Note its trueness and its location in the absolute center of the ball. The dark grey circle is the soft rubber jacket around the pill. The light grey circle is the "core" of yards and yards of the finest rubber thread. Surrounding that is the cover. From center to cover a custom-made ball.



NOT a "U. S." Royal
Photographed by
A. H. Woolson, M. D., Spokane, Wash.

"U. S." ROYAL
Photographed by
E. J. Rhoades, M. D., Walla Walla, Wash.

NOT a "U. S." Royal
Photographed by
George W[illegible], D. D. S., Montgomery, Ala.

NOT a "U. S." Royal
Photographed by
B. T. O'Neil, D. D. S., New York, N. Y.

"U. S." ROYAL
Photographed by
A. H. Woolson, M. D., Spokane, Wash.

NOT a "U. S." Royal
Photographed by
E. J. Rhoades, M. D., Walla Walla, Wash.

Now— Golfers *themselves* Turn the X-Ray on Golf Balls

On April 17th the makers of "U. S." Royal Golf Balls published the startling results of a series of X-Ray photographs of various makes of golf balls.

And the *real reason* for many a missed putt became evident for the first time.

These X-Rays showed that the *outside* roundness of a golf ball is no indication of its inside trueness; that a seemingly perfect ball may have a center of gravity so eccentrically placed that accurate putting with it is practically impossible.

Some Independent Evidence

It is hardly surprising that these X-Rays aroused the interest of golfers from one end of the country to the other. And that golfers, who had access to X-Ray machines, should check the findings for themselves.

At the top of this page are reproduced some of the X-Rays which golfers themselves made and sent us.

Quite naturally these independent X-Rays show results almost identical with our own. The "U. S." Royal shows a center of gravity in the *exact center of the ball* because the exclusive "U. S." method of manufacture invariably puts it there and *keeps* it there.

And periodically, as a regular procedure, the X-Ray is used to check it up.

This *accurately located* center of gravity makes the "U. S." Royal the *truest putting* golf ball.

An All-Around Ball

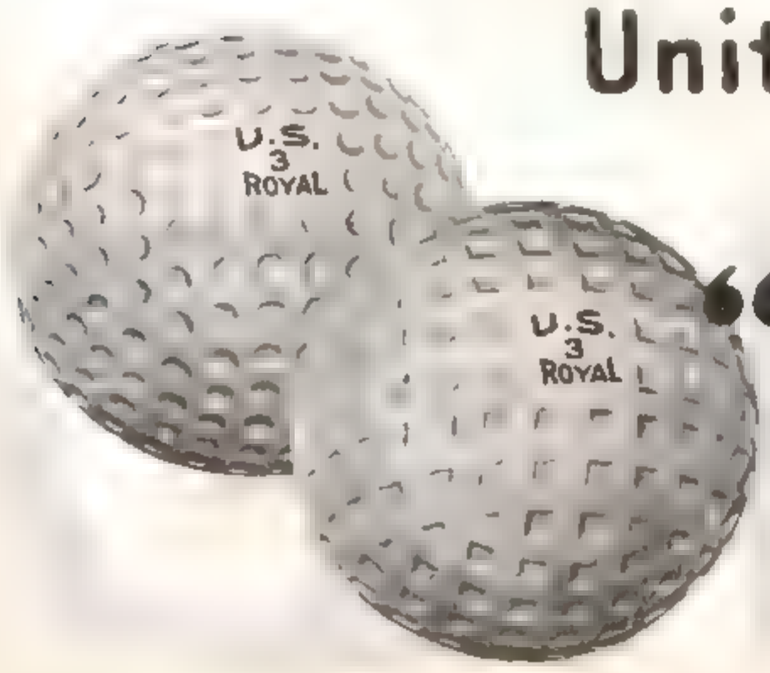
The "U. S." Royal flies as true as it putts.

No ball will give you longer distance. No ball has a tougher cover—better paint—or finer finish.

No ball made, either in this country or abroad, no matter at what price it is sold, is a better ball than the "U. S." Royal.

Play one round with it—and you will play it for the rest of the season.

Buy from the professional at your club or from any authorized dealer; 3 for $2.50, 85c each.



United States Rubber Company

Trade US Mark

"U.S." ROYAL

The True Putting Golf Ball — Great Distance — Tough Cover

(Continued from Page 121)

There were dozens of carabinieri and scores of black-shirted Fascisti; six or seven gayly caped and uniformed cadets, a gross or more of old regular-army men in uniforms of dull gray, and in every direction the plumed hats of the Bersaglieri.

"This suttinly is a noble city," remarked J. Cæsar Clump. "Judgin' by the uniforms it must be full of lodges."

The busses moved slowly through the tortuous streets of Naples. It was a nerve-racking adventure. The narrow, flagstoned thoroughfares were congested with pedestrians who walked in all directions in the path of the oncoming busses, ignoring the narrow pavements. They passed through narrow canyons, with the abutting houses jutting five and six and seven stories in the air as though they were about to fall and crush all traffic, and eventually they swung out onto the broad and magnificent Via Caracciolo. A few seconds later they turned again toward the center of town, and within five minutes their conveyances had stopped, with much honking of bulb horns, before a tiny hotel with a brass doorplate stamped with the inscription: Albergo Regal.

The busses disgorged a laughing, excited group of negroes. Florian and Pierre bade them wait. Inside, Pierre conducted a staccato conversation with the pudgy little hotel proprietor. There was much shrugging of shoulders, waving of arms and nodding of heads, but eventually the sunshine of general smiling broke through the clouds of dickering and Florian stepped out on the street to bid his cohorts enter.

"I got ev'ything fixed," he announced. "We gits rooms and breakfasts."

"How much?" inquired the canny Orifice.

"I don't know exackly," responded his emissary, "but it don't matter on account I arranged that us pay in lire instead of dollars."

The hotel seemed clean and comfortable. A flock of porters bustled about settling the company in its quarters and when all the others were located Pierre took Florian by the arm and led him to the first-floor front.

"We gits the best rooms," he announced—"you and I."

The apartment was resplendent with gilt work and imitation tapestry. Florian threw himself luxuriously on one of the twin beds.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he exclaimed beatifically. "I feel like four kings."

Pierre pressed the buzzer and ordered spaghetti and coffee for two; and ten minutes later the colored gentlemen were conversing genially over the thoroughly wholesome and tasty food.

Pierre was cordial in the extreme. He was very glad to be back in Naples, he affirmed, and felt grateful to Florian for helping him out of his dilemma. He was soft-voiced and friendly; there was no hint of steel in his manner, nothing to hint to Mr. Slappey that he might be other than he seemed. He spoke softly and suavely of the joys of Naples and explained that one might enjoy himself in this city freely and well. Mr. Slappey was all ears and eagerness. He crossed from the table, stretched himself on the bed and lighted a Virginia cigarette.

"This is showly the life, ain't it, Pair?"

"But certainly it ees."

"Reckon us is gwine have some great times, eh?"

"Whatever m'sieu wishes."

"I wish—say! Befo' I forgits it—you better han' me back that passport of Jasper Sneed's."

The smile froze on Pierre's lips.

"Not until yet, Florian."

"Oh, sure! I got to have it. You see ——"

"I prefair to keep it."

"Whatfo'? Ain't you in Naples?"

"It ees my desire that I should remain M'sieu Sneed."

"Fumadiddles! Gimme that passport."

Pierre stared bleakly at Mr. Slappey, but his voice remained softly argumentative.

"Thees passport is mine!"

"Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf. Tha's our passport which you just on'y borrowed, an' I crave that you return it back to me right now."

"M'sieu will be disappointed."

Florian frowned angrily. Who was this dapper little colored person to tell him what was what? Mr. Slappey was fresh from a fistic triumph on shipboard the preceding day and he was in no mood to be dictated to by any slender, silken-tongued dusky gentleman.

"Now, listen, Pair, I ain't cravin' no trouble, but ——"

"M'sieu is wise."

"—— but if you don't gimme back that passport Ise most likely gwine feel an itch to dust off this furniture with you."

"Ah, yes? M'sieu must value his life ver' cheaply."

"I can lick any li'l' two-by-fo' like you which tries to restrain fum me somethin' which is mine."

Pierre leaned back in his chair, produced a cigarette with insulting leisureliness, lighted it and inhaled deeply. His liquid voice flowed through the room.

"M'sieu is also quite stupid."

"Oh, I is, is I? Well, listen heah, Minus Sign—fo' just about one lire I'd bust you ——"

"Suppose you compose yourself and permit me to explain a few things before you commit suicide."

"What you mean—suicide?"

"That is what happens if you attack me."

"Hmph!" Florian spoke uncertainly. Something in the man's quiet assurance impressed him more than he cared to admit. Pierre Arnaud explained smilingly.

"I had a passport all the time," he announced, "but all the gendarmerie of Italy were looking for me. They sought my arrest."

"Says which?"

"They were eager to imprison me for many, many years. So I borrowed this passport in order to land, and it is my desire to remain M'sieu Sneed. You comprez?"

"Oh!" Florian did comprez. "You ain't bluffing?"

"Pierre Arnaud nevair does the bluff. And if you are so silly as to interfere with me, M'sieu Slappey—it does not matter that I have also killed an American." He rose languidly, dusted his trousers and strolled to the window. "You have nossing further to remark?"

Florian trembled with mingled fear and anger. He was impressed by the man's insouciance and infuriated by the prospect of being dictated to by a man who was physically no match for him.

"I ain't so shuah," he suggested, "that I hadn't better smash you up just a li'l' bit to see what yo' insides is like."

"M'sieu jests."

"No-o. He ain't jestin'. An' he don't believe a whole heap of what you says. I got me a good mind to take one wallop an' —— "

"Stop!" Pierre's eyes were narrowed and his jaw was hard. "I am now departing. I have been grossly insult', and the only reason I do not keel you now is because I do not wish the carabinieri to know where I am. I go, M'sieu Slappey. I go—but I warn you! *Ouif* You are warned!"

He flung a coat over his arm, clapped a felt hat on his head and was gone. Florian made a motion to pursue, then thought better of it. The man was a fake and an impostor, of course; nothing desperate about him.

But then, there was always the possibility that he was not entirely bluffing, that there might be some semblance of truth in his assertions of desperation Florian decided to think things over.

The process was not at all easy or cheerful. The more Mr. Slappey reflected upon Mr. Arnaud, the more impressed he became with the stranger's prowess. No mere fisticuffer, this Pair Arnaud; but a killer. One scr-r-r-ch! and the potter's field of Naples would have a new customer. Evil sort of

Comfort ! Comfort !!

YOUR legs will thank you for the comfort of Brighton Wide-Web Garters. You can wear Brightons loosely—they will hold socks perfectly.

Comfort is the basis of Brighton elastic. There is practically no tension—no binding—no checking of circulation. And that means *real comfort.*

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 49 Years Manufacturers of

Pioneer Suspenders Brighton Garters Pioneer Belts

PIONEER
Brighton
WIDE-WEB
GARTERS

PIONEER Single Grip 35c and up Double Grip 50c and up PIONEER

Traditions of Service

A DAY'S WORK on a great railroad system like the New York Central Lines, stretching across thousands of miles of country, and serving several thousand communities, is made up of many thousands of individual transactions between New York Central patrons and New York Central employees.

It is the character of each of these transactions that makes up the sum total of what is termed "New York Central service."

Traditions of courtesy and good service have been handed down by generations of New York Central men.

These men of the New York Central Lines are proud of their railroad, and proud of its achievements, and they take satisfaction in rendering the kind of service that merits public commendation.

New York Central Lines

Boston & Albany—Michigan Central—Big Four
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie—New York Central
and Subsidiary Lines

a city, anyway; dark, tortuous streets inviting mayhem; lights without radiance; grimness neighboring with beauty.

Florian recalled every last detail of his acquaintanceship with Pierre. The man had not been in evidence on the ship—not until the last night at sea. He had worked directly toward a single end: the acquiring of a new passport. He had remained most pointedly in the background when the landing permits were being stamped while the ship was berthing, and certainly he did not scare easily.

After all, what was one passport more or less? Jasper Sneed was safely in Birmingham, forty-five hundred miles away. Better let the stranger have the thing than to start something which Florian feared he would be unable to stop. Why, even yet it might not be too late. Pierre had left in a fury of indignation. He had warned Florian in that smooth voice of his; warned him that the hereafter wasn't so very far away. Mr. Slappey quivered with apprehension as to what might happen should Pierre establish connections with any of his criminal friends, and they should elect to remove from their midst the single person who knew who and what Mr. Arnaud was.

There was the real menace: the possibility that Pierre had talked too much and would now become fearful of betrayal. And there was danger of another sort.

If Pierre's statements were true, then Florian had compounded a felony. He had knowingly loaned a passport to this man, enabling him to dupe the port officials of Naples. Even should the authorities believe that he did not know of Pierre's criminal past, there was the certainty that he had violated a federal law. All Pierre had to do was to let it become known what Florian had done, and then he, too, would face a term of years in an Italian calaboose.

A cold perspiration broke out on Mr. Slappey's forehead. He knew that he had precipitated himself into a quagmire of trouble; one which, unfortunately, required immediate decision and immediate action. There was nothing for him to do except find Pierre, placate him and swear allegiance. Must find him before Pierre's vengeance could be had; must locate the man before the authorities should learn of Florian's part in the affair.

But where? Florian Slappey was a Birmingham negro in the largest and most exotic of Italian cities. He knew not a word of the language, or the name of a street. More than a million strangers —— "An' all foreigners," reflected Florian. Lurking somewhere was Mr. Arnaud and lethal danger.

Florian indulged in a siege of intensive contemplation. He recalled certain remarks dropped by Pierre which indicated that the gentleman in question was not averse to enjoying himself. It therefore seemed probable that Pierre had gravitated toward those sections of the city where pleasure flourished, and so Florian donned hat and coat and slipped quietly from the Regal.

He turned to the left, then to the right—and found himself lost in a maze of grimly deserted streets. An occasional tram jangled by; a few taxicabs, their bulb sirens sounding like a tin-horn New Year's Eve celebration in Birmingham. To the left, the streets rose abruptly, tier on tier, like giant fire escapes, and human figures appeared and disappeared on the stucco terraces and little wrought-iron balconies like so many insects high above the streets. The city seemed about to descend on the thoroughly frightened Florian and to choke him. He decided suddenly to seek the cheerful glow of Via Caracciolo, the broad thoroughfare bordering the Bay of Naples. He swung around the corner of a huge building.

Two menacing figures in blue uniforms, blue capes pulled across their chins, scabbard tips showing below, and broad Napoleonic hats, motionless, stood in the shadows. Their eyes did not flicker, no hint of a smile on their lips.

Florian stopped just in time to avoid a collision.

"Oh, golla," he moaned, "policemens!"

He wanted to separate himself from their vicinity but his feet refused to function, and so he removed his hat and bowed.

"'Scuse me, ginrals; 'scuse me. I di'n't know you-all was heah or I would of went the other way."

He moved on, accelerating rapidly; caring not a bit where he was going, but desiring most anxiously to get there. He put a great distance between himself and the carabinieri, only to find that he had wandered into a maze of narrow, flagstoned streets, with houses rising sheer from the road. He caught terrifying peeps into dining rooms which opened wide onto the streets and ill-clad men sauntering evilly about. Then two more carabinieri, motionless as statues, stared at him. Florian took one wild look.

"Them's the same two fellers," he decided. "They is follerin' me."

He moved. He continued to move. But every block or two he met a pair of gendarmes. Blue uniforms, capes high over the chins, eyes staring levelly, and other uniforms—gray and caped and plumed.

"Never seen no city with this much cops," reflected Mr. Slappey unhappily. "An' they don't make me think no less of Bumminham neither."

Gendarmes to the right of him; gendarmes to the left of him; in alleyways, in corners, in doorways. Always a pair of them, always motionless, always regarding him pensively, and—apparently—suspiciously. Urchins in the street stared; men and women turned to look, and Florian never knew that it was simply because he was a lone American negro wandering about the back streets of Naples with a wild light in his eyes.

Here was danger. Florian became obsessed with the idea that in some mysterious manner his quarrel with Pierre Arnaud was behind all this. He was obviously a marked man. He ducked wildly this way and that, and finally emerged on a narrow street where a single horse cab bearing a red-flagged taximeter stood at the curb. The flag was up and its sign, *Libero*, was intelligible even to Mr. Slappey.

Florian moved toward the cab with pitiful eagerness. Right now he wanted Pierre more than he had ever wanted anybody or anything in his whole life. Enemy as he might be, Pierre was yet more of a friend than these sinister policemen with their gay hats and wicked swords; and Pierre could talk to them in Italian and explain things to Florian in English. Therefore, in sheer desperation, Florian addressed the cab driver with a simplicity which he fancied anyone ought to understand.

"'Scuse me," he said genially, "but could you infohm me where I could find the night life in this neighborhood?"

The driver, on whose unaccustomed ears this barrage of English fell blastingly, looked down uncomprehendingly, then murmured a few queer sentences. Florian gasped.

"You know," Mr. Slappey explained simply; "the bright lights."

It was quite plain that the Italian taxi driver did not understand, and so Florian wandered on disconsolately. Two carabinieri appeared suddenly out of a doorway and Mr. Slappey executed an abrupt left oblique. He wandered into a street which was composed entirely of steps, climbed until his calves ached, and then saw, awaiting him at the top of the steps, two more gendarmes. "Great sufferin' tripe!" he exclaimed. "They must of flew."

Terror gripped Mr. Slappey. He didn't know where he was, and his flight from uniforms had completely robbed him of any sense of direction. It seemed as impossible to get back to the Regal as it was to find Pierre.

He struck out into a dark and noisome thoroughfare, narrowly escaped extermination under the front wheels of a taxi, and moved toward what he fancied was an office building. He emerged abruptly on the impressive Piazza del Plebiscito. Across

(Continued on Page 128)

Why most banks supply these colored checks

The sensitive colors of safety checks resist alteration as the plain white surfaces of old-fashioned checks never could! In the skilfully laid-on Super-Safety colors there is unquestioned protection for your bank account. And they serve another important purpose—their beauty lends distinction to your signature.

SUPER-SAFETY BANK CHECK

"Does your bank give you this modern service of protection against the forger's itching fingers?"

THE moment you step into your bank—massive doors, bars on the windows, steel vaults and scrutinizing guards remind you that your funds are being protected from the burglar and thief.

But when you write a check . . . what feeling of security have you that it can resist the skill of the forger should it fall in his hands? Are you aware that his annual loot, according to the American Institute of Accountants, is estimated at $100,000,000?

If your bank furnishes you with *Super-Safety Checks*, you are getting the modern "service of protection." Your funds are guarded from the forger and check tamperer as well as the burglar and bank breaker. Thousands of banks now supply their depositors with these famous checks.

You can identify Super-Safety Checks by *the eagle*, the symbol of safety, which appears in the upper right-hand corner surrounded by the words, "Super-Safety Bank Check." If your checks are thus marked, you can send them out with confidence that your bank has done the utmost to protect your checks while they are *in transit*.

Designed to prevent alteration

Super-Safety Checks are really beautiful and the safest checks provided by banks today. So skilfully are they designed that any attempt to alter them by knife, ink eradicator or rubber eraser, immediately brings a glaring white spot on the surface of the intricately tinted stock. Think what this protection means to you! Super-Safety Checks are never sold in blank sheets—they are made only to order. To prevent counterfeiting, each sheet of Super-Safety paper is guarded as the Government guards banknote paper.

Beautiful and easy to write on

Super-Safety Checks are worthy of your signature. The paper impresses you as you feel it. The colors are pleasing—the designs beautifully executed. Ink *takes* to the paper as the pen glides across it. The check has an "authoritative look" of which you are justly proud.

Sample test-check and booklet free

Test for yourself the power of Super-Safety Checks to prevent alterations, to make your checking account secure. Send for a sample check with detailed instructions for testing it. Receive, also, the valuable booklet, "How to Get More for Your Money." Bankers Supply Company, Division of The Todd Company, *sole manufacturers of Super-Safety Checks, Todd Greenbac Checks and the Protectograph*. Chicago, Rochester, New York, Denver.

Super-Safety Checks come in several beautiful colors. They are often bound in rich, handsome Antique Moorish check-books of several styles and sizes—designs convenient for personal and business use.

BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY
DIVISION OF THE TODD COMPANY
5950 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a free sample test check and your booklet, "How to Get More for Your Money"

Name

Street

Town State

TIP-TOP, *the wrist-watch,* looks twice the price

TIP-TOP is an aristocrat. It is a beauty. Trim, smart small—it's the smallest wrist-watch ever sold at the price—$3.75. Snappy octagon case, beveled crystal, cubist numerals, open hands, sunk second dial. So much for appearance.

But the real joy is Tip-Top's reliability. It's a True Time Teller. Accurate! Quiet! And sturdy! Tip-Top is made for out-of-door folks. You can't upset his balance staff if you knock him about. Tip-Top is for golfers, motorists, tennis players, roustabout boys.

And now notice this one. Tip-Top, unlike any other wrist-watch, is set on the strap at an angle. The time is always straight up and down to your eye. No neck twisting or arm twisting to find out the time o' day.

We hope you doubt every word of this. Hope you're curious enough to go see Tip-Top at your dealer's. You'll buy one all right, if you or your boy needs a watch.

Tip-Top with the silver dial is $3.75. With the radium luminous dial $4.50.

Ask your dealer to show you Tip-Top's twin brother, Tip-Top the pocket-watch. Same octagon design. Just as dependable and as handsome. White dial $1.75. Radium luminous dial $2.75.

Also see Tom-Tom, the *octagon* True Time Teller Alarm Clock. A wonder at getting you out of bed on time. White dial $3.25. Radium $4.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.
Clock-makers for over 100 years

(Continued from Page 128)

the square the large and imposing bulk of the royal palace loomed and Florian crossed toward it. A dozen uniformed sentries eyed him askance and he right-about faced and retraced his steps. He moved straight ahead. Here there were more lights and traffic. The air was hideous with the tooting of toy horns on the automobiles and the clanging of trams.

He came eventually to the traffic center of Naples—the Piazza San Ferdinando. Lined in the middle of the square were two score horse cabs, and against the curb on the far side perhaps twenty taxis. The drivers looked eagerly toward the bewildered little negro, and he accelerated as he crossed toward them; bitten by the hope that he might find someone who could speak English.

They descended upon him in swarms, and out of all the rattle and bang of words Florian was able to discern an occasional English sound. His eye lighted and he flung a question at them.

"Which one of you gemmun speaks English?"

They all instantly shrieked their qualifications. But there was one among them, an olive-skinned, sad-eyed young man who remarked quietly that he speaked English good. Florian nodded.

"You come with me," he ordered and they moved off together toward Via Roma, the main shopping street of Naples. There, in the shelter of a corner hard-drink stand, they stopped to converse.

"You speak English good?" inquired Florian.

"*Si! Si!*"

"I don't want to see nothin' but my friend. You know Pierre Arnaud?"

The guide smiled a bashful but knowing smile. "*Signore* wish to see the dance of Pompeii?"

"I don't want no dances of nothin'."

"But, *signore* ——"

"Don't but me, white folks. I knows what I wants—an' Ise payin' you to take me there. Where at is they a jazz palace in this town?"

"Jazz palace? The king, he lives ——"

"Now, listen ——" Florian's eye lighted on something—a hand-propelled vehicle bearing the advertisement of the Taverne Rouge, "Dance Americain." He pointed eagerly toward it.

The guide nodded his comprehension, and led Florian along the narrow, congested street to a tremendous arcade.

"This," he proclaimed with pardonable civic pride, "is gr-randest arcade in whole world."

"Shuh! I ain't lookin' fo' nothin' like this."

The guide turned sharply and Florian followed. He disappeared through a narrow doorway which was plastered with advertisements of American movies featuring American stars. Florian followed to the head of a narrow flight of circular iron stairs which seemed to lead down to a dark and abysmal pit. The guide was descending and Florian started to follow.

Two heavily caped carabinieri stirred in the stygian darkness of the stairway entry. Mr. Slappey experienced a tremor of horror.

"They aholy got me spotted!" he soliloquized, as he negotiated the remainder of the descent three steps at a time.

The Taverne Rouge proved to be a typical American restaurant with a typical American jazz band, typical American prices—and no customers. Florian paid a ten-lire admission charge, looked around and came out.

"Take me somewhere else like this," he demanded. "The later it gits the mo' I craves my buddy."

The guide shrugged. "But there are not no more such a place, *signore*."

"Well, tickle my toes! Is this all the night life in Naples?"

"It is verra beautiful there, signore. An' if signore desires ——"

"Lay off of me, Sad Face. Us travels."

They came once again into the arcade, brilliant in the glare of a thousand lights, and a group of soldiers, impressively uniformed, turned to stare at Florian. He moved away quickly and they stared in the same direction. The guide nodded approvingly.

"*Signore* is looked at."

"Sh-h-h! Don't you s'pose I know it? Listen, who is them soldiers?"

"A-ah, but they are not *soldatesca!* They are but inspectors from the customhouse."

"Customhouse?"

"*Si.* Where *signore* came in from his sheep."

Customs inspectors! Florian reviewed in a second the details of his involvement. It now seemed certain to him either that Pierre Arnaud had set these men on his trail, or else that they knew of his connection with the international criminal and were trailing him with the object of eventually effecting arrest.

Florian wanted help and lots of it, but there was no way he could turn. Even Lawyer Evans Chew, most prominent member of Birmingham's dusky legal fraternity, would be of little assistance here; his Alabama erudition being of no avail in a country where good, plain English was not even understood and the customs men wore feathers in their hats.

But Florian had been in difficulties before, and he had learned to respect the magic powers of a good lawyer. He had in his pants pockets more than twenty-four hundred lire of good Italian money—and he decided unanimously that the only sensible move was to seek legal assistance.

"Listen, white folks," he said, "I craves to see a good lawyer."

The man frowned in puzzlement. "Alor?"

"Lawyer! Lawyer! A feller what laws. Savvy?"

The guide shook his head and smiled fatuously. It was a gesture which annoyed Florian. It seemed to say that it would be easy enough to understand a more intelligent person.

In the arcade was a statuary store, and Florian's eye lighted on the miniature of a statue about which he had learned in school. It represented Justice and the scales. He grabbed the guide and propelled him to the show window.

"See yonder," he snapped, designating the statue. "Law! Me. Law! Want to see. Talk. Law!"

For an instant the guide hesitated. Then his face lighted with comprehension. "Ah! *Si-si-si-si!* Law!"

"*Oui!* Yeh! You got me!"

It became immediately apparent that all of Florian's difficulties were at an end. The guide moved swiftly and purposefully away, with Florian following. Mr. Slappey was happy.

Using this man as interpreter, he intended to bare his soul to a lawyer; to tell every minute detail of the trickery which the suave Pierre Arnaud had practiced upon him.

They walked a considerable distance and came at length to a tremendous building, four stories in height. The guide entered, closely followed by Florian. He exchanged many Italian words with the attendant, who vanished, to reappear a moment later and beckon them to enter.

Florian was ushered into a room which disappointed him. It was not nearly so grand or full of mahogany as Lawyer Chew's office in the Penny Prudential Bank Building, Birmingham. But the small, slender, beady-eyed man with the snowy hair who regarded the little negro not unkindly, seemed to have ability. Florian felt great confidence in him.

"Lawyer?" he inquired of his guide.

"*Si, signore; Si-si-si-si!*"

The elderly man spoke in a soft, musical voice, and the guide answered. Twice Florian caught the word "Americain." Then the man at the desk sat back and nodded for Florian to begin.

Florian did. He spoke slowly, simply and fervently. In words of one syllable he sketched the difficulty in which he found

(Continued on Page 131)

Culebra Cut
Panama Canal

"Fundamental Principles"

A fundamental principle in economics inspired the building of the Panama Canal.—Industrially, an equally sound principle inspired a group of strong individual independent oil units to nationally identify their collective integrity under the Spread Red Eagle.

The Sign of the Spread Red Eagle is the pledge as well as the identifying mark of a new, great national competitive force, backed by "Pooled Resources," "Group Guarantees," and "Collective Integrity."

Buying *GASOLINES—MOTOR OILS—TRACTOR OILS* and *INDUSTRIAL OILS* sold at the Sign of the Spread Red Eagle insures dependable products backed by the experience and tested recommendations of scientific research and lubrication engineers.

RED HAT PRODUCTS
An Independent brand of motor oil and dependable gasoline, endorsed and sold only by Spread Red Eagle Independents

You are playing safe when you "buy at the Sign of the Spread Red Eagle"

INDEPENDENT OIL MEN *of* AMERICA
ASSOCIATION OFFICES: 624 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

BUY AT THE SIGN OF THE "SPREAD RED EAGLE"

How many white houses are REALLY WHITE?

More than half the houses in this country were *intended* to be white. It is said that three-fourths of all home owners would like to have white houses. Now, there is a sure way of having a white house that is really white to begin with—and that holds its *white* whiteness through the life-time of a good paint job.

When you paint your home insist on 40-40-20. Then there will be no question about its permanent whiteness because 40-40-20 is a *white* white paint—brilliantly white when the painter applies it—brilliantly white as long as good paint lasts.

Eighty-three paint manufacturers now make 40-40-20. (40-40-20 is the Registered Trade Mark of The New Jersey Zinc Company.) These manufacturers, listed elsewhere on this page, have been licensed by The New Jersey Zinc Company to make 40-40-20 from The New Jersey Zinc Company's specified products and according to the formula it has developed and perfected. 40-40-20 is made by them and sold by their dealers. The 40-40-20 mark on the labels identifies the genuine.

Why Painters Prefer 40-40-20 · Painters like to use 40-40-20. It enables them to do a more satisfactory job. It covers well—has great hiding power. It brushes out smoothly. It leaves an excellent surface for repainting when that finally becomes necessary. It costs no more than other good paint.

Send for our Booklet · The whole story of the *white* white paint, 40-40-20, is told in an interesting little booklet, "When White is White." If you are interested in prolonging the life and enhancing the beauty and the value of your home, send us a postcard bearing your name and address for a free copy.

New Jersey Zinc

The New Jersey Zinc Company

Established 1848

Products Distributed by

The New Jersey Zinc Sales Company

160 Front Street, New York City

CHICAGO · PITTSBURGH · CLEVELAND · SAN FRANCISCO

© N. J. Z. Co. '26

Endorsed and made by Paint Manufacturers everywhere

THE ALLENTOWN MFG. CO	Allentown, Pa
THE W. A. ALPERS CO	Cleveland, O.
AMALGAMATED PAINT CO	New York City
ANAHEIM PAINT & PAPER CO	Anaheim, Cal
ATLANTIC PAINT & VARNISH WORKS, INC	Wilmington, N. C
BLUE RIBBON PAINT CO	Wheeling, W. Va
E. R. BOHAN & CO., INC	Los Angeles, Cal
BRADLEY & VROOMAN CO., INC	Chicago, Ill
CALIFORNIA PAINT CO	Oakland, Cal
CARPENTER-MORTON CO	Boston, Mass
COLUMBIA VARNISH CO	Los Angeles, Cal.
CONDIE BRAY GLASS & PAINT CO	Kansas City, Mo
COOK PAINT AND VARNISH CO	Kansas City, Mo
THE DEAN & BARRY CO	Columbus, Ohio
THE DEBEVOISE CO	Brooklyn, N. Y
HENRY A. DEWEY CO., INC	New York City
DU MONT PAINT MFG. CO., INC	Jamaica, N. Y
EGAN & HAUSMAN CO., INC	Long Island City, N. Y
FELTON-SIBLEY & CO., INC	Philadelphia, Pa
A. J. FIELD PAINT CO	Newark, N. J
THE FLORMAN MANUFACTURING CO	Pueblo, Colorado
THE FOY PAINT CO	Cincinnati, O
FRAZER PAINT CO	Detroit, Mich
SAMUEL H. FRENCH & CO	Philadelphia, Pa
HANLINE BROS	Baltimore, Md.
HILDRETH VARNISH CO	Brooklyn, N. Y
A. C. HORN CO	Long Island City, N. Y
IMPERIAL PAINT CO	Long Island City, N. Y.
IMPERVIOUS PAINT & VARNISH CO	Philadelphia, Pa.
INTEGRITY PAINT CO	New Haven, Conn
JOHNSON McKIM JOHNSON CO	Linden, N. J.
OLIVER JOHNSON & CO., INC	Providence, R. I.
FRANK M. KENNEDY PAINT & COLOR CO	Newark, N. J
KNOX VARNISH CO	Boston, Mass
J. F. KURFEES PAINT CO., INC	Louisville, Ky
LONGMAN AND MARTINEZ	New York City
THE LORAIN LEAD & PAINT CO	Lorain, Ohio
MACMILLAN PAINT CO	Detroit, Michigan
THE MAHONING PAINT & OIL CO	Youngstown, O
THE MARIETTA PAINT & COLOR CO	Marietta, O
JOHN W. MASURY & SON	Brooklyn, N. Y
M. J. MERKIN PAINT CO., INC	New York City
MICHIGAN PAINT MFG. CO	Grand Rapids, Mich
THE NATROCO PAINT & VARNISH WORKS	Tonawanda, N. Y
NEISLEY & CO	San Antonio, Texas
OAKLEY PAINT MFG. CO	Los Angeles, Cal
THE PARR PAINT AND COLOR CO	Cleveland, O
PEASLEE-GAULBERT CO., INC	Louisville, Ky.
THE PERRY & DERRICK CO., INC	Cincinnati, O
H. PETERMAN, INC	Brooklyn, N. Y
PETRO PAINT MFG. CO	Seattle, Wash
PHELAN-FAUST PAINT MFG. CO	St. Louis, Mo.
PHOENIX PAINT & VARNISH CO	Philadelphia, Pa.
P. & A. PAINT WORKS, INC	Rochester, N. Y
RASMUSSEN & CO	Portland, Ore
RED SPOT PAINT & VARNISH CO., INC	Evansville, Ind.
THE ROBERTSON PAINT & VARNISH CO	Cleveland, O.
THE SARGENT-GERKE CO	Indianapolis, Ind.
SEATTLE PAINT CO	Seattle, Wash.
SOVEREIGN PAINT MFG. CO., INC	Atlantic City, N. J.
THE GILBERT SPRUANCE CO	Philadelphia, Pa.
ST. PAUL WHITE LEAD & OIL CO., INC	St. Paul, Minn.
STERLING PAINT CO	Emeryville, Cal.
THE STEWART BROS. PAINT CO	Alliance, O.
TIBBETTS-WESTERFIELD PAINT CO	Los Angeles, Cal.
TROPICAL PAINT & OIL CO	Cleveland, O.
U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO	Providence, R. I.
UTLEY PAINT CO., INC	New Orleans, La.
WARREN PAINT & COLOR CO	Nashville, Tenn.
WEST PAINT & VARNISH CO	Everett, Mass.
WESTERN PAINT AND VARNISH CO	Duluth, Minn.
THE WHITE COMPANY	Baltimore, Md
J. C. WHITLAM MFG. CO	Wadsworth, O.
WILLIAMS PAINT COMPANY	Milwaukee, Wis.
JOHN H. WITTE & SONS	Burlington, Ia.

IN CANADA:

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON, LTD.	Montreal
THE IMPERIAL VARNISH AND COLOR CO., LTD	Toronto
INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES, LTD.	Winnipeg
THE LOWE BROTHERS CO., LTD	Toronto
OTTAWA PAINT WORKS, LTD	Ottawa
A. RAMSAY & SON CO	Montreal

(Continued from Page 128)

himself. He told of his meeting with Pierre, of his innocent participation in the passport difficulty, of his simple desire to assist an unfortunate fellow negro, and then of the threats and of the policemen who had apparently been trailing him through the darksome byways of Naples.

It was a long and laborious operation, this telling of his story; but the man at the desk listened patiently and understandingly, asking few questions and seeming to sympathize greatly with the dilemma of his client. And at the end Florian produced from his pockets the twenty-four hundred lire which had been given him in exchange for one hundred American dollars. The white-haired man waved the money away grandly and rose with a gesture of dismissal. He addressed the guide, and that person translated:

"He say he wish to see you tomorrow morning *ora* ten."

"Ten o'clock?"

"*Si-si-si-si!*"

"Tell him, okay—an' fo' goodness goshness sake not to let none of these ginrals git me."

They emerged from the building. Florian asked his guide for direction to the Regal Hotel, and was told which tram track would lead him to the Piazza Amedao. Mr. Slappey, immensely relieved now that he had unburdened himself to an attorney, demanded his bill, was informed that the amount thereof rested entirely in his judgment of what would prove adequate compensation, and paid the sad-eyed person one hundred lire, which appeared to make Florian an enormously popular person.

The guide disappeared into the crowd which lounged indifferently along Via Roma. Florian, whistling happily, swung jauntily along after the designated tramcar, quite satisfied that his troubles were at an end. He even decided to smoke a cigar, and so turned in at a little shop which was labeled "Tobaccaio," and beneath which was another notice which informed the world that "English are speech here."

As he entered the door he became conscious of the fact that two persons immediately in his wake ceased to walk. He frowned and looked about. Two carabinieri stood at the curb, their sharp black eyes peering suspiciously at him over their capes. Mr. Slappey was annoyed. He was getting sick and tired of these Napoleonic gentlemen. He wasn't scared, but he did forget the tobacco urge which had sent him into the store.

He wondered why the policemen were eying him so interestedly. Coincidence, of course. Mr. Slappey stepped into the street and turned toward the hotel. The carabinieri fell into step behind him. Florian became apprehensive. He quickened his pace, and the rhythmic beat of the gendarmes' feet acquired a swifter tempo. The young person from Birmingham was not at all pleased.

Were they following him? He decided to find out, and so executed a sharp right wheel into a dark and slippery alley. The carabinieri followed. Florian stopped to light a cigarette. His pursuers also stopped. Mr. Slappey decided instantly, positively and unhappily, that he was in for a rough evening. He felt that he must escape, and do it unostentatiously—better head toward the Regal.

He emerged upon a broader street, turned right and then right again. By all the rules of city construction, this should have brought him back to the track where tram Number 25 traveled; but the car which rolled noisily along was not Number 25 or anything like it. Florian moaned loudly.

"Always in Naples you is gwine somewhere, but you never is where you are."

He accelerated. He turned a corner and ran a score of steps, putting more distance between himself and the grim carabinieri—perhaps they wouldn't suspect his strategy—and in a few blocks into two more policemen, who stood back and eyed him piercingly. He slowed down and tried to saunter nonchalantly.

His two particular pursuers paused to speak with the two new policemen, and, now, when Florian looked around he was appalled to see that he was being followed by four uniformed men.

His knees were quaking and his teeth chattered.

"Great swimmin' jellyfish," he murmured, "my foots feels light as air—adwisin' me to travel. But my brain says that would be foolishment."

He tried various experiments; all of them unsuccessful. He walked very fast, whistling with poorly simulated gayety. He stood motionless for ten minutes at a time. He stared into shop windows as though unmindful of anything else in the world, and whatever he did the carabinieri also did.

Never in all his life had Florian been so unmitigatedly terrified. He tried desperately to locate the big building where his lawyer was, he struggled to find the street upon which his hotel faced. He yearned for a sight of his ex-guide.

Then two more policemen joined the quartet which was trailing Mr. Slappey. Florian emitted a hollow groan.

"Oh, Lawsy, they's fixin' to overwhelm me!"

He turned a second corner. Ten steps beyond was another abrupt intersection. Desperate and frightened, Mr. Slappey made an instant decision.

He turned the first corner at a trot. He swung around the second at top speed. And then, quite frankly and unblushingly, he ran.

Florian was a good runner, and the cumulation of terror loaned power to his feet. Somewhere behind him he heard a shout and then another, then a pounding of feet on the flagstones. He zipped down an alley which was lighted by a single ghastly lamp at the far corner. He had twisted this way and that.

"Guess I lost 'em," he panted. "How can they know where I is at, when I don't know myse'f?"

Another turn and then another. A wide thoroughfare loomed ahead. Florian dashed toward it, and as he reached the corner, two carabinieri swung into him at full speed. There was an immediate and forceful collision and the two officers wrapped strong arms around Mr. Slappey's biceps. Florian made a last pitiful play at insouciance. He raised his hat.

"Evenin', folks," he said. "I showly is pleased to meet you."

It was evident that they shared the pleasure which Mr. Slappey expressed. One of them placed a small whistle to his lips and sounded a shrill blast.

Instantly there was a shower of carabinieri. They came from all directions and they surrounded Mr. Slappey, gesticulating wildly and chattering curiously. It was evident to Florian that he was far more popular than he cared to be. He was, in fact, a person of considerable importance—as the steely hands on his arms reminded him. He tried to explain, but they stared blankly, and finally they formed a cordon about him and moved off into the night.

A crowd forms quickly in Naples at any hour of the night. It will form on the slightest provocation, or on no provocation at all. But an arrest is an epochal occurrence, an event not to be lightly regarded; and so, before Florian and his convoy had traveled two blocks, a hundred persons were following. Mr. Slappey felt exceedingly uncomfortable. He was going somewhere he didn't want to go and he was traveling fast.

It was a long, nightmarish journey. They came eventually to a building which bulked mountainously in the dim light. They took Mr. Slappey inside, where a highly uniformed person came to greet him. There was much conversation and a most suspicious inspection of the colored gentleman from Birmingham. Florian tearfully tried to make his wants understood.

"I craves to see my lawyer, ginrals! Ise just nachelly gwine bust if my lawyer don't come heah an' git me out of this mess."

Why let habit

keep you from this shaving delight?

MANY men, we find, are delayed in adopting their ultimate razor because they have fallen into the habit of going on, day in and day out, using the same old razor.

Those less wedded to such a habit have found their ultimate shaving comfort with the Valet AutoStrop Razor, that wonderful little invention which sharpens its own blades.

This is an exclusive feature. It affords the only opportunity to have a freshly stropped blade for every shave without removing the blade either for stropping, shaving or cleaning.

Free yourself from the habit, if you have it, of using the same old razor indefinitely. Try this new way, this better way.

Learn how *different* your shaving can be made—easier, more comfortable, speedier. Try a Valet AutoStrop Razor for a change. Then you'll adopt it.

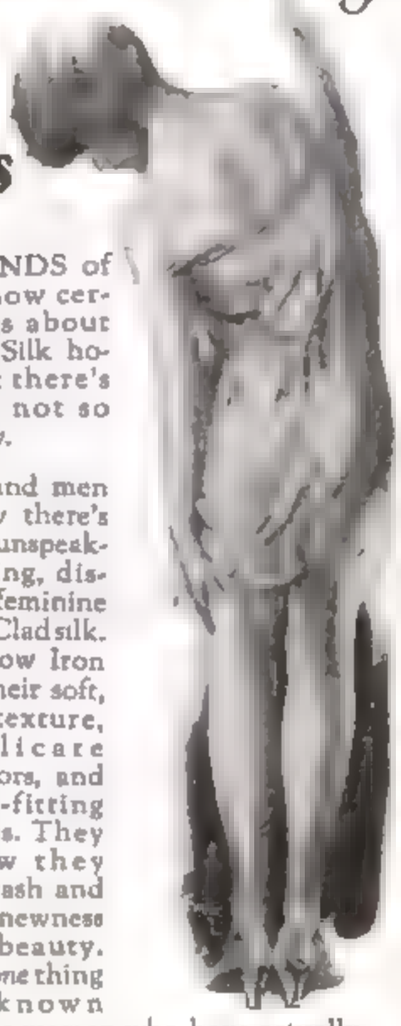
Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Avenue, New York City

The Razor That Sharpens Itself

The Unknown Thing about Iron Clads



THOUSANDS of women know certain things about Iron Clad Silk hosiery. But there's one thing not so many know.

Women—and men too—know there's something unspeakably alluring, distractingly feminine about Iron Clad silk. Women know Iron Clads for their soft, caressing texture, their delicare dreamy colors, and their close-fitting shapeliness. They know how they wear and wash and hold their newness and their beauty. But there's *one* thing which is known only to those women who have actually bought and paid for Iron Clads.

It is the *price!* Iron Clad Stockings are thought by those who see their lustrous beauty, to be exclusive high priced stockings. They *are* exclusive. They are not high priced.

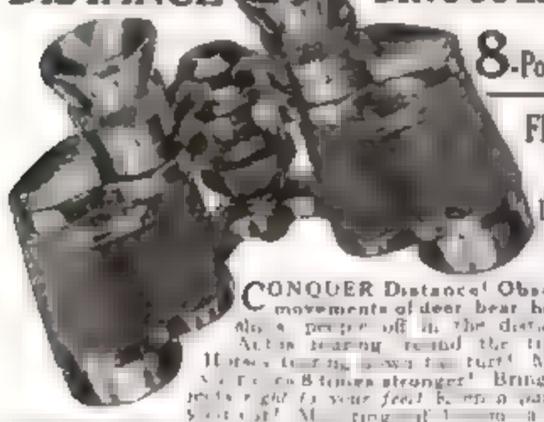
Look at Style 806—a sheer silk stocking that will wear—and wear. 23 inches of silk instead of the usual 20. A 4-ply heel and toe and an especially elastic 7-inch mercerized top. If your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance and we'll mail your Iron Clads direct. State size (8 to 10½, $1.00 a pair) and color (Black, White, Leather Grey, French Nude, Beige, Gun Metal, Atmosphere, Blonde, Cedar, Toast, Biscuit, Silver Grey, Mauve Taupe, Maize, Dawn, Woodland Rose, Dove Grey.) We'll pay the postage!

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

"Iron Clad"

SW

CONQUER DISTANCE Military BINOCULAR



8-Power

FREE 10 Days' Trial

CONQUER Distance! Observe movements of deer, bear, birds ... at a range of ... in the distance ... Actual tearing ... Horses ... Marine ... New ... 8 times stronger! Bring ... right to your feet ... New World's ... Amazing ... observation ... HUNDREDS SUPPLIED TO ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

THESE are the GENUINE French and German Army Officers' 8-POWER PRISM Binoculars, famous PRE MIERE QUALITE; brand new, PERFECT ... mination, exquisite definition. Wide field of vision—many times area of field glasses. Central focusing with individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Complete with leather case, neck and shoulder straps. Advantageous foreign exchange rates make possible low price. . . $23.50

Our Plan is Different! Send NO Money now! Pay NOTHING on delivery. See, Try, Test, ENJOY Binoculars for 10 Days' Trial Absolutely FREE!

If pleased, you may pay on Budget Plan
$5.00 MONTHLY
or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $21.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW! Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery.
$21.75

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.
Importers, Exporters, National Mail-Order House
365 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Largest Retailers of Binoculars in America
Clip and mail this Ad. NOW ... about yourself. We will appreciate and respect ...

They could not understand, or they would not. Gently but firmly they propelled him along a corridor and through a small door. Mr. Slappey found himself in a tiny room modestly furnished with an iron cot and a rickety chair. They bowed, said something in Italian, locked the door from the outside and disappeared. Florian was very weak. He sank onto the bed and buried his face in his arms.

"Oh, my goshness," he wailed. "Us is bofe heah—me an' misery!"

The balance of the night was a prolonged agony of uncertainty. It was quite plain to Florian that he had committed a most heinous offense and he visioned himself languishing in an Italian prison.

"On'y one adwantage that would have," he reflected philosophically: "I showly would know how to speak the language time I come out."

Early in the morning the door opened and a man entered bearing a tray on which there was some very bitter coffee and two small rolls. Florian made a pleading gesture, indicating his desire for a pencil and paper. The servitor nodded and a few minutes later one of the carabinieri appeared with the stationery.

Florian was in a dilemma. He did not know the name of the Neapolitan lawyer he had consulted the previous night, and there was no way of establishing contact with that gentleman. But down at the Hotel Regal was Lawyer Evans Chew of Birmingham—and when in trouble Florian regarded Lawyer Chew as slightly better than human. And so Florian inscribed a passionate missive to the pudgy attorney:

"*dere Lawer Chew:* Something has occurred wich is verry terible and I am in it. Pleas right away get the fellow wich brings this to show you where I is at. and I bet I never make friends with no strange colored folks again. Hoping to see you soon.

"Respt.
"FLORIAN SLAPPEY"

"P. S. And I mean awful soon."

Florian explained his needs to the policeman and that gentleman nodded—indicating that even he knew what a letter was. The man seemed so friendly, and the coffee was so stimulating, that Florian managed to perk up a trifle. After all, even this was better than flitting about the dark, slippery alleyways in a strange city at midnight, and whatever had happened, had happened. Mr. Slappey was looking uncertainly, but hopefully, into the future. If only Lawyer Chew received that letter.

At ten o'clock in the morning two carabinieri appeared. They were without capes or hats and Florian gasped at the magnificent uniforms thus revealed. They were polite but positive and Florian decided against argument.

They led him along a corridor and into a large room. Florian's eye shot instinctively to the right—and there he saw something which caused him to cry aloud with pleasure.

Seated stiffly on two long benches was the entire personnel of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A. Their faces, ranging in color from richest yellow to darkest ebony, were fixed and uncertain. Even Opus Randall, the heavyweight comedian of the company and arch-enemy of the unfortunate Mr. Slappey, forgot his ancient grudge in this terror of the unknown.

But Florian had eyes for only one of the assemblage. His interest was centered in the corpulent figure of Lawyer Evans Chew.

Toward his lawyer Mr. Slappey started eagerly, but the guard restrained him. Even that, however, did not interrupt Florian's rush of words.

"Lawyer Chew," he gasped, "somethin' has happened."

The attorney fixed his spectacles. "After taking cognizance of these heah surroundin's, Brother Slappey, I has concluded positively that you utters no less than truth when you says same. What was it?"

"I dunno. You see, it was thisaway: When us was still on the ship ——"

"Sh-h-h!" The whisper ran about the room and silence ensued. The carabinieri came to attention and a small, kindly-faced man with white hair entered and moved solemnly toward a thronelike chair situated behind an elevated desk. But Florian was not silent. He emitted a howl of glee and leaped forward eagerly to join the newcomer.

"Hot ziggity dam!" he ejaculated. "Tha's my lawyer!"

"Says which?" inquired Chew.

"Tha's my Italian lawyer. I hired him las' night when all the trouble stahted."

The little man turned and nodded reassuringly to Florian, who bobbed his head. Somehow, affairs seemed better this morning. Mr. Slappey was surrounded by friends, and this foreign lawyer of his appeared to be a person of considerable consequence.

The white-haired man seated himself and spoke with staccato swiftness. Two uniformed men disappeared, to return a few minutes later with a decidedly dilapidated young person.

"Well, tickle my toes!" exclaimed Mr. Slappey. "If it ain't my ol' friend Pair Arnaud!"

At sound of the voice the Algerian turned. His countenance paled with fury and he shook his fist wildly in Florian's direction.

"You have done thees!" he accused bitterly. "It is to you I owe such what has happen' to me."

"Aw, listen heah, Pair, you ain't got nothin' on me. What I been th'oo also never would of happened if I hadn't of met you—we ought to call it even."

"You had better be careful hereafter."

"Cullud boy, fum now hencefor'rd they changes my middle name to Caution!"

"You treeck' me!"

"That ain't nothin' to what you done to me. An' if you hadn't of got so durned uppity last night ——"

"Bah!" Pierre turned away and stamped his foot. "*Canaille!*"

"Same to you, brother, an' many of 'em!"

The old man had been an interested observer, and now he turned to a modest young man standing beside him and they conversed in low tones. Then this young man turned to Florian Slappey.

"I am interpret'," he announced. "We ask have you met this man somewhere else before?"

"You is dawg-gone tootin' I has."

The interpreter frowned. "What you say—dog toot?"

"I mean, yas-suh—I met that string of tripe on the ship."

More conversation between interpreter and Florian's elderly friend. Then: "He say haf you know thees man befo' you meet on ship?"

"Nos-suh. An' next time we meets, I ain't even gwine bow."

More conversation in Italian, then the interpreter faced the negro troupe. One by one he polled them on the question of their acquaintanceship with Pierre Arnaud, and finally, interpreting for the man at the desk, he addressed himself to Florian Slappey once more

"You geev this man a passport?"

"Yeh. But you see, mistuh, he was just another cullud feller which said he had lost his an' ——"

"You know it was a crime?"

"No! Honest to Gawd an' cross my heart if I did. I woul'n't fool you ——"

"It was a great crime in Italy for which there is much prison. And also when you help criminal to escape also you are a criminal yourself."

"Tha's right, Florian." The voice of Lawyer Evans Chew boomed across the room. "You is guilty as Mistuh Arnaud, *ipso facto, ab initio* an' accessory befo' the fack."

Much of Florian's momentary exuberance was vanishing. It now appeared to him that his Birmingham friends had been summoned solely and simply to prove their innocence and to fasten the blame exclusively on his shoulders, and if Pierre was of sufficient importance to have caused all this excitement, and Florian was equally guilty with him. . . . The man at the desk was speaking with the interpreter, who transmitted the message.

"He says was you only one to be friends with this man Arnaud?"

Florian slumped. His guess was correct. They were trying to fasten the entire blame on him.

Mr. Slappey did some quick thinking. He was of two opinions: One was that his Italian lawyer had messed things up considerably, and the other was that there was no reason for sharing his misery.

"Uh-huh. Just me. But I suttinly ain't friends with him no more."

"These others—they did not know Arnaud at all?"

Florian was in for it, and realized the fact.

"Nope. Not one."

He was rewarded by smiles and nods of gratitude from the assemblage across the room.

He murmured bitterly to himself, "Guess Ise a hero all right, but I suttinly ain't as popular with myse'f as I is with them."

The interpreter faced Florian again and pointed to Pierre Arnaud.

"Thees man," he announced, "is very dangerous criminal."

"Boy, you said it! To me, he's plumb pizen!"

"He will go to prison for many years."

"Uh-huh. But how 'bout me?"

"You," announced the interpreter, "have done beeg favor to Italy, also yourself. We geev you back your passport and also we applaud you. I am ask' also to geev you this ten thousand lire, wheech is reward for capturing so dangerous criminal as Pierre Arnaud!"

Florian felt his knees grow weak. He seated himself suddenly and stared, open-mouthed, as the interpreter placed in his hands Jasper Sneed's passport and ten crisp new thousand-lire notes.

Things had happened too suddenly for Mr. Slappey. For twelve hours he had skidded with amazing speed from emotional zenith to nadir, and now back again. He didn't know what it was all about, but he did gather from the row of twenty dark faces seated opposite that he was a very wonderful person indeed.

They dragged Mr. Arnaud away and his forced exodus was the signal for wild jubilee. The troupers descended on Florian in a dark cloud and spurted congratulations and questions. President Latimer fingered the cash which Florian still held.

"Ten thousand moneys!" he ejaculated enviously. "Golly, Florian, you showly is lucky!"

"Lucky?" Florian sneered contemptuously. "What kind of speechment is that you makes about luck?"

"Well, wasn't it?"

"Nos-suh! It was brains!"

Mr. Slappey remembered something. He moved grandiloquently across the room toward the kindly faced man behind the elevated desk. Toward this person he extended his recently acquired ten thousand lire.

"As my lawyer," he announced, "you gits first grab."

The man smiled in his gentle way and shook his head. Florian frowned and questioned the interpreter.

"Ain't this enough?" he inquired.

"Ah, yes. But he accepts no money."

"Huh!" Mr. Slappey was dazed. "Then he ain't no lawyer."

"Of course not, *signore.*"

Florian blinked rapidly.

"Well, what I craves to know," he asked, "is this: If that man ain't no lawyer, what is he?"

The interpreter beamed with pride.

"Thees gentleman," he explained, "he is *Questore*—what you call in America 'chief of police.'"

Certain-teed Places an Unusual Protection behind its Products - A Recognition of Responsibility to All Purchasers

The Certain-teed label on a product is a symbol of our responsibility to purchasers. It is your protection in buying—your assurance of quality, value and satisfaction.

From the careful purchase of raw materials, to the lasting satisfaction that you secure from the finished products, Certain-teed provides an unusual degree of protection. At the plants, all raw materials are accurately sorted and graded. Continuous supervision is held over each process of manufacture. Scientific tests are maintained in modern laboratories. Every precaution is taken to assure those high standards which each Certain-teed product must reach.

By selling over a hundred products through a single sales force, and by controlling an extensive organization through one management, many unusual savings are effected. These enable Certain-teed to give you extra quality without extra cost.

You can have implicit confidence in Certain-teed products and service—for our whole organization, our resources and activities are behind the pledge: Quality Made Certain; Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ASPHALT ROOFINGS
ASPHALT SHINGLES
BUILDING PAPERS
BUILDING FELTS
PAINTS - VARNISHES

Certain-teed

LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

(Continued from Page 5)

Overlook nodded and pressed the starter. Even then he sat a moment undecided; but another car pulled in behind him to get gas and blew a warning horn, and he drew ahead a little way. He looked at his watch uncertainly; and at last, still without having come to any conscious decision, he wheeled the car and turned back; and when the traffic officer permitted, he swung into the street indicated by the signboard. He drove at first slowly, still doubtful, still inclined to think his project absurd.

"Jenks will be expecting me tonight," he reminded himself. "I ought to be there." But he added impatiently, "I'm on a vacation. What's the sense of running on schedule all the time? Jenks can wait till tomorrow, I guess, if he wants to."

He had slipped out of the heavier traffic and the way opened now before him; he loosed the car and the engine hummed and he drove ahead along the East Harbor road.

III

WHEN he had left the city behind him Overlook discovered, in the countryside through which his route lay, a long-forgotten loveliness and charm.

On either side of him were wooded lands, broken only here and there by an occasional meadow or garden patch. Old orchards clustered beside the road; he looked down into alder runs; and sometimes his way ran between growths of young pine or hemlock or spruce and his eye found comfort in their heavy, gentle green. Occasionally, from a hilltop, a vista opened out afar before him; beauty he had forgotten hid among these hills. He dipped down to a bridge and across and up through a little village and on; and he came by and by to the road crew at work, and had to crawl in second gear through rods of loose gravel laid on bowlders and not yet bedded down; then wound along a rocky country road, rising and dipping over spurs and ledges. He drove inattentively; and now and then the road betrayed him, shocking the heavy car. And the miles drifted behind his wheels till at last, without warning, he came to a wide and sluggish stream spanned by a wooden bridge; and he stopped upon the bridge and saw a pond opening below the road, and a boat chained to a tree there; and beyond, half a mile away, a fisherman trolling patiently.

He had a moment's vivid, flashing memory of a summer day when he and Pot Riddle had sneaked down here and borrowed without leave a farmer's skiff and gone a-fishing in the pond. They had but one line between them; a hand line not long enough to be of much account. Pot rowed while he trolled this line over the stern, and then he rowed while Pot held the line. A hot day, with no whisper of wind upon the water, and Pot sweat lavishly; and he himself suffered in almost equal measure during his turn at the oars. They had no bites; and when they got home, late for the chores, each one of them received the punishment of his crime. Overlook, sitting there upon the bridge, saw for an instant before his eyes the very apple switch his father had used for the occasion; there was a fruit spur halfway along its length which had left its mark upon his legs. Yet he smiled almost gleefully at the memory now.

He stayed only a moment there upon the bridge; he had come upon it unexpectedly, unconsciously calculating distances by the ancient standards of foot traffic or of a plodding horse. Measured by the car, the road seemed to have shrunk enormously. But he knew this bridge, and took his bearings now and located himself, planned what his next move would be. The farm lay some little way upstream—two miles, or three, or four; but there should be, he remembered, a road running in that direction a little distance behind him.

With this in mind, he pulled ahead till he found a chance to turn the car, and so swung back and retraced his way for perhaps half a mile, till he came to the other road swinging to the right, to the north, paralleling the course of the stream. Along this he took his way.

The road was narrow; it had been scraped to a high crown and it was all of clay. A shower the night before had left it slippery; so Overlook drove with care, choosing to keep in the ruts and avoid a worse fate. He had, after a little while, misgivings; the road was so densely wooded on either side, so little traveled. If an opportunity had afforded he might have turned around and gone back the way he came; but the way was narrow, and he could see that another car had gone before him since the rain, so he pushed on. It was as though he traversed a wilderness; the trees pressed close on either side; and the occasional meadows were overgrown with alder and poplar and birch. A partridge lifted before him and flew a hundred yards down the road through the tunnel of the trees before rising at an angle, with wide wings, to light in a hemlock there. He crossed a rill of running water and stopped to look down into the basin below the bridge, and saw tiny trout darting to and fro in their alarm; and a mile farther on, he saw great tracks in the clay of the ditch beside the road, where a moose had passed.

Then, abruptly, he came to a house, faintly familiar, about which there were indications of life; and he alighted to ask his way. A woman came to the kitchen door when he knocked there—a woman with a richness in the full lines of her body. A boy child stood at her knee.

"I'm looking for the old Overlook place," he told her, smiling in that friendly fashion which seemed to be his habit. "Things have changed a good deal since I was here last. Am I on the right road at all?"

She nodded gently. "Yes; yes, this is the road. You'll want to take the second road to the right; and it's the first house you'll come to on the left-hand side."

"Far?" he asked, not so much from curiosity as because he wished to hear her low voice again.

"Better'n a mile," she told him.

"I'm Walter Overlook," he explained. "I was going through Augusta, and I thought I'd come over and see the old place." He looked around. "Is this the May place?"

"It used to be," she confessed. "Will Jenison lives here now."

He felt his throat tighten. His mother had been Sarah May; this was her father's farm.

"Ought I to remember you?" he asked after a moment, with that disarming smile.

"I lived over in Fraternity," she said, "before I married Will. Jonathan Clemons was my father."

He made a rueful gesture. "I've been away longer than I thought," he confessed. "Didn't realize how much I'd forgotten. Where's Pot Riddle's? He's got the key to the house, I think."

"He lives across the bridge from the Overlook place," she told him. "You go straight ahead on that same road. The first house you come to."

He withdrew reluctantly, looking back at her. She stood in the doorway to watch him drive away; and when he lifted his hand in farewell she responded in kind, her gesture curiously full of beauty. He was reluctant to go.

Beyond the house he discovered a sloping field under cultivation; and beyond again a meadow, where the hay had been cut, and where no straggling bushes grew. "Jenison's a good farmer," he told himself, "by the look of his farm." He glanced back toward the house again, remembering the woman; but the barn obscured his vision and he could not see the kitchen door.

At the end of the meadow he crossed a road which seemed to be even less used than this one he was traversing; and then for a while his way lay through thick woods again. Once, on his left, where a stream came down, he caught a glimpse of the collapsing ruins of a disintegrating sawmill; his grandfather May had owned it, and he remembered how the shriek of its saw used to rasp and wail across the valley; remembered the feel of sawdust between his toes when he came to tunnel in the great yellow pile beside the stream.

"Doesn't take long for things to fall to pieces," he thought, and unconsciously pressed the throttle down as though to hurry on.

Thus by and by he emerged from the cover of the trees and saw on his right, dimly, through the fringe of stuff along the road, a meadow grown with straggling clumps of alder and the winding line of the tree-clad stream beyond. His meadow, the very meadow where he had grubbed as a boy; and there must lie the pool where he and Pot swam on that summer day. And on other occasions too. One day in haying time a shower caught him and his father with hay cut but not raked, lying across this meadow here; and the next morning they went down to turn it so that it might dry in the sun. The sun was hot and baking; and in the low meadow above the sweating hay the air lay humid and stifling, so that the boy collapsed at last, and the man carried him to the brookside and splashed him with the icy water there. Overlook remembered now, with understanding like a revelation, the fearful anxiety in his father's eyes. At the time he had been full of bitterness at this slave driver of a man, and very sorry for himself; but he felt only a wistful sorrow at the memory now.

He knew his way; did not need to remember Nan Jenison's directions in order to turn to the right at the road beyond the meadow. Ahead of him he saw the wooded rampart of the Sheepscot ridge. He had used to climb that steep way to school at the Corner; he remembered how the ridge had always seemed to him like a curtain drawn between his eyes and the world toward which he longed, like a prisoning barrier there. Any journey beyond the ridge was an adventure not soon to be forgotten. He had been more than once to Liberty; and three times he had gone as far as Fraternity, ten miles or so beyond. But never to East Harbor till that day after his father's funeral, when he took the boat there and left his youth behind. The ridge seemed to him unchanged, its steep flank bright with the greenery of the hardwoods and the black growth, inscrutable and bland. But he smiled at it now with a faint derision.

"I've crossed you," he said half aloud. "I've been beyond you now—far beyond."

He was driving very slowly, sensitive to every least impression, and he lost all count of time. Once or twice he stopped the car without realizing it, to sit for a moment and look about before rolling on again. The road was sandy, its loose ruts clinging to his tires; he topped a little knoll and turned aside into the farmyard before the house, the house where he was born and where his boyhood lay. Its white paint was faded now; but it stood staunch and sound, the ridgepole straightly proud.

"In pretty good shape," he told himself approvingly. "Built to last, this old house was." And he went wandering among his memories.

He remembered his grandfather, his father's father; remembered him as an old man whose white beard was faintly stained with brown, sitting on the sunny kitchen porch on an October day with a shawl about his shoulders. There was a boy on the porch floor beside him, bare legs dangling over the edge. Overlook could see this boy quite plainly, and he was amused at the impersonality of the picture.

"As though I weren't that boy any more," he thought, and his amusement vanished. The thought sobered him.

His grandfather told him, he remembered, that the house was fifty years old that October day; and while he listened breathlessly, the old man in mumbling sentences told the ancient tale. Overlook tried to recall that story now. The original house and barn, he was sure, had been struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Such a catastrophe nowadays would be likely to mean an abandoned farm, but at that time there had been nowhere else for them to go.

"We lived most anyways for a spell," the old man said.

The story, Overlook found, had impressed itself upon his mind, came back to him in more and more detail. The fire occurred in July, he remembered; and the women of the family were taken in by Pot Riddle's grandfather, while the men—his grandfather and his great-grandfather—knocked together a rude shack out of half-burned lumber and cleared the cellar and prepared to rebuild, working late into the night by lantern, doing their chores and their farmwork through the day. Some of the heat of that race against time was in Overlook's blood now. Sawed lumber came from Joel May's mill; and Nat Haradeen and Hepperton helped when they could, coming down from the Corner up over the ridge.

"Your great-grandfather wouldn't have any sawed lumber for the sills and timbers," the old man said. "It cost; but that weren't all the reason. He 'lowed it wouldn't stand up." So they hewed the great logs foursquare and framed the house with mortise and tenon, and pinned it stoutly. "Pegged all over," said the old man, mumbling proudly, the glow of an ancient ardor in his eye. "Built honest, it was, and built to stay."

And he chuckled in his beard. "Your great-grandmother, she moved in before it was done," he explained. "This day fifty year. She was sick of Mis' Riddle's housekeeping, and nothing would do her but she'd move soon's the roof was on. This day fifty year."

He nodded as though to confirm his own statements, and then he had drifted off into memories of his own. The boy did not care; there was a chipmunk carrying acorns from an oak around the corner of the house into a crevice in the stones about the well, three acorns at every trip, one in either cheek and one in its mouth besides. And the boy wondered whether he could put three apples into his own mouth in like fashion, and strayed off toward the orchard to make the experiment. The experiment was a failure, but it had its compensations.

And Overlook remembered his father. It seemed to him, remembering, that during his boyhood they had been forever making some small repair or other upon the house—new shingles here and there, a leak about the chimney, a rotting sill under the shed where the weather got in. He had been inclined to rebel at this care on his father's part; his own revolt against the farm, the life here, the isolation behind that high and forbidding ridge to the eastward, had been so constant and persistent as to color all his days. He wished to see the house decay and disintegrate; had even his longing to set it all afire. But his father had tended it, kept it sound and secure till the day he died.

Overlook remembered the day his father died. His mother was dead years before; and for a while his father's sister, Aunt Millie, lived with them, till she and his father quarreled. So for four or five years he and his father had been like bachelors here, cooking, washing, scrubbing for themselves. And the boy, on the brink of manhood, already feeling himself a man, was fuming and stewing and planning, flogging his courage to the point of open challenge. And then one morning when he came in from the milking and the chores, it was to

(Continued on Page 136)

In which of these ways do you buy *Business Papers* ?

Many men unconsciously buy business papers about as a child endeavors to pin the tail on the donkey—blindfolded.

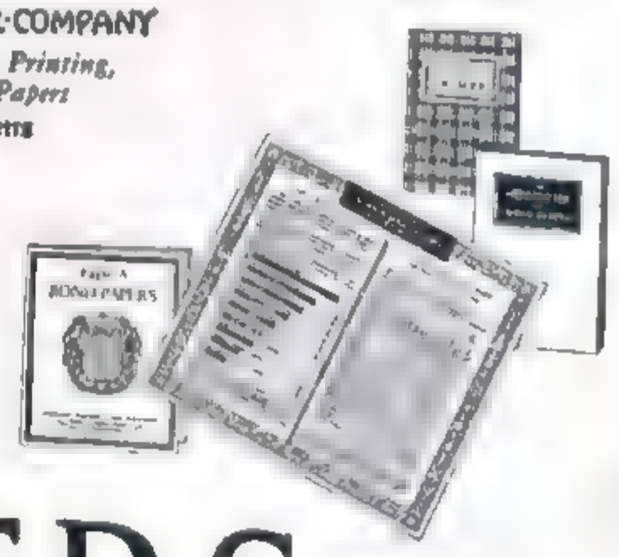
IT is difficult to buy Bond Paper in any other way unless you use the Specification Chart. There are three thousand listed brands on the market, at 126 different prices. The Chart was prepared to simplify this confusing condition. It demonstrates that nine grades amply cover every business need—indicates how each of these grades should be used—shows you "The Right Paper for the Purpose".

Make the Specification Chart your guide to "The Right Paper for the Purpose". This Chart lists and suggests the uses of Bond Paper in modern business, and indicates for each use one or more of the Nine Standardized Eagle-A Bonds.

The Chart assures the *right price*, as well as the *right paper*, because these Nine Standardized grades, covering all business requirements, are made in volume by the world's largest makers of fine papers, with every resulting economy in production and distribution.

May we send you four paper buying guides—The Primer—The Chart—a booklet "The Correct Use of Bond Papers" and sample Portfolio of Eagle-A Bond Papers?

AMERICAN·WRITING·PAPER·COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Writing, Printing, Specialty and Industrial Papers
Holyoke, Massachusetts



MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

EAGLE-A *Business* PAPERS

Entire Contents © 1926, A. W. P. Co.

. . . . only a moment with Dyanshine's magic dauber restores clean color to faded shoes . . . and neatly conceals each scuff.

NO NITROBENZINE, NITROBENZOL, ANILIN OIL NOR SHELLAC IN DYANSHINE

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Copyright 1926 — B. mon Mfg Co

BICYCLES

Standard of quality for 40 years. Without equal for easy pedaling, comfort, strength, lasting-quality and good looks. Frame and fork of high carbon seamless steel tubing. Vital parts drop-forged. Models for men and women, boys and girls. Write for color Catalog "B."

Look for the name IVER JOHNSON

VELOCIPEDES

Same materials, same workmanship, same ruggedness, comfort, and good looks as the Iver Johnson Bicycle. Made in three sizes for little boys and girls. Write for handsomely colored Catalog "B."

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

7 River St., Fitchburg, Mass. New York, 151 Chambers St., Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street, San Francisco, 717 Market St.

BUTTON OFF?

Don't be embarrassed. Simply snap on a

Pilcher Detachable Button

and be happy again. No sewing required. Three sizes, three colors. Sold Everywhere. Sample Free

6 for 10 cents

PILCHER MFG. CO. INC., Dept. C, LOUISVILLE, KY.

(Continued from Page 134)

find the fire unlighted, the kitchen still cold, his father still abed. And at first, when Walter looked in upon him, he thought the older man was sleeping; but he was dead. Some fifty-three years old, and hale and sound. Only, a fortnight or so before, he had fallen heavily upon his knee, bruising it so that a great clot formed beneath the skin. In later understanding Overlook found in the incident the explanation of the death that had been so mysteriously sudden then.

It was four days later that he went away, mounted the ridge for the last time, went forth full of eagerness to face the world, not even looking backward, not in the least timorously or regretfully.

His father lay beside his mother and the others in the little family burying ground up toward the hemlock growth behind the orchard; and Overlook, remembering, thought he must walk up to the spot and see that it was tended now.

He realized that the engine of his car was still idling, and he switched it off and stepped to the ground, looked at his watch again. "I'll have to hurry," he decided. "Can't stay but a little while. Already wasted quite a lot of time." And he moved across the farmyard toward the great barn.

IV

POT RIDDLE was his agent here; and Overlook, turning his eye this way and that, decided that Pot was a careful man, worthy to be trusted. The shutters of the house were closed, the doors were protected by outer doors of rough boards, and the barn itself was padlocked and secure.

Pot had said that the hay was cut and stowed away; and Overlook, peering through a crevice between the doors, could see it piled high among the great beams. In the vaulted cavern of the roof swallows moved with little twittering cries; and he marked where the birds perched like beads along the telephone wire beside the road, preparing for the southward flight so soon to come. There had always been swallows in the great barn; would be, he supposed, as long as the barn should stand. Almost the first birds to arrive, always the first to go. Something familiar and friendly about them. One of them swooped past his head and he had a curious feeling that the bird was inspecting him. It returned to its place upon the wire; and the others there rose and settled nearer, and there was great conversation among them. Overlook, watching, chuckled softly.

He wanted to go inside the barn, and he wanted, he remembered, to go inside the house. But house and barn were locked and Pot Riddle had the keys, and Pot lived over across the Sheepscot on the lower slopes of the ridge. Overlook turned back to his car and started the engine and set out to fetch the key from Pot Riddle's.

The road by which he now traveled seemed very little used; there were two wheel tracks, and between them a rut beaten by the feet of horses. But grass grew inside the wheel tracks; and Overlook, examining the way before him, saw that no one had passed since the rain of the night before. When he came to the bridge across the Sheepscot he checked his car to look downstream at the great pool between the alders there. Trout had used to lie in that pool, he remembered; and while he watched he saw the surface of the water dimpled now and then when a fish rose. At first his heart leaped at this sight; then the lore of his boyhood returned to him.

"Chubs," he said reluctantly. "That's what they are."

At the foot of the pool, there was a little sand bar, and he saw that it was marked with footprints. "Boys come fishing here," he guessed, and drove on up the road, which now began to climb. So he came to Pot Riddle's.

The farmhouse, once white, now weather-beaten to a desolate gray, stood some distance from the road, back against the hardwood growth which crept down the flank of the ridge. Two wheel tracks led to the farmyard, and Overlook's great car crept along these tracks and swung upon the turf before the house and stopped there; and he alighted and went around toward the kitchen door.

As he put his foot on the lowest step a woman appeared at the door and stood there, within the screen, looking at him. She moved so quietly that he was faintly startled by her appearance, and he took off his hat with a quick smile. But he did not at once ask the question for which he had come; something about her held him still while their eyes encountered.

She was, outwardly, such a woman as he must have expected to find upon this lonely farm. Another might have seen in her such a woman, nothing more. For another's eye she might in fact have been no more than this. But Overlook had an eye alert and keen, and when her glance rested upon his countenance it seemed to him she checked where she stood. He thought she had meant to come out upon the porch, until she saw him, and stopped very still and stood very still within the screen there. He wondered at this, his quick conjectures racing even while he looked at her; and though his eyes rested upon her eyes, he saw her whole and entire. Her garment was of faded blue and very clean; it clothed her fully and without particularity. One might have forgotten that she was a woman but for the clear line of her neck and shoulders, and but for her eyes.

Her eyes were blue; a curious mild blue, serene and deep as the sky on a summer's afternoon. And there was a calmness about her lips; he thought of rounded, green-clad hills asleep in the dawn. And her hair was calm and fair, lying severely in its heavy bands; and as she stood within the shadow of the door the serenity in her lips and in her eyes withdrew in mystery there, as though, remotely, she dreamed of hidden things.

His glance held hers so attentively that for a long moment he knew nothing else besides; then something moved against her knee, and he looked down and saw a little girl—a little girl perhaps three years old—who met his eyes and then buried her face in the woman's skirts. The woman let her hand rest sweetly on the baby's head; and Overlook smiled again, and spoke to her in a doubtful tone.

"Isn't this the Riddle place?" he asked.

She nodded, and so spoke for the first time. "Yes," she agreed, and her voice was low and sure.

"I wanted to get the keys from you," he explained—"the keys to the Overlook place, back across the bridge. You've got them here, haven't you?"

"Yes; Pot takes care around there," she told him. "The keys are here."

"I used to live there," he volunteered. "Pot knows me. I'm Walter Overlook. I went away from here when my father died."

She smiled inscrutably. "I know," she reminded him; and so he recognized her and he cried, "I know you now. You're June Haradeen."

"Yes," she agreed; and she added, "I didn't know as you'd remember. But I remember you."

"You weren't more than a kid," he said defensively. "You've grown up now."

"You've changed some yourself," she told him gently; and he was vaguely uncomfortable; and he had a surprising feeling that she knew this, that she looked at him in such wise, spoke in such fashion with the intent to discomfit him. He shook his head, laughing the thought aside. There could be no coquetry in such a woman. A farm woman, nothing more. A certain serenity and poise about her, perhaps; but for all that, a woman of the farms. Immured between the steep ridge on one side, the stream and the deserted valley on the other, in this desolate gray house upon a remote and hidden road. There could be neither beauty nor mystery in such a woman. Yet—"You've changed some yourself," she had said in that faintly derisive tone.

"Yes," he agreed, laughing a little, uncomfortably. "Yes, I've changed. But things don't change much here, except the farms are abandoned, the meadows go back into wilderness again." There was, to his own surprise, faint sorrow in his tone.

"There's little to bring you," she suggested, and he found himself explaining.

"It was an accident," he confessed. "I was on my way up into the woods, fishing. First vacation I've taken since I went away. Never thought of coming past here till I saw the East Harbor signboard in Augusta. Then I thought I'd just look in at the old place. I'll be going back tonight," he added; and knew, incredulously, that there was something like defiant bravado in his tone.

She nodded slowly. "Likely you will," she agreed, and stood a moment, and then stooped and swept the little girl up into her arms with a strong gesture; her body bowed and lifted with the ease and grace to be expected in a creature of the wilderness; the child fitted into her shoulder, pressed against her bosom there. Her arms held it broodingly. "I'll fetch the keys," she said, and withdrew from the door, returning a moment later to come out to him. "This is the padlock on the barn," she explained. "And this one is the kitchen door of the house. You can leave them in the kitchen, on the table. Pot'll go over tonight or in the morning and lock up again."

He felt himself dismissed; was vaguely affronted by this dismissal, and made to feel negligible and of small account. And he laughed a little at the humor of this. "I might decide to stay the night," he announced defiantly.

She smiled. "I guess you ain't likely to," she commented.

"Where is Pot?" he asked.

"Gone to the Corner," she explained. "He'll be back any time now."

He still hesitated, wishing to hold her, unwilling to go. "Remember when we went to school up at the Corner?" he asked. "You used to live in the house just this side. Why, I remember the first day you came to school! I must have been pretty near ten years old, and you weren't much bigger than the little girl in the kitchen there. I remember you brought a doll to school, and what a baby I thought you were."

"Most boys never do see the sense in dolls," she said gravely; and he drew back, abashed as though he had inadvertently looked behind a veil. Hesitated for a moment, spoke in another tone.

"If I should happen to want to stay overnight, could I get something to eat from you?" he asked.

"You're welcome to what we got," she told him.

"Oh, I don't mean to bother you," he urged. "I thought I might buy some eggs and milk and bread and things."

"I guess you can do that way if you'd ruther." Her head turned a little, attentive to some sound within the house. "There's the baby," she said; and with a little nod, she left him, disappeared within the kitchen again.

He stood a moment uncertainly, then turned to his car and got in and backed and filled till he was headed toward the road. So drove away. And at first his eyes were fixed and thoughtful; but when he came to the bridge, abruptly he laughed a little to himself, not so much with amusement as with interest, not so much mirthfully as in a curious exhilaration.

"I've a notion to stay here a day or two, at that," he said, half aloud. He had stopped his car on the bridge, and a blue jay swooped into the gray birch above his head and screamed at him scoldingly. The bird reminded him of Jenks, and he laughed.

"Jenks will be wild," he remembered. But added a moment later, seriously again, "Just the same, I've a mind to stay."

V

HE DROVE into his own farmyard again, and stilled the engine and fitted one of the keys into the kitchen door. It swung before him and he entered; entered the

(Continued on Page 139)

Great two-fisted tongs, on their own chain hoist, wrestle with Timken Steel in the "Continuous Furnace" which is used at one stage of manufacture

Brawn for Your Car

Bearings are put wherever wear tends to focus in your car or truck. That is what bearings are for. That is certainly where you want the finest steel.

The steel for Timken Bearings is made under Timken control, right in the Timken "daylight" steel mill. The largest output of electric furnace steel in the world is required for Timken Bearing production. At the rate of 132,000 daily, Timkens are being applied to every type of mechanical device, including 91% of all makes of motor vehicles in America! Timkens go into transmissions, differentials, pinion mountings, worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fans.

Timkens free these units of needless friction and wear, also saving power and lubricant. Timken Taper assures higher resistance to every destructive element, including *thrust* or sidewise forces. *TIMKEN POSITIVE ROLL ALIGNMENT* keeps shafts, gears and wheels turning quietly, "like new." Timken-equipped cars and trucks are simpler, less bulky, more accessible.

See that a car or truck is Timken-equipped and you know you get excellence of design and material at the very places where it counts for so much toward permanent economy.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

Good RADIO RECEPTION *is not all in the dials*

This is the famous master Ray-O-Vac "B" 45-volt battery recommended for all multiple tube sets, especially sets requiring more than 16 milliamperes of current. It has 30 extra large size cells giving 45 volts, with one intermediate tap at 22½ volts. All other sizes of "B" batteries also available in the Ray-O-Vac line.

Why *low internal resistance* in the batteries is necessary in even the finest sets. How to buy batteries that have it.

FUSSING with the dials cannot always bring in radio signals clear and strong without needless noises. Something more than sensitive tubes, strong connections, good aerial and an expensive loud speaker is necessary.

What low internal resistance means

When you hook up a radio to any power unit you put resistance in the way of the current that flows between the terminals. That is external resistance.

But that same current also flows through the inside of the power unit. There it also encounters resistance—internal resistance.

In a radio circuit it is not unusual for an internal resistance of 100 ohms in the batteries—the source of the power—to be multiplied into a million ohms at the end of the circuit!

Of course reception suffers. Signals then come in distorted and unnatural and no amount of tuning can give you good reception.

Naturally, engineers have devoted their lives to developing batteries that would have the very minimum of internal resistance and that would keep down their internal resistance over a period of time. As a result, there are hundreds of formulae in use today for making dry batteries. But the particular combination of materials which produces the desired *low internal resistance* is used in Ray-O-Vac batteries.

That is why Ray-O-Vac batteries have longer life and give improved reception.

Radio engineers have been quick to discover the low internal resistance of Ray-O-Vacs. Read what Dr. deForest says about them.

Why Ray-O-Vacs also have staying power

Note that Dr. deForest also says that Ray-O-Vacs have the "greatest life." That, too, is important, because *staying power* means economy in the long run.

The chemical reactions that go on inside a dry cell as current is produced change its internal composition into by-products that increase the resistance. The special formula used in Ray-O-Vac batteries allows these changes to take place very slowly. Hence the voltage of Ray-O-Vacs drops slowly and the batteries last longer.

The internal resistance and staying power of a radio battery are qualities that you cannot measure with a voltmeter. A voltmeter reading in the shop merely indicates the open circuit voltage of the battery. Often a battery that shows a high voltage will have an extremely large internal resistance.

How you can tell a low resistance battery

So, the way you can tell that you are getting radio batteries with low internal resistance and staying power is to ask for Ray-O-Vacs by name.

Ray-O-Vac batteries are sold by radio and electrical dealers, hardware stores and auto supply shops everywhere. If you have any trouble getting them, write us for the name and address of a nearby dealer who can supply you. We will send you a free copy of the "Ray-O-Vac Manual and Broadcasting Station Directory."

* * *

Ray-O-Vac "A" batteries are especially constructed for radio use. They recuperate rapidly during rest periods and give a high voltage (1½ volts) throughout their life. Ray-O-Vac "A" batteries are made in 4½, 6 and 22½ volt sizes, with variable terminals to give several voltage adjustments.

Dr. Lee deForest, Ph. D., D. Sc.
The father of radio broadcasting

He was the first to broadcast music and opera. All radio broadcasting apparatus is built upon his audion or three-electrode vacuum tube inventions. Says Dr. deForest

"Seeking the best that the market provided in a dry battery—one giving the most uniform and level voltage, combined with low internal resistance and greatest life—I have come to use the French Battery Company's products because they most nearly approach my standard of requirements. I am using practically every type they manufacture in some phase of my laboratory and research work and in connection with my Phonofilm or talking motion picture amplifier and in radio reception experiments with the Audalion (my latest invention, incidentally), a new type and theory of loud speaker."

Lee deForest

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY, Madison, Wisconsin

Also makers of Ray-O-Lite flashlights and batteries and Ray-O-Spark ignition batteries

(Continued from Page 136)

kitchen where for twenty years or so his life had all been focused. And at first the place seemed to him gloomy and forbidding; but he opened the windows and swung back the shutters and admitted the sun; and then he stood for a space and looked this way and that, his lips parted in a little smile.

There was the stove—that stove which had seemed to him, when he was a boy, an insatiable monster, devouring endless quantities of wood which must be painfully cut and split and carried by his small hands. And behind it, hanging against the wall, the soapstone griddle upon which they had used to fry buckwheat cakes in the winter mornings. And against the door the roller where the towel had hung, grimed so quickly by his brief ablutions. He chuckled at the thought; remembered how on Saturday nights he had been used to fetch a tub from the shed and set it on the floor, and dip into it water from the tank at the end of the stove and add cold water from the pump in the shed, and scrub away the week's accumulated veneer. The memory made him unlock the shed door and look in; and the very tub still hung against the studding there, cracks between its staves opened by long disuse. The washbasin hung on its nail at the end of the iron sink, the separator stood at one side. There was a mirror on the wall, the mercury upon its back flaking off, and he looked into it and saw himself distorted; and then at a sudden thought fumbled behind the mirror and found the very comb he once had used. An aluminum comb, corroded by time, no longer fit for its appointed function.

The corrosion of this comb, undiscovered in its hiding place, made him realize that there should be elsewhere evidences of this same rusting and decay. He was faintly astonished to discover that this was not the case. Overlook had had little experience of old abandoned farmhouses; he could not guess how quickly, if they are neglected, they fill up with disorderly litter, and how dust lies over all, and everywhere dwell dampness and decay. Nevertheless, his common sense told him that there should be even here some evidences of the waste of time. But there was only a faint film of dust. The oilcloth cover on the table revealed it, and there was dust on the dishes in the pantry. His attention was alert now; he saw that the stove was polished, that the sink was greased and free from rust; and when he investigated elsewhere he found the dining-room table ordered and clean, the airtight stove free of ashes and the chimney pipe removed and—he suspected—cleaned of soot and put away. Across the couch a protecting sheet was laid, and there were newspapers spread over the rug on the floor. In the parlor other sheets were draped over the chairs and over the ancient organ and along the shelves above the table where his father's few books were. And in the bedrooms, when he went so far, he found the beds stripped, bedding neatly piled at the foot and covered over there, and his astonishment waxed and grew.

"House looks as though it had just been shut up for the summer," he told himself. "You'd never think it had been shut fifteen years." And he went further. "Someone has fixed things," he exclaimed. "Cleaned up and covered things up, and so on. I didn't leave them so."

And abruptly he began to understand. The woman, he thought, must have done this. Pot took care of the farm, cut the hay and stowed it and sold it, made minor repairs to roof and broken windows. But she must have assumed charge of the interior of the house. He wondered why. It was not, he thought, the sort of thing to be expected of her or of any dull farm woman immured here so far from the world. She may have been actuated by a mere hunger for neatness and for order.

Overlook remembered that his mother had been like that; he knew there were such women. Yet even this explanation did not seem to him to be sufficient; he sought for another, and abruptly he smiled.

"She knew me today," he reminded himself. "She remembered me!"

He was amused to find his heart quickening at the thought, and he laughed again.

"By George!" he exclaimed. His eyes became fixed and thoughtful, recalling her for his renewed inspection.

"She'd be handsome!" he told himself. And then he began to think back, trying to remember what she had been like as a child.

He remembered the first day she came to school. She came with her older sister, with May Haradeen. Jim Haradeen was their father, and they lived just over the crest of the ridge toward the Corner; so that when Walter Overlook climbed the ridge and passed their house May used sometimes to follow him to school—follow him because, since he was a boy, he would not appear to have her at his side, and so strode boldly on ahead, the little girl, meekly, somewhat in the rear. There were three of the Haradeen children; March was the oldest, a boy about Walter's own age. But he died while they were children. Then came May and June. Haradeen, folks used to say, was a great hand for months. And one day in late fall May brought her little sister to school.

June must have been four or five years younger than himself, Overlook calculated. He had a vague mental picture of two pigtails, thick as small clubs, hanging over her shoulders; and he remembered that her eyes were big, with a look in them peculiarly limpid and kindly. And they had found, in the course of the first two or three years of her schooling, that she was painfully shy. If the master chided her she wept; if any of the older boys took of her more than passing notice she cowered and drew away. Yet there was, he thought, a maturity about her even then; she seemed a wise, old little thing, and she had freckles on her nose. His recollections ranged this way and that; he delved into forgotten corners of his memory, seeking new glimpses of her.

And then a scene, a picture, sprang into his mind abruptly, like a revelation. He and Pot Riddle and Will Hepperton one day, starting home from school, and they overtook May and June; and he remembered that for some reason, as children will, he and Pot and Will and May all began to jeer at June, the littlest of them all, deriding her in that nasal singsong fashion which so torments small nerves. Overlook could not recall how the thing developed; but he did remember quite vividly that of a sudden Pot declared he was going to kiss her, and June started to run; and then, of course, they all pursued her. And May's sisterly affections at last awoke and she became June's partisan. June had run like a poor scuttling little rabbit, her short legs stumbling; but Pot overtook her and kissed her while Will Hepperton held May away. And then Will kissed her, June struggling against him with a frantic and a desperate fury, and May screaming at them both. And then Overlook found the little girl thrust into his grasp, and he held her uncertainly while Will and Pot combined against May.

He was watching them; and it was a moment before he realized that he had June and was to kiss her. He had her, ineptly, by the arm; but though she had fought and scratched and kicked at the two others, when he looked at her now he saw that she was quiet, was watching him with those wide eyes of hers; and he remembered that she had been panting, her square little chest rising and falling, her mouth open. He realized how small she was, and in what vast distress; and so he forbore and let her go, and whispered, "Go on, run!"

She looked at him for a moment, something baffling in her eyes, a slow confusion rising there; and then she began to cry, and she turned and fled away. And he had swung to help May escape from the others; and thereafter the two sisters walked home half a dozen rods ahead of the boys, May shouting back jeers at them, Pot and Will responding.

But Walter had been quiet, disturbed, feeling vaguely that he had failed to play a man's part, that he had been weakly overkind.

He remembered that June cried all the way to the Haradeen house and did not come to school next day.

But when she did return, though she showed no more than her former aversion to Pot and Will and the other boys, she seldom looked at him at all.

Standing there in what had been his father's bedroom, Overlook abruptly chuckled with understanding.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "Yes, sir! She wanted me to kiss her that day. She wanted me to!" And he laughed aloud, intoxicated. And he looked around the ordered room once more and decided that this mystery was solved. "No wonder she remembered me!"

Nothing so immediately and powerfully attracts a man to a woman as the discovery that she is interested in him. He may have lived across the street from her for years and never regarded her or found in her any appealing trait; but if someone suggests to him that she has a tenderness in his behalf, the man is bound to seek to warm himself at that fire. She may be too young or too old, too fat or too thin, too beautiful or too plain; but if she loves him, he is bound to investigate the matter; and if she loves him enough he is more like than not to settle comfortably into the niche prepared in her heart and rest there—for a while, if not for alway.

Thus now this Overlook. Because it seemed to him that June Haradeen had, on that afternoon some twenty-odd years before, wanted him to kiss her, he decided to stay here, at least overnight. There was no formal purpose back of this decision; he did not avow to himself the thought that here in this desolate and lonely little valley romance might be waiting for him. He was simply amused and flattered and curious, and he decided to stay.

"Just to see what she'll do," he thought gleefully. He would drive to the Corner for supplies, leave it to her to make the first move. "She'll be over," he assured himself. "She'll tell Pot he has to come and get the keys; and if he won't come she'll come alone; and if he comes she'll come along."

He had for a moment some misgivings, thought perhaps he ought to get back to his schedule, thought of the impatient Jenks waiting a hundred miles or so away. Then shook his head.

"Let him wait," he said aloud. "This is vacation for me; I'm going to do as I choose. I can rest here just as well as in a boat on some lake or other."

He might even, he assured himself, stay two days if he chose; and he opened more windows, letting in the sun of the late afternoon. It came so pleasantly that he left the windows open and went out-of-doors, and the warm wind flowed up the valley, caressing him. He realized for the first time how still it was; the world was infinitely remote and far away. Before him, the meadow, baking in the sun, distilled its fragrance for the wind to bear to him, and all about the woodlands lay; and to the east the ridge like a wall shut off the colder winds that might come from the sea. There was a persistent little murmur in the air; he tried for long to put a name to it, remembered at last that it must be the voice of the quick water in the fringe of the wood, a quarter of a mile upstream from where he lay.

He had stretched on his back in the cool green grass under a maple by the dooryard. The ground was damp beneath him, but he did not care; his eyes, open, looked upward into the sweet and sun-flecked cavern of the leaves, and he discovered life there. An insect like a twig, with long twiglike legs, discoverable only when it moved; an undulating black-and-yellow caterpillar on business of its own; a thing like a plaque of green on the under side of a green leaf which it devoured. His lids drooped a little,

(Continued on Page 141)

Everywhere fans are choosing COLUMBIA PICTURES

Don't miss a single one!

The Lone Wolf Returns
The False Alarm
Remember
Poor Girls
Pleasure Before Business
Sweet Rosie O'Grady
The Better Way
Paying the Price
The Lightning Express
When the Wife's Away
The Girl Who Smiles
For Ladies Only
The Clown
The Wreck
Obey the Law
Stolen Pleasures
The Sidewalks of New York
The Belle of Broadway
Birds of Prey
The Truthful Sex
The Price of Honor
The Romantic Age
Wandering Girls
The Lost House

THESE twenty-four great pictures guarantee you the keenest pleasure in cinema entertainment.

Check the features you particularly want to see—*tear out the list*—leave it at the box office of your favorite picture theatre—ask when these pictures will be shown.

Columbia Pictures Corporation
1600 Broadway, New York City
"A National Institution"

COLUMBIA PICTURES

She said it for a lifetime!

A PURCHASE FROM YOUR JEWELER IS AN INVESTMENT IN PERMANENT VALUES

HIS twenty-first birthday. The threshold of young manhood.

To mother, the occasion calls for something more than short-lived recognition—the celebration of a day. It calls for a commemoration of her affection that shall live with him all through his life.

Her birthday gift must say, not merely "I love you," but, "I love you forever and aye!"

There's a wealth of such gifts to be had at your jeweler's. Practical gifts and daily useful, enduring gifts and good to look upon.

For instance, a gold or silver pocket knife or signet ring, to be engraved with his own initials. Cuff-links for his first stiff shirt! A scarf pin with the talisman stone of his birthmonth. Or a toilette set in sterling or plate.

Or there's a real Elgin Watch! *Even at a small price!* An Elgin that will keep the time for him faithfully until he is ready to deed it to his own son, to make room for a costlier and handsomer Elgin.

If you've a gift problem, drop in and talk it over with Dr. Jeweler.

Consultation's free!

"LOVE and GOOD WISHES for LIFE"

Let the gift be an Elgin—a life-long expression of affection and good wishes. Featured by all jewelers in a wide style-variety, priced from $15 to $1700.

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

NAME ADDRESS

Send for the TINY TREASURE BOOK, *a delightful little brochure of Gift Facts and Gift Suggestions. Sent free* • *Elgin National Watch Company, Dept. 7, Elgin, Ill.*

(Continued from Page 139)

dreamily; and a small finch of some kind fluttered into the tree, looked down at him with head on one side, spoke to him in a doubtful tone, and then dismissed him from its mind and proceeded to scan the branches and the twigs, picking out from their interstices other insects so minute that they had escaped Overlook's eye. Overhead, to one side of the outer branches of the tree, a great white cloud drifted; he watched it till it was obscured from his vision by the tree above him; saw it presently emerge again upon the other side and go off across the ridge toward the sea.

He was completely relaxed and comfortable; and he thought of that moment so many years ago when he had not kissed June Haradeen, though she wished him to. The memory pleased him.

It was not till a little later that he sat up under the abrupt and disturbing impact of a new thought. Pot Riddle had kissed her that day—kissed her though she fought against him. Yet obviously, Overlook now remembered, she had married Pot, after all!

VI

THIS fundamental fact that June Haradeen had married Pot Riddle struck Overlook like a blow; then the irony of it made him laugh in a fashion wholly mirthless. And his memory went wandering again, back to that day when June first came to school with a doll upon her arm, holding May by the hand; to that other day when Pot and Will pursued and caught and kissed her and he forbore. Old Jim Haradeen had heard of that affair, he remembered, and Pot had a whipping from his father as a result of it. Old Jim must be still alive, Overlook thought; he could not be so very old even now.

"I'll look him up tomorrow," he decided, and forgot Jim then to think of June again—June, clinging to the hand of May, a doll upon her other arm, and her shy still eyes.

He remembered, ever so keenly, the look he had caught in her eyes at the moment when Pot Riddle kissed her. It was that look which made him, a moment later, forbear his own kiss; he had been afraid she would look so at him, and he was ashamed for Pot's sake because she had looked at Pot in that wise. "Pot" was a curious name, he thought. Short, perhaps, for Potiphar. There was a Potiphar, he seemed to remember, in the Bible; and that Potiphar had a wife who lived under the burden of a disrepute the nature of which was at the moment vague to Overlook. But he forgot Potiphar's wife now in trying to marshal his memories of Potiphar—Pot Riddle. He had been a stout boy, in fact a fat boy, and rather more disheveled than most boys, and rather more grimy.

"He must have changed," Overlook decided, "or June would never have married him." And then he thought: "But she had to marry somebody, I suppose. And there aren't many men about here." And he remembered so poignantly how she had looked at Pot that day so long ago, and he began to pity her profoundly and to wonder whether she ever looked at Pot in that wise now.

He had not seen Pot for so many years, and his curiosity about the man began to be acute. He formed a mental picture of a rather fat and decidedly indolent farmer, idling through the days; he seemed to see Pot whittling contentedly upon a doorstep somewhere.

"But his place is kept up pretty well," he remembered. "Except that it needs paint." And then he thought June must be responsible for any thriftiness and order Pot's farm might evidence. "I expect she drives him," he decided. "I expect she keeps things up the way she did here."

The sun was drooping toward the westward hills and long shadows began to encroach upon the margin of the meadow at his feet. The wind had dropped to a whisper; and there was a little singing in the air, a faint humming murmur, a compound of many little sounds—the far chuckle of the brook, the note of a distant bird, the susurrant song of the pines. It was so still that now and then, far down the valley, he heard a hollow rumble when a car crossed one of the lower bridges, miles away; but these remote sounds only accentuated the isolation here. Over across the brook toward Pot's farm a cowbell sounded lazily; and beyond, somewhere atop the ridge, there was a barking dog. The very clouds in the sky were bland and calm.

Overlook got up at last from the ground there beneath the maple; it began, even on this summer afternoon, to be damp and chilly there. He found his limbs cramped and stiff, and he stretched to loosen them. Then he went toward the car, drawn into the farmyard beside the road; and he stood a moment doubtfully, tempted—since she had married Pot Riddle, after all—to get in and drive away and meet Jenks as he had planned. But he was curious to see Pot, and it was very still and peaceful here, and he was tired. He went into the kitchen again; and he noticed that the knob on the door turned loosely, that the screw needed tightening. His father, he remembered, had kept certain household tools in a wall cabinet in the shed, and Overlook went that way and found a screw driver in its appointed slot and returned and tightened the screw. He felt a curious satisfaction in the performance of this small task, a curious pride in putting the tool securely away again.

He thought it might not be feasible to stay here, thought the bedding might be damp and moldy; but when he unfolded the blankets on his own bed he found them dry and sweet. He could roll up in them and be, for one night, comfortable enough. The orderliness of the house struck him with renewed force.

"Doesn't seem possible," he thought, "that no one has lived here for fifteen years." And he added, smiling, "It's a good deal cleaner than when I went away. Been swept and scoured since the last time I washed dishes here."

And he thought then, with final resolution, "I used to keep house. I can do it again, for a night." So went out to his car and proceeded to unload it. There were two or three bags, besides tackle box and rod case. He left them all in the kitchen, save one bag whose contents he would need. This he unpacked, laying his razors and the like upon the shelf above the sink; and abruptly he smiled, remembering with what precision his Jap had of late done such tasks on his account. There was no hook convenient for his strop; he found a nail and a hammer in the shed and set the nail where it should be, put his brushes, his soap, his comb neatly side by side; and he found the memory of the Jap's efficiency curiously dimming and losing itself in the foggy background of the past. It was scarce thirty-six hours since the little man had served him last; it seemed an infinite time.

He came back to the present, brushed his other life aside. New York and his apartment were a good many miles away.

"They can be farther for all I care," he told himself, exhilaration mounting in his veins again. In the bedroom, he laid his pajamas, neatly folded, upon the bare mattress, and he draped his dressing gown across the foot of the bed and set his slippers side by side upon the floor. "I'm as good a valet as he is," he thought, chuckling; and he added, "and lots better company."

When he was unpacked he remembered that he must go to the Corner for supplies; had a momentary thought that the store there would soon be closing, and then laughed at himself, remembering. It would be open—unless times had changed—till the mail came, and for a while after; the men of the town would gather there unless times had changed; and Overlook did not believe that change had come to these hills, unless they were perhaps a little quieter, a little more deserted, a little more like the wilderness.

But when he went to the store he must know what he needed, and he stopped to consider this. Coffee and sugar and cream.

WEATHER REPORT

	High		High
Akron	91	New York	92
Boise	88	New Rochelle	91
Boston	90	Oakland	87
Buffalo	89	Oklahoma	95
Canton	91	Omaha	98
Chicago	90	Philadelphia	90
Cleveland	92	Phoenix	100
Cincinnati	91	Peoria	92
Denver	87	Pittsburgh	93
Des Moines	90	Portland, Ore.	89
Detroit	89	Portland, Me.	85
Dodge City	88	Red Bluff	98
Duluth	89	Richmond	88
El Paso	98	St. Louis	95
Eureka	91	St. Paul	92
Flagstaff	88	Sacramento	100
Fresno	100	Salt Lake City	98
Galveston	95	San Francisco	89
Grand Junc	92	San Jose	90
Helena	8	Santa Fe	100
Huron	0	Seattle	90
Kalamazoo	87	Spokane	91
Kansas Cit	94	Tampa	90
Knox		Tucson	98
Los			90
Mem			100
Mia			
Min			1
Nee			85
Newar			89
New Or			101

Oh! *For a* Breeze!

The sun has done his red-hot worst. After the breathless heat of the day what a relief to come home to a tub and the breeze of a Robbins & Myers Fan!

You're joyfully comfortable again as your tired, hot body absorbs the invigorating coolness.

Your heart, which has been working overtime to keep your body temperature equalized, gratefully relaxes from the added strain under which it has been laboring.

You'll sleep like a top tonight with your R & M Fan singing a low song of ocean breezes and the little winds that scamper through the leaves in autumn.

When summer comfort is to be had so cheaply, what's the use of sweltering?

Each sleeping room, the guest room too, needs one. All electric shops can furnish R & M Fans in every type.

The Robbins & Myers Company
Springfield, Ohio · · Brantford, Ont

Robbins & Myers

Fans & Motors

Costs Less to Operate than One Electric Light

"... I told Sam that ... got a real ... on your house. Costly though I suppose.
"On the contrary, Jane, when I got the bids, I found Steel Fabric Reinforcing actually cost less than any other good exterior wall construction."
That's good news to me, Sam. I'll tell that to my Architect"

Reinforced STUCCO for BEAUTIFUL EXTERIORS

LIFT your home above the ordinary by using "P. Two-Fourteen" Steel Fabric which actually "binds" it with 5,600 individual steel wires which, if plaited together, would make a cable strong enough to lift 1,000,000 pounds, and if laid end to end, would total more than 20 miles in length.

¶ More than 60,000 homes have been lifted above the ordinary through the use of Reinforced Stucco Construction. Learn the facts. Send the coupon.

National Steel Fabric Company
725 Union Trust Building = Pittsburgh, Pa.

NATIONAL STEEL FABRIC

NATIONAL STEEL FABRIC COMPANY
725 Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me information regarding Reinforced Stucco Construction for Beautiful Exteriors.
Name
Address
City State

Condensed milk would do. Fruit of some kind. "Chances are they haven't anything of the sort," he remembered. Bacon, eggs, bread; perhaps a prepared cereal breakfast food if there was cream available. Steak was a possibility, and vegetables of one sort or another. He smiled.

"I'm planning enough for an army," he told himself. "All I want is supper and breakfast. But I'm hungry, at that." He had eaten no luncheon, forgotten it in the interest of the day. "A steak would be first-rate," he decided.

The question of cooking utensils occurred to him; he examined the pantry and the cupboard under the mixing board. There were frying pans and pots and kettles in plenty. Fuel? He discovered a sufficient litter of wood in the shed to serve him for this little while. He was about to set out when he remembered the necessity for light of some kind. There were lamps on the mantel in the dining room, a little row of them. But he found that they had been emptied of oil, and there was no oil in the can in the shed. He entered oil on his mental list of things required, and matches, and he added salt and pepper and butter with a certain pride in the completeness of his forethought.

He tried the pump in the shed and found it raised no water; it had needed to be primed, he remembered. There was no water nearer than the brook, two or three hundred yards away; but he took a pail and went down the road to the bridge and climbed down to the water's edge where the roots of the gray birch formed a ladder. A trout of some size was lying under the roots, darted away into the deeper water, and Overlook felt a quick thrill like that of recognition. He had caught trout under that tree before. . . . He filled his pail and walked back up the road, and he thought, "Might have run down in the car!" And he smiled at the absurdity of this.

"Just the same, I'd have taken a taxi to go three blocks in New York half the time," he chuckled.

Somewhere in the thick wood across the brook behind him a thrush sang, uttering its sweet, silver call with that curious lilt and cadence which make you picture the bird swinging as it sings upon a slender bough. And from the sky a hoarse cry came down to him, and he looked up and saw a flock of crows passing over in wide extended order; and a chipmunk was busy in the stone wall—ruined now and scattered by the frost—which ran beside the road. The shadows were lengthening across the meadow; he stopped to look down its length toward the dark woodland, and he saw something move in the far shadows there, something humped and black and gigantic. A moose, he knew; and he stood still for a moment, trembling at this revelation of the wood. His heart pounded with a curiously suffocating sweetness.

He laughed the feeling aside. "I could see a moose in the Bronx," he told himself. Added, "Probably." Nevertheless, he watched the creature half a mile away till it faded into the alders again.

The pump, receiving the water he poured down its throat, responded to his efforts; but its first stream was rusty. Nevertheless, he persisted, and eventually the water ran clear, and he filled the pail afresh and tasted of the water. It had a certain flavor of iron, and this taste upon his tongue brought back vividly the past. His father had meant to put in a new pipe, had never done so. He stood a moment there in the shed, and it seemed to him he heard a movement in the kitchen, and for a little he half expected to hear his father call. But when he went in, with the pail in his hand, the kitchen was empty, as he had known it would be.

He was ready, he decided, to go to the Corner; and he went out to the car and started the engine and backed into the road. But he was in no haste; he permitted the powerful machine to roll easily toward the bridge. Its movement was almost completely silent. The engine murmured, the great tires slithered in the sand. Then the bridge rumbled a little under his passing, and thereafter the tires made a little hissing, sucking sound, and he realized that the road here was of clay, wetted by last night's rain. It would not be surprising if he found the road to the Corner in bad condition. It never had been good—must be neglected now.

His anticipations in this respect were immediately realized, for he had scarce passed Pot's farm—there was no one in sight about the house, though he looked that way—when the grade stiffened and the way became rough and the car began to complain. He was in the wood now, oak and beech and maple thick on either hand, the dying sun almost excluded by their foliage. And the road was rough even beyond his anticipations. Bowlders half as big as the wheels of his car had been washed clear in the roadbed by scouring rains; there were ruts hub-deep here and there, and across these ruts sharp ledges laid a barricade, over which the wheels climbed lumberingly, to fall heavily back into the ruts again. Now and then, in the muck, they showed a tendency to spin.

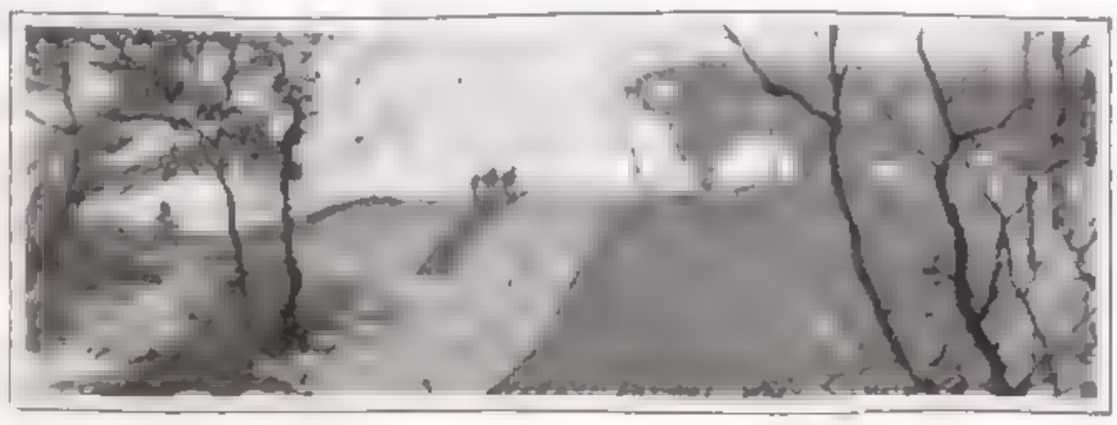
The road climbed steadily, with here and there a steeper pitch. Usually the wash of the rains gave good footing on these steep rises. He kept in the little gullies where the water ran, where shards and fragments of granite gave a firm holding ground. But he came by and by to one ascent steeper than the others, like the slope of a roof; and here the surface was all blue clay, slippery as ice; and the road immediately at the foot of the rise was so rough as to preclude any possibility of taking a running start. He slipped into low gear and began the climb, and when he was halfway up the little pitch his driving wheels began to spin. Instantly, as though flung by some force outside itself, the rear end of the car slued sidewise and dropped despondently, the right-hand wheel falling into a ditch there. And it came to rest with an impact astonishingly harsh, so that even before Overlook alighted to inspect the situation, he was prepared for what he found.

The wheel had fallen into the ditch over the edge of a flat bowlder; the differential had descended upon another and more jagged bit of rock, a part of the underlying ledge. And there was a crack in the differential casing, through which grease began to ooze.

Overlook, crouching to look under the car, felt a moment's bitter flare of anger, and then philosophy returned to him. He stood up, and in the wood to the right of the road a thrush sang; and he took off his cap and ran his fingers through his hair.

And then he thought of Jenks, waiting impatiently for his arrival at the rendezvous. Jenks was an enthusiastic and an impatient little man, and at thought of him Overlook laughed aloud.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Bringing Home
The Beach—
In the summer, at the seashore, it is almost inevitable that some part of the ocean's dooryard will find its way onto the upholstery of your car.
Fine, white, little particles of gritty sand are anything but beneficial to any type of upholstery, but C & A plush will withstand the most rigorous wear and still look fresh and lovely even after your car has outlived its usefulness.
For this reason you will receive a higher "trade in" value for your old car if it is upholstered in some type of C & A plush—either a mohair, a velour or a velvet.
To make certain that your new car is upholstered in the finest material look in the pocket for the oval C & A label.*
But before you buy a new car send for our free booklet, "The Plush Primer". It will explain the importance of upholstery and give you some real facts about motor car values.
COLLINS & AIKMAN COMPANY
Established 1845
New York, N. Y.
C&A PLUSH

YOUR NEXT CAR

AUBURN

THE 8-88 BROUGHAM $1795

Your Automobile Problem

First cost + cost of 20,000 to 50,000 miles of service — resale value = net cost to you of *any* automobile. The answer is "Auburn" with its advanced design and straight Eight improvements. *See it, compare it, test it, and if the car does not sell itself, you will not be asked to buy.*

The 8-88 $1695 to $2495; the 6-66 $1395 to $1695; the 4-44 $1145 to $1195. Freight and tax extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

GRACEFUL SPANS

(Continued from Page 9)

involved. Clear back to 4000 B. C. brick arches were being constructed in Nineveh and Babylon. The principle of the arch had been hit upon somewhere in the dawn of unwritten history. But it was applied as the Eskimos apply it in their snow igloos: simply as a means to an end and without regard for the itemized strength of individual parts.

The early builders seem to have had plenty of nerve, despite they must have realized that what they were doing was mostly guesswork. It is a matter of history that in 2200 B. C. the Euphrates River was spanned by a single brick arch of amazing size. This arch was built under the direction of Nimrod, who was the third ruler after Noah of flood fame. The span was 660 feet long and at its highest point must have stood at least 200 feet above the water.

Babylonian bricks were not any too durable. In consequence, there are no surviving examples of this period. But in other sections of the ancient world where stone was available, bridges were built with a permanence that outlasted war and flood and earthquake. Up in Persia, for example, there is the bridge over the River Diz which is believed to have been built in 350 B. C. This structure is no mere culvert, either. It is 1250 feet long and still in a fair state of preservation.

The trouble with bridge building in those early days was that the engineers were often thought to be in league with the enemy. Each good bridge was an invitation for the invader to come in and help himself. In consequence, drawbridges or wooden trestles that could easily be destroyed were often preferred to more durable works of masonry. Conversely, some of the combative emperors of the early days became great bridge builders in order to further their movements into conquered territory. Trajan's bridge, built over the Danube in 104 A. D., was an enormous structure that probably ran 3000 feet from end to end.

A Magnet for Building Geniuses

Such perfection of workmanship was reached in the early Roman stone bridges that many of them are in use today. Arch stones were chipped and ground down to proper dimensions before being inserted. So accurately was this done that no mortar was needed in the joints. No doubt the fact that Roman contractors were required to keep a bridge in repair for forty years after completion before final payment was made had a bearing on the good work done.

Masonry arches of this general sort were built steadily for more than twenty centuries before being generally rivaled by new types. This wasn't blind stupidity. Engineers realized that the rope suspension platform of the narrow creek or the light and easily-built wooden framework of the captured river crossing pointed the way to simpler bridges. But rope wouldn't hold oxcarts; and wood dried out and became brittle or burned.

Late in the eighteenth century chain making became a great art. Japanese had long used chains to suspend platforms across narrow streams. The idea spread to England and America. The first one in England was built in 1741 over the River Tees. It was seventy feet long and two feet wide. Sometime later, down in Kentucky, one was built with a span 140 feet long, the cables being fastened to trees.

The trouble with early suspension bridges, as distinct from other forms, was that they were so unsteady. They wagged from side to side, transmitting strains from one end to the other. They oscillated up and down when used, unnerving the pedestrian or draft animal to the point of hysteria. In some cases disaster rose from this very cause. In 1850, a suspension bridge at Angers gave way under the stress of 487 soldiers marching over it. More than 200 of the men were killed. Thus the cheapness of this form of bridge seemed doomed by its flexibility. But the development of strong and rigid stiffening trusses eliminated excessive sway and sag and removed the weak point in suspensions.

Niagara Falls proved the magnet which drew our best bridge-building geniuses during the middle of the last century. Anyone who has been there knows the terrifying fascination of the falls themselves. This and the deep gorge below seemed to whet the master builder's desire to conquer.

Among the prominent engineers invited to report on the feasibility of a bridge across the Niagara Gorge were Charles Ellet, John Roebling, Samuel Keefer and Edward Serrell. Men who knew Roebling and Ellet speak vividly of the striking personalities of both. Each of the four ultimately built his own Niagara bridge. Ellet had made himself famous when he was only twenty-two years old by proposing a 1000-foot bridge across the Potomac. People thought he was a little cracked to suggest such a thing. Later he became one of the leading bridge engineers of America, and built a suspension bridge at Wheeling with a span that exceeded the one he had proposed for Washington.

Bridging Niagara Falls

Ellet was a true genius. He was high-strung and impulsive. He stopped at nothing to gain his end. His physical courage was a matter of tradition. When he was awarded the Niagara contract he got the first cord across the 770-foot abyss by means of a kite. This cord enabled his men to pull a light rope, then a heavier one, and finally the first wire of the cable.

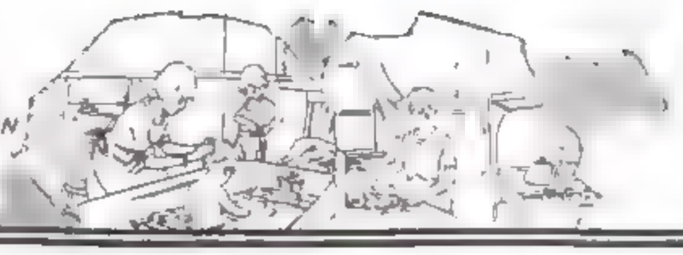
The final span was about 800 feet. Ellet first ran out a small foot bridge only 7.5 feet wide. So elated was he when this platform was completed that he mounted his favorite steed and rode across the narrow, fragile walk before the side railings were even up. Women fainted and strong men gasped at the sight of horse and rider moving nonchalantly along the hair line 250 feet above the surface of the river. This daring feat was exceeded only by the tight-rope walker, who later crossed the same gorge walking on a wire cable, pushing a wheelbarrow and carrying another man on his back.

John Roebling was a man distinctly different in character and mien from Ellet. Roebling was equally talented; but his nature was that of the ponderous granite in which he laid the foundations for his bridge towers. He was a slower man to rouse to any undertaking. But, once convinced he was on the right track, his indomitable will overcame all obstacles. It was characteristic that, though he built later than Ellet at Niagara, his bridge was for heavy railway traffic. In fact this span of 821 feet was the largest of its sort in the world at the time. After carrying, for a long time, loads in excess of those for which it was designed, the bridge had to be replaced forty years later by a steel arch more suited to the constant vibration of locomotives and heavy cars.

It was this same John Roebling who was responsible for one of the modern wonders of the world—the Brooklyn Bridge. He made the preliminary designs while he was still at work on his Niagara project. But he died in 1869 at the age of sixty-three, the same year that construction work in New York was begun.

His son, Colonel Washington Roebling, completed the bridge in 1883. The towers are 1595 feet apart, center to center, and rise nearly 300 feet above the water. The opening ceremonies, held on May 24, 1883, made a great impression on me. President Arthur attended with Governor Cleveland of New York. So dense a jam of people tried to get a glimpse of the East River

$85 F.O.B. DAYTON



Wherever Running Water Under Pressure Is Needed

NO more pumping, lifting, carrying. No more back-breaking work at the well. Complete sanitation, refreshing baths, and all the conveniences that go with running water in the home can now be yours.

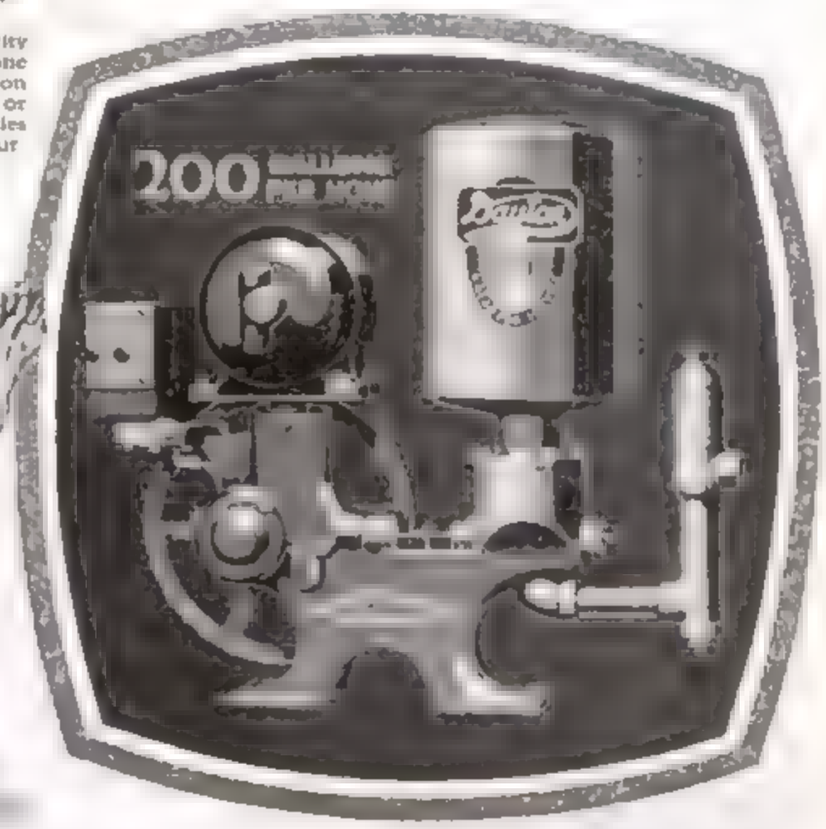
The DAYTON "Cub," a complete, direct-pressure, shallow well system, sells at the low initial cost of $85.00, and requires but a few cents a week operating expense. What other investment offers so much for so little?

The "Cub" is suitable for year around service in small suburban and country homes, in fact, wherever running water under pressure is needed for inside use. Compact and fully equipped, the "Cub" comes ready for immediate use—operating from any electric current. Completely automatic, self-oiling and trouble-free—backed by a written guarantee. Write for full details today. No obligation. Just use the coupon below.

THE DAYTON PUMP & MFG. CO.
DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Makers of Registered Capacity Measuring Pumps, Underground Sewage Tanks, also Water Cup Conditioning

The "Cub" having a capacity of 200 gallons per hour, is one of a complete line of Dayton Water Systems for deep or shallow wells with capacities up to 1,000 gallons per hour



THE CUB
A Bear for Service
AUTOMATIC WATER SYSTEM

This Book Free—

Your copy of an attractive booklet "Dependable Water Service" will be mailed free and without obligation. Just use the coupon for convenience.

THE DAYTON PUMP & MFG. CO.
510 Webster St., Dayton, Ohio

Gentlemen: At no cost to me kindly mail me your book, "Dependable Water Service," and more information about the "Club."

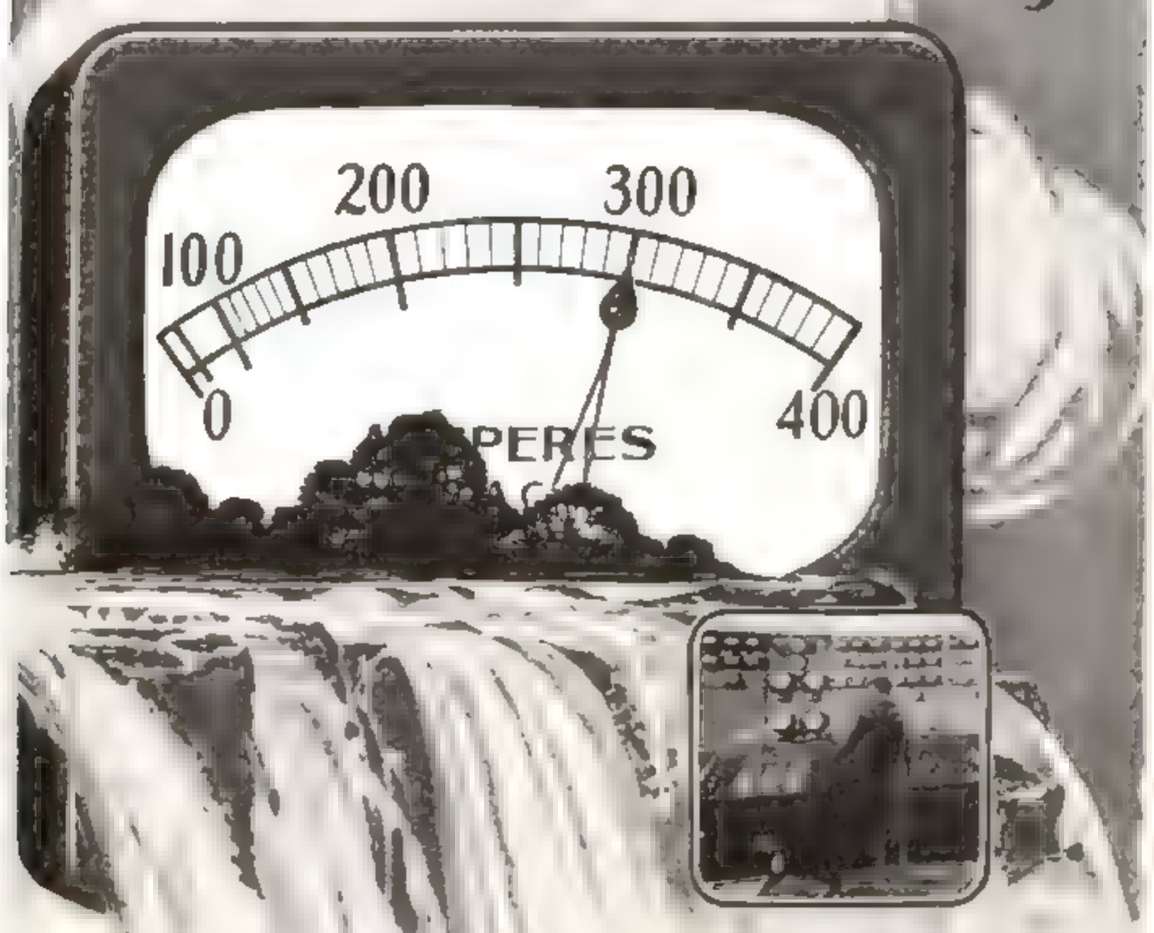
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

WESTON

The Electrical Measurement Authority

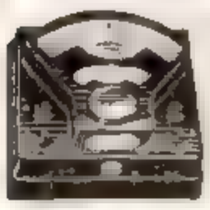


POWER

moving the machinery of national industry, and the motor of household device . . . . is regulated and supervised by Weston Electrical Measuring Instruments. ¶ The dependable, authoritative, information given by these instruments has made possible many advances in industry and saved time, money and labor — a valuable contribution to all those who generate or use electric power. ¶ Hundreds of types of Weston Instruments serve dependably, accurately and without variation over long periods of time. They are made for many uses,—notably for great switchboard installations, as portable instruments for general testing, as research instruments and also in miniature types for radio panels to give greater pleasure and economy of operation. ¶ Electrical Engineers naturally turn to Weston for the solution of their measurement problems—for Weston has become a part of their creed of accuracy and economy. ¶ For complete information on any electrical measurement need address—

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CORPORATION
Weston Avenue, Newark, N. J.

There is a WESTON for Every Electrical Measurement Need



STANDARD THE WORLD OVER
WESTON
Pioneers since 1888

from the vantage of the towering platform that thousands were disappointed. A week later, Decoration Day provided another opportunity. This time an even greater multitude was brought by the word-of-mouth advertising that had spread all over the country. A panic ensued at one end of the bridge and twelve people were trampled to death.

In the forty-three years that have elapsed since the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge, thousands of other bridges have been completed. Principles have not altered, but the technic of construction has been vastly improved.

It took more than thirteen years to construct the Brooklyn Bridge, which might be called the pioneer in the construction of large cables of great length. Much of this time was consumed in constructing foundations, far below the level of the river, for the huge masonry towers. These alone required much more time to build than the steel towers of the other East River bridges. This bridge was also built by public funds, with the usual delays incident to municipal construction.

Improvements in fabricating structural work since that period have reduced the time of construction greatly. Speed of modern methods in stringing cable wires from shore to shore is dramatically brought out by the records. The time of stringing wires on the Brooklyn Bridge was twenty-one months; the Williamsburg Bridge, seven months; the Manhattan Bridge, four months; and, finally, the Bear Mountain Bridge, two and a half months.

Great pressure for new bridges rises not only from speed of transportation required but from increase of population. As a matter of fact, the cause is single; for it is increased population that puts up speed limits all the time. More and more people live out-of-town and must get to their work in time each morning. I doubt very much if most of us have any grasp of what this population factor stands for these days.

There were 850,000,000 people in the world in the year 1800. So far as we know it took about 500,000 years to produce this number. It is a staggering fact that the population of the world has doubled since 1800. By 1900 we had about 1,700,000,000 humans aboard the good-ship Earth. And at the present rate our population is doubling about every sixty years.

Beauty in Efficiency

Not only have we reached a terrific rate of increase, but we are doing everything within our power to accelerate that rate. Free hospitals care for those who are ill. Free clinics and propaganda help keep well those who are in good health. Hygiene is taught in schools and in the daily press. Food resources have been mobilized. Housing and employment conditions are bettering all the time. It is quite conceivable that readers of this article will live to see the population of the United States reach a grand total of 200,000,000.

The more people we have, the more bridges we have to have. This is so because the people and their motor cars demand speed; the railways demand more trains and greater weight; the cities demand more freight. Yet the number of men who give their entire time and attention to specializing in big bridges is relatively small.

The pure bridge engineer is a combination artist and scientist. He is only an adviser in the finances, but a leader in the actual construction. Yet his art is not to be compared with the art of the architect or the landscaper or any other form of civil engineer. This point came up at the club one day, in the presence of one of our leading bridge engineers, who was being interviewed.

"I suppose your students go in for art design to a considerable extent," interposed the questioner.

"Why do you ask that?" smiled the engineer.

"Because I can't imagine any other way to account for the beauty of the average bridge that is being built. The graceful curves of the Delaware Bridge, for instance, the perfect harmony of the Rock Creek Bridge in Washington. Oh, there are hundreds of examples."

The famous engineer began to sketch slowly on the tablecloth with a fork. I saw he was outlining the figure of a crouching man. Presently he said:

"Remember the famous statue of the discus thrower?"

"Yes."

"Graceful, wasn't it? Fact is, the good boxer or wrestler or any other sort of athlete is beautiful in his most effective moves or poses."

The speaker's words began to tread on one another's heels, revealing to me, who knew him, something of the master's emotion.

"Well, the beauty of a bridge is mostly that. Just efficiency. If the proportion of parts, the dimensions of arch and span, the distribution of girders, are all exactly as they should be to secure the greatest possible efficiency, you are bound to achieve beauty. But let your towers be too high, or your girders too heavy, or your spans unnecessarily short, and the chances are that the final effect will be awkward."

Estimating Stresses and Strains

So far as being a scientist is concerned, the bridge engineer's mathematical problems of actual design are often his least anxiety. As in navigation, the estimation of stresses and strains is a matter of well-established principles that do not change.

Take the Bear Mountain Bridge again. We knew exactly what load we had to figure for. The limit was set at seventy pounds a square foot for the live load on the main-span roadway. This specification was followed by simply meeting the full requirement of the modern highway that is supposed to meet the daily punishment of fifteen-ton and twenty-ton trucks. Our load limits were fixed to handle a total of 216 ten-ton trucks, or four lines of fifty-four trucks each.

Highly accurate testing machines told us exactly what our concrete piers, our steel towers and our wire cables would stand. Knowing the load we had to carry, we concluded that it would take two cables, one on each side, to do the job. Simple arithmetic indicated that each of these cables must have a total of 7252 steel wires in it, each wire being about one-fifth of an inch in diameter.

We turned our final blue prints over to the construction company, which in turn assigned its subdivisions to their regular work of building the various portions of the bridge. One section excavated and laid the foundations for the tower on each bank of the river. Another erected the towers, each 350 feet high. Another spun the wires back and forth that were later bound into the two eighteen-inch cables supporting the roadway. Structural-steel erectors, or bridge men, constructed the steel framing hung from the cables. Others finished the road itself.

Thus actual erection was largely a matter of organization and routine such as distinguishes any large American construction job these days. It is our efficiency in fabrication that accounts for the speed with which we now put up a skyscraper, or build a ship, or throw a bridge across a river.

Pure science comes in for the bridge engineer long before all this applied science starts. And it is largely the application of pure science to the problems of bridge designing and planning that gives the profession its unique fascination. Take the location of the bridge. Nothing in the way of engineering involves so many and diverse considerations as does selecting the place at which a big bridge is to be built. I remember, only a few years ago, when the question of a Fifty-seventh Street Bridge across the Hudson River was being discussed. Actual design and erection were

(Continued on Page 149)

SPLITDORF

NO matter what the make of your car may be, there is a type of Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plug exactly suited to your engine.

And, no matter where you may drive in the United States, you can buy the *right* type of this plug packed in an individual carton from garagemen, car dealers, or accessory stores for fifty cents—an even *half dollar!*

Moreover, should you drive a Ford, you can buy a set of four Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plugs (Ford type only) packed in special carton for $1.75.

Remember, the Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plug is a dependable, porcelain insulated plug of highest quality—a plug manufactured by one of America's oldest and foremost makers of ignition devices. If garage or accessory men in your neighborhood have not yet stocked this money-saving spark plug, mail coupon and we will see that you are supplied.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
392 High Street, Newark, N.J.
Subsidiary of
Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company

spark plug

Special for Ford owners—

Four Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plugs (special type for Ford only) packed in special carton are sold everywhere for $1.75
(In Canada, $2.35)

The Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plug

is made in different types to suit all makes of engines. Each type, packed singly in carton, is sold everywhere for 50c
(In Canada, 65c)

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY (SEP 7-17)
392 High Street, Newark, N. J.

Enclosed find remittance for $.....
for which supply me Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plugs as follows: 1 set of four for Ford Engine, postpaid, complete for $1.75.

1 set of .....for.....Engine @ 50c each, total

Name

Address

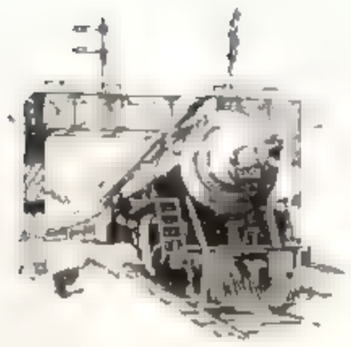
Town.....*State*

My dealer's name is

His address is

Your own radio set becomes a light socket receiver

with Balkite "B" and a Balkite Trickle Charger



Balkite Trickle Charging —Standard on over 70 railroads

Balkite Trickle Charging is one of the most important developments in the battery field. Wherever current is needed a battery and a Balkite Charger are located. The charger charges the battery continuously from an AC current line, always keeping it at full power. This combines the reliability and reserve power of batteries with the ease of transmission and economy of AC current.

The Balkite Charger is especially suited to continuous or trickle charging because it has nothing to wear out or replace, is free from maintenance and repair, and will operate for long periods of time without attention.

Trickle Charging with the Balkite Railway Signal Charger is now standard practice on the signal systems of over 70 leading North American railroads. In fact Balkite Trickle Charging is becoming standard practice wherever batteries are used. It is used in telephone and telegraph, time recording, burglar and fire alarm, emergency lighting and other battery systems. Engineers are invited to write for information.

To own a light socket radio set you need not buy a new receiver. Nor make any changes in your present set. Merely add Balkite "B" and a Balkite Trickle Charger.

Balkite "B" replaces "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light circuit. It is unlike any other "B" device. It will outlive 20 sets of "B" batteries. The Balkite Trickle Charger converts your present "A" battery into a light socket "A" power unit. Once connected it is left on permanent charge. For maximum convenience you may also add a switch to cut out the charger and turn on Balkite "B" during operation.

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger are permanent pieces of equipment and entirely noiseless. They have no bulbs, nothing to wear out, break or get out of order. Other than household current their first cost is the last.

This type of installation is the last word in radio convenience. At the turn of a switch you always have full power. And with full power your set will give you consistently better reception. Ask your dealer.

FANSTEEL

Balkite

Radio Power Units

Manufactured by FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from Page 148)

scarcely considered, so serious were the other factors.

A traffic engineer was called in for one of the conferences. His profession did not exist ten years ago. Yet he was now as much a specialist as an eye doctor or an electrical designer.

"Mr. ——," said the chairman, "I understand that you are opposed to a bridge at Fifty-seventh Street. Won't you give us the reasons for your attitude?"

"Simple enough," said the traffic engineer, spreading out his notes on the table.

His reply, in astonishing detail, indicated years of study of the curious freaks of a big city's growth. He went into tendencies of business and residential districts. He showed the cataracts of highway and pedestrian traffic that would flow irresistibly against certain ramparts of the city when new tunnels were opened. He indicated by graphic diagrams what would threaten municipal peace when traffic from opposite directions finally impinged on each other.

A real-estate expert followed the traffic engineer. He invited attention to the character of property which would have to be condemned for the approaches. He showed that the cost of real estate would, on the other hand, be enormously less than property downtown.

Through it all the bridge designer sat and pondered.

Not only is bridge engineering an art and science combined, but its ramifications embrace a great many forms of construction that might seem far removed from it. No skyscraper is built without having an engineer on its construction staff who is a master of spans and trusses. Any elevated railway, in a city or out, is supported by structures that are really bridges. Their design is usually in the hands of men skilled in bridge work.

As a sample of unusual application of bridge engineering, I remember a job I handled upstate some years ago. The artist of the magnificent 350-foot shaft of the Perry Monument on Lake Erie was convinced that his drawing really represented a piece of bridge building. He realized that the tower was as much an engineering problem as that of a suspension bridge. In consequence my firm of bridge engineers was retained to design the structural features of the monument; all of which, by the way, are now hidden by the marble finish of the pure Greek column.

The future of bridge building is fairly obvious, at least for the next hundred years. There is bound to be an increasing number of bridges. Railways and automobiles, suburbs and recreation, will all demand them. Water-split cities, such as New York and Philadelphia and San Francisco, will have within their limits dozens of mighty spans to aid their millions hurrying from one zone to another.

It won't be another case of modern buildings, which are built and torn down within the same generation. Bridges don't wear out. And since we are already building nearly the largest possible size of them, the next move will be simply to build a new one alongside the old one.

Design will not change markedly. Basic principles of suspension, girdered or masonry spans, make material change impossible. Even change in size cannot go far from what we have already. For if the weight of suspending cables passes beyond a certain point, they will simply crumble the towers that hold them up. Possibly 6000 feet is the upper theoretical limit of a suspension bridge.

Graceful concrete arches will for generations likely be the form of most short bridges within a city's environs. Railways demanding economy will continue to resort to diversified spans made up of steel girders and resting on masonry foundations. Waterways with big-ship traffic can be served only by high suspensions.

There are indications in our financial district that bridge work may come ashore more often in the future. A river or valley beneath is not necessary to a bridge. The sky-high dwellers of the future seventy-five-story building may demand communication with their equally high neighbors across the pit of the street. It will be up to the bridge engineer to supply their need.

One thing about which we may rest assured: For centuries America is going to lead the world in the beauty and the grandeur of her bridges.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Baird and Mr Green. The next will cover the problems and perils of building a big bridge

CONEYAC AND THE COLONEL

(Continued from Page 11)

the colonel bent down. One of his officers was there, and the colonel's groping hand felt a warm, sticky liquid that was not rain.

The colonel's flash light was in his hand, but he dared not use it. This officer had been shot, which would mean that the road was under enemy observation.

"Jenkins! MacIntosh!" he called the two others by name, but there was no answer. He knew then what those marching feet had been. They had not been feet but bullets. Someone was sweeping the road with a machine gun. The Boches had seen their lights when they had examined the pontoon wagon and had laid down a sweeping fire on the road. The fringe of it had just caught them, and then the sweep had gone uphill again. The colonel had stopped one in his gas mask, and a bullet hastening on its way had removed some of his chin. He heard feet coming down the road again, leaden feet, bouncing from the hard macadam surface. The colonel went into the ditch in one bound.

He lay there, flat on his stomach in the mud and water, while particles of dirt fell on the back of his neck, stones splashed and an occasional ricochet hummed from a rock or an extra hard bit of road. Finally, soaked to the skin, he crawled along a way, hoping to find a place where there was not so much water.

His hand, groping, found a hobnailed shoe, and then a leg with a muddy putty. The leg moved suddenly.

"Who's that?" demanded the colonel.

"Ethan Allen Cram, B Company, sir."

"Ah! The mail orderly! What do you mean by being alive and my officers killed?"

"I always keep right near the ditch in case uv need, sir," replied Ethan.

"Did you know that was a machine-gun barrage we heard coming down the road?"

"No, sir, but I cal'lated it might be krauts."

"Well, why didn't you say so?"

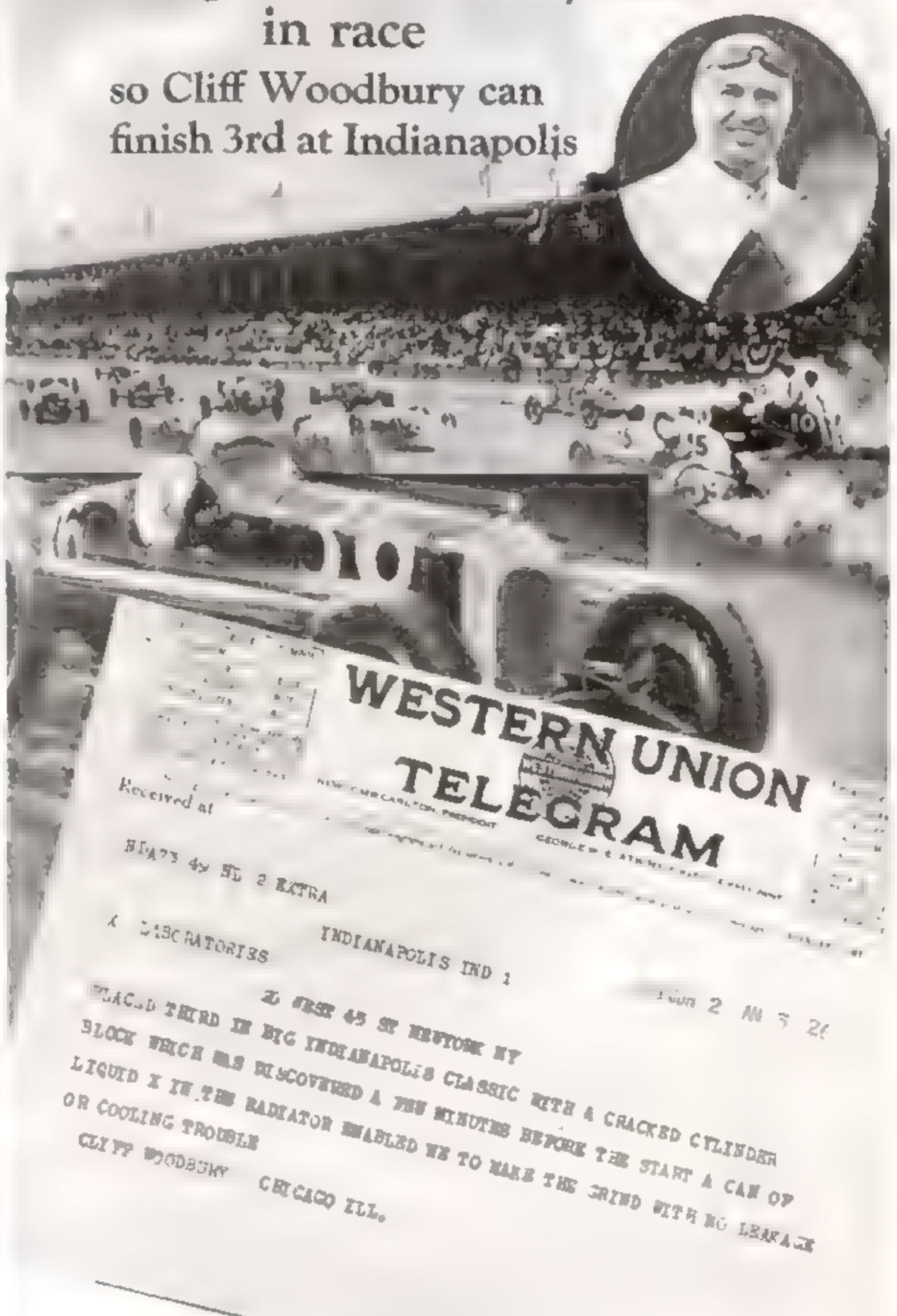
"I ain't but a private, sir, an' I been told often to keep my mouth shet if I didn't want to get it knocked outta kilter."

The colonel moaned.

He was, as has been said, not young. The water in the ditch was like ice and he was chilled to his very heart. Also he had had three men struck down beside him, three men killed in the dark by an unseen hand. It was horrible. He shivered. How was he, one man, to do anything against the enemy—an enemy cool, resourceful, skilled in warfare, master of a thousand tricks and dodges, practiced in four years of bitter conflict against all the armies of Europe? Still, that was his regiment that the Boches had broken through, those were his boys out there in the woods, disorganized, panic-stricken, helpless in the dark and the rain, and while he lived he would do what he could to help them. But first get off this cursed road!

He heaved himself out of the opposite side of the ditch and started to crawl into the fields. It was hard work and his wet garments hindered him. At a safe distance from the road, he tried to stand, but to his horror his legs gave way under him. They

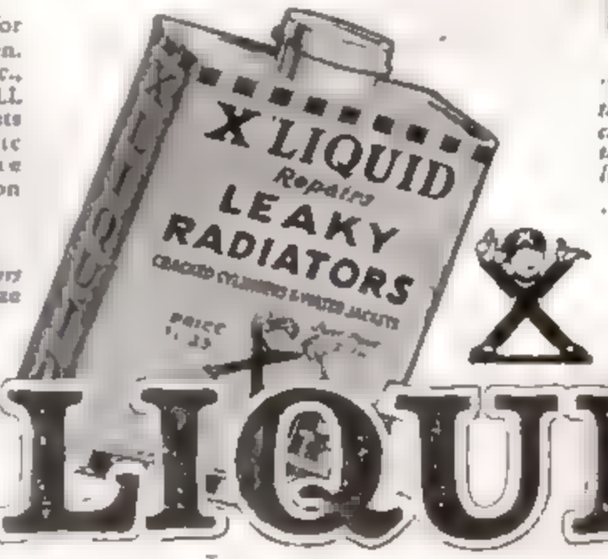
"X" LIQUID
repairs cracked cylinder
in race
so Cliff Woodbury can
finish 3rd at Indianapolis


WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM
Received at
INDIANAPOLIS IND 1
PLACED THIRD IN BIG INDIANAPOLIS CLASSIC WITH A CRACKED CYLINDER
BLOCK WHICH WAS DISCOVERED A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE START A CAN OF
LIQUID X IN THE RADIATOR ENABLED ME TO MAKE THE GRIND WITH NO LEAKAGE
OR COOLING TROUBLE
CLIFF WOODBURY CHICAGO ILL.

Veteran drivers
are veteran "X" users.
"X" LIQUID in the radiator and
an extra can in the front door pocket in-
sures against leaks that cause overheated engines, scored cylinders, "frozen" pistons and costly repair bills. When the radiator leaks, "X" makes a swift, permanent repair. Get "X" today in the ORANGE can. Nothing in "X" to clog the tubes—no ground paper pulp, solder or cement.

"X" Liquid has been used for years by Standard Oil, Gen. Elec., Am. Tel. & Tel., etc., and the U. S. Govt. on ALL Aeroplane endurance flights from the Trans-Atlantic Flight in 1922 to the MacMillan Arctic Expedition in 1925.

"X" Liquid can be poured thru a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather



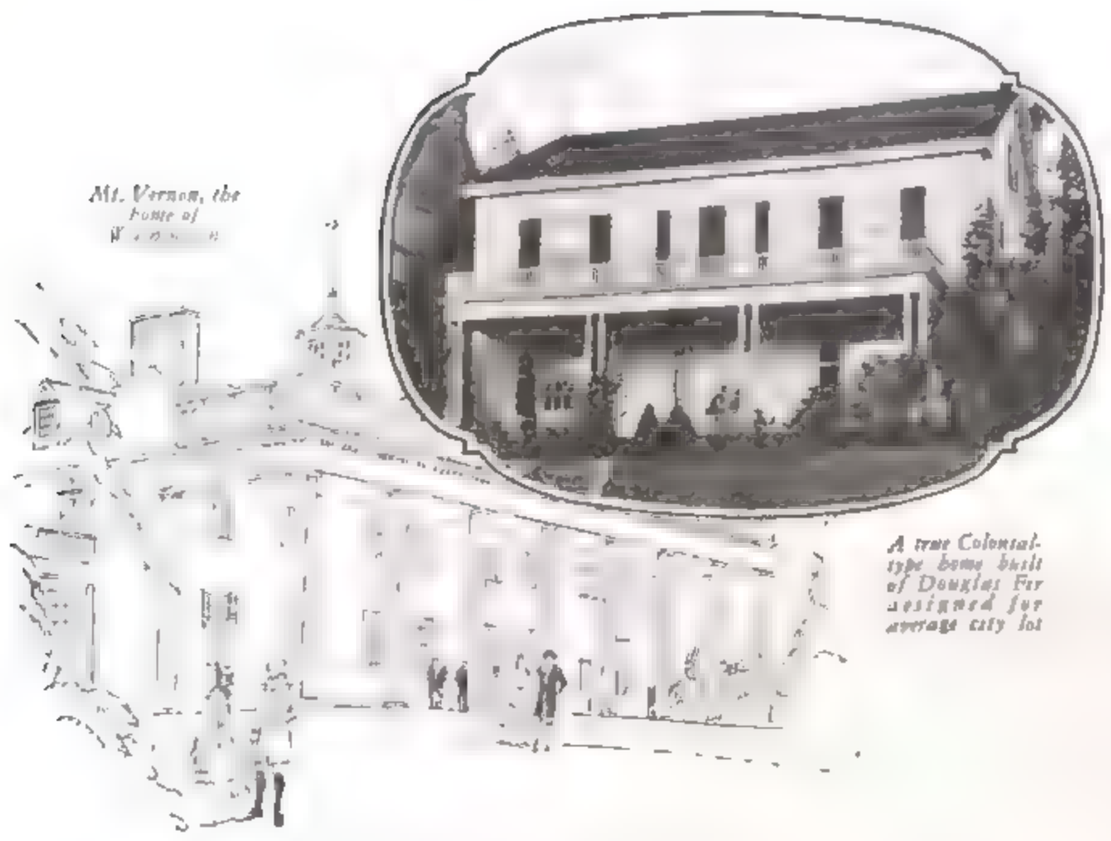
For Fords Start, Chevrolets, etc. Use 75c Size

For Larger Cars Use $1.25 Size

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th Street
New York
Factories
BOSTON AND TORONTO

"X" LIQUID

Permanently repairs leaking auto radiators, cracked cylinders and water jackets



If our Colonial Forefathers *had known* Douglas Fir

THE fine old homes of colonial days stand as sturdy memorials to the endurance of wood. Today America's love for colonial architecture may be well satisfied with a wood as useful as any that our forefathers had. There are no style limitations imposed on the modern builder of a colonial type home when Douglas Fir is used. All of the charm of colonial architecture, from siding to delicate moldings, can be duplicated with this all-purpose, West Coast wood.

Douglas Fir is the kind of wood that is easily worked; that stays nailed in place and lasts for years under trying conditions. It weathers slowly and evenly, seldom checking, splitting or warping, because it is usually all heartwood wherever exposed to the elements. It takes and holds paint, varnish, stain, enamel and wax, and is adaptable for every foot of the framing, gutters, sash, doors, flooring, and exterior and interior woodwork of your home.

Douglas Fir, from America's greatest forest, is a useful, durable and beautiful wood that has the peculiar property of reproducing itself without replanting by man. This assures the nation a permanent lumber supply, for after the mature trees are harvested, the warm sunshine can reach the fertile, seed-filled forest floor and millions of seedlings spring up.

Foresters estimate that already in the Douglas Fir forests on the Pacific Coast three billion feet of new tree growth appears every year.

You can get Douglas Fir from your lumber dealers in any size or shape required for home building or heavy construction—and your architect and contractor will approve your choice of wood.

We have just published a new, illustrated booklet written by a forester and filled with information about Douglas Fir. The title of this booklet is "Durable Douglas Fir—America's Permanent Lumber Supply." Fill out and mail coupon or send a postcard today for a free copy.

Durable Douglas Fir
AMERICA'S PERMANENT LUMBER SUPPLY

W P G

WEST COAST LUMBER BUREAU, 3562 STUART BUILDING, SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your free booklet, "Durable Douglas Fir—America's Permanent Lumber Supply."

Name

Street

Post

Important West Coast Woods

DOUGLAS FIR . WEST COAST HEMLOCK . WESTERN RED CEDAR . SITKA SPRUCE

were numb. A deadly chill had penetrated to his innermost fiber. He tried to tell himself that this was July and that men did not freeze to death in midsummer, but it was no use. His bones cried out with cold. The colonel sank down on the wet grass. It was not the German he had to fear; it was lack of sleep, cold, hunger, exhaustion. Old Age was the name of his enemy.

"Colonel," said a voice, a low whisper in the colonel's ear, "would you like a little sip uv somethin' I got here?"

The colonel rose to his knees again and a bottle was put into his groping hand. The colonel smelled, he raised the bottle to his lips and tilted it. Fire seemed to run out, to flow down his throat, to go burning down into his stomach, and from there to trickle its blazing way to his very toes. He drank more and felt more warmth; each swallow seemed like gasoline poured on a blaze.

"Man!" gasped the colonel finally. "That's wonderful stuff! What is it?"

"Coneyac, sir. 'Tain't's good ez hard cider, but it'll do in a pinch."

"Come on," said the colonel, handing back the bottle. "We can't stay here all night. We've got to find this crowd that got shoved out of the farm."

He could stand now, he could walk—even run. His old age had fallen from him, together with the cold and the numbness and the feeling of helplessness. The colonel heard shouting and he and Ethan went in the direction of the voices.

They walked for some time, going down into tiny valleys and climbing out again. The general trend of the ground was always uphill. Once they went through a field of standing wheat, the stalks rubbing on their slickers. They crossed a patch of woods and had their faces beaten by the branches. The yelling that they had heard stopped, then began again in another direction. It was baffling to try to locate the sound, for it was now faint, now clear, now in one direction and now in the other. When they stopped to listen, the wind and the beating of the rain on their tin helmets, the throbbing of their own hearts and whistling of their own breaths—all prevented their hearing. Once bullets cracked overhead and they were forced to lie down for a long time.

"There!" cried the colonel suddenly. A light blazed high in the air, and drifting slowly down wind, disappeared. It was a rocket flare and had probably gone out of sight behind a hill or a patch of woods. "Now there's the front line!" exclaimed the colonel. "Are we far from the farm?"

"Well, ez to that, I can't say," replied Ethan.

"You can't say! Why, I thought you were the man that knew the way there! Do you mean to say I've been chasing you all over these fields for nothing and you don't even know where you are?"

"Well, sir," said Ethan, "I ain't only a buck private. It wouldn't hardly be right for me to tell a colonel where to go. I been followin' the colonel an' not speakin' till I was spoke to, like I been learned by my sargunts."

"Haven't you got a brain in your head?" cried the colonel. "Do you understand that the enemy have broken my line and that there's a battalion or more of my regiment loose in these woods trying to stop the Boches from going right through to Paris? Time! Time is of importance now, and me running around in wheat fields like a locoed jughead! Have you got any idea of where we are? How long will it take to get from here to the farm?"

"Well, now, ez to that, I can't hardly say," answered Ethan slowly. He started to say more, but the colonel seized his shoulder in a tight grip. Someone was coming toward them. Not bullets this time; it was a man. Ethan heard the steady clump-clump of the newcomer's feet and the suck-suck of his boots being pulled out of the wet turf, then the slap of the colonel's holster being unbuttoned and the rasp of a pistol being drawn.

"Halt!" barked the colonel. "Who's there?"

Silence. The wind sighed through the wheat and the rain drummed on the steel helmets.

"Who's there?" demanded the colonel. A pause—crack-crack-crack! The two Americans threw themselves to the ground and the colonel listened, ready to fire again at the slightest sound. There was none.

"Do you think I hit him?" whispered the colonel.

"We c'n crawl up an' see," answered Ethan. They went forward on their hands and knees, a few inches at a time. The colonel felt a hard object under his hand and stopped. A cautious rub of the hand told him what it was. It was round and like an overturned dish, with a rasping surface like that of an emery wheel. A steel helmet of American pattern! A few inches farther on was a man's body clothed in a trench coat, for the colonel could feel the straps on shoulder and cuff.

"I've shot an American!" gasped the colonel. The dead man was an officer, too, for enlisted men were not allowed to wear that pattern coat. The colonel mastered his horror and felt for the rank insigne, but it had been removed

"Why didn't he answer?" whispered the colonel, half to himself. "Perhaps there are Boches around and he was afraid they'd hear. Imagine a man of my service shooting wild in the dark like that!"

"The colonel didn't kill this fellar," said Ethan's calm voice. "He's been dead some time. Most like he was killed yestiddy morning."

"What's that?" gasped the colonel. "How can you tell?"

"If you feel around you'll see he's a mite stout," whispered Ethan. "He's been out in the sun all day. If you get to looard of him a piece you'll see what I mean."

"Who was that we heard ——"

There was a rush of feet and the thud of colliding bodies. The colonel's pistol barked, and by its flash he had one quick glimpse of a hood-like helmet and a white face, with teeth skinned to the jaws. At the next shot his pistol jammed, a body crashed against his, rough cloth scratched his face, a fearful smell strangled him. The colonel and his antagonist rolled over and over in the wet grass; they separated, struggled to their feet, clinched again; the colonel got in one chopping blow with his pistol that drew a smothered groan from the other, and then the two of them went to the ground as though poleaxed, the colonel on the bottom. The fall drove the breath from him, and a hand of steel at his throat prevented him from getting any more. The black night grew a shade blacker.

Crash!

The colonel lay for quite a while, his face in the cold grass. He was not sure what had happened, whether he had been struck on the head and the clang of sound and flash of light he had seen had been the result of the blow, or whether a shell had burst and torn him to bits. His head ached prodigiously, one leg seemed to have been torn from its socket, but the weight that had pressed him down was gone. This, he knew, was the end of him. He wanted to sleep, to lie here on the cool grass and rest. He felt that he was dying. At that instant someone stumbled over him, a shower of water fell in his face as the newcomer bent down; there was a muttered exclamation, and then the colonel felt a bottle being thrust between his lips. The bottle had not been too gently inserted, the colonel's lips were bruised, but he took no notice of that. Liquid fire, like lava from a volcano, flowed from that bottle and down the colonel's throat. New courage came to him, new vigor. He leaped to his feet like a boy. The lava, overflowing from his stomach, trickled down inside his legs into his toes, it mounted to his heart and from there flowed up to his shoulders and down his arms. Liquid life—that was what it was.

"Who's that?" asked the colonel. "That you, Cram? What happened? Did we kill all those Boches?"

(Continued on Page 153)

Gives you just what you want

Because of its great flexibility—its extra stretch—you get superb riding comfort. Because of its enduring toughness, you get unusually long wear—Hylastic Cord gives you these twin advantages in every Mason tire.

* Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills under Mason's directions and to Mason standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum comfort and yet so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

MASON
BALLOONS

THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL—CHAPTER TEN

John Maxwell knew that the cost of an Ætna Fidelity Bond was inconsiderable in comparison to the protection it would afford his business. So when the unexpected happened and a trusted employee disappeared, Maxwell was not worried.

"No matter what the audit reveals, we won't lose a dollar!" *A trusted employee unaccountably missing. . the threat of theft that hangs over every business . . of peculations extending over months, until the very heart of the business is rotted and failure threatens . . no fear of that, with an Ætna Fidelity Bond!*

IS THE business to which you have given all your hopes and energy exposed to this blow from within? Each year brings a new record of losses and failures because of the absconding of trusted employees. For, remember, it is only the *trusted* employee who absconds No other has access to important funds

Protect your family, your friends and your business associates with an Ætna Fidelity Bond, in the amount advised by an expert Ætna representative. Your employees will welcome it too. It is only just that they, whose advancement depends on the success of the organization, should be guarded against the possibility of disaster through some weak or conscienceless associate.

Under an Ætna Bond your losses through unfaithful employees will not only be made good promptly and fully, but you will be protected from having in your employ men whose records cannot stand the closest scrutiny

See the Ætna representative in your community. He is a man worth knowing He can give you insurance advice that may save you thousands of dollars in the future He is the representative of the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world—an organization which offers you protection against virtually every form of risk—Life Insurance in all its branches, Accident and Health, Automobile, Liability, Compensation, Burglary, Fire and Marine, Fidelity and Surety Bonds Ætna-ize! According to your needs! As you prosper, and as your obligations increase!

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ETNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO STANDARD FIRE

(Continued from Page 150)

"I always hev a grenade in the pocket o' my coat," said Ethan. "It comes in handy lots o' times. It come in handy right then. There was four of 'em. The two others went along about their bizness."

"You want to be careful how you throw those damn things," said the colonel severely. "You took the heel off my boot with a piece of iron. Between my chin and my leg, that feels as if a truck had run over it, I'll be in fine shape. Can you find the farm from here? I don't want to monkey around any more in the dark. If the Boches are filtering through our lines, as they seem to be, we're liable to meet up with a lot of them, and my gun isn't working."

"Well, now," said Ethan slowly, "I don't know just where I am. This piece o' mowin' I don't just remember. Ef you want to know what I think, I think we better go home an' wait for daylight."

"Go home? Are you crazy? I've got a regiment here I've got to reorganize! You leatherhead, you've been up here before! Don't you remember any of the features of the ground? What did you do—walk with your head in a bag?"

"Well, sir," said Ethan calmly, "I carry the mail and don't spend much time gawkin' around, 'count o' shells an' the like o' that."

"Well, any fool ought to be able to find his way back over a road he's been up and down before. You ought to have sense enough for that."

"Well, sir, thutty dollars a month and found don't hire a great sight o' brains."

"Shut up!" barked the colonel. "Not quite so much freshness or you'll get a job worthy of your intelligence—and that will be breaking rocks. Now you stir yourself and find me that farm or I'll replace your peanut brains with a lead filling."

"I just happened to think," said Ethan, unmoved, "that that oat piece we come through wasn't so far from where the road turns across this side hill we're on. Ef we wuz to climb up a bit more we'd most likely cross it."

"Come," said the colonel, "lead on!"

The last drink had renewed his youth by thirty years. He was a boy again; he wanted to beat his breast and roar like a man-eating ape. The two men began to struggle up the hill, the water squidging in their boots. The colonel suddenly fell into a ditch and Ethan ran headlong against a tree. A moment later the scraping of their hobnails on the macadam left no doubt in their minds that they had found the road.

"Halt!" A good American accent this time.

"Friends!" answered the colonel, without waiting. "Regimental commander and orderly!"

"Well, don't move till we have a look at you."

Black shapes emerged from the night, men with bayonets, a man who sounded like an officer. They recognized the colonel by his white hair—he had lost his helmet in the fight with the German patrol—and the officer began to explain how the farm had been lost.

"Never mind that!" snapped the colonel. "What efforts are you making to get it back again?"

"Well, sir," said the officer in an embarrassed tone, "I've only got a platoon or two here and we were waiting for daylight. We're protected from M. G. fire here. If we heard anyone coming, we were just going to let go in that direction. The Boches can only come at us one way, because what's left of the first battalion is up in the lane, and they'd prevent the jerries from coming that way."

"You stick right with me," said the colonel. "We'll go have a look at the men in the lane. Have the Boches bothered you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, take us to the lane."

There was a short pause, for the officer made no move to go.

"Come, come," snapped the colonel, "what are you waiting for?"

"Well, sir," said the officer, more embarrassed than ever, "I don't think I could find it in the dark."

"Bah!" snorted the colonel. "Cram, can you find me that lane?"

"I cal'late I can, sir," replied Ethan. "I kinda know where I'm at now."

"Come on then! Come along with us, captain. Bring your runner."

The group went down the road, hearing the scrape of a rifle butt on the stones or a dry cough now and then that showed them where the platoon or two had taken shelter behind trees or along the edge of the ditch. As dawn approached, the night grew even blacker than before, and the wind cut through the wet uniforms like a sword. Ethan kept pausing every few steps and so the progress of the party was not rapid.

"What's the matter?" finally demanded the colonel. "What are you holding us up like this for?"

"I'm putting my arms around these trees," said Ethan. "That lane has got some little apple trees along it. If they wuz ter be cut back a mite, they'd bear. The Frogs don't seem to understand carin' for apple trees. Now when I put my arms around a little tree, I'll know that we're at the beginnin' of that lane."

They went on, Ethan embracing the trees, and finally he discovered the lane. To the others it looked like any other stretch of darkness along the road, and they followed Ethan timidly, feeling with their feet for the ditch lest they fall into it. There was no ditch; there was a bridge there. Their feet splashed in the mud of the lane, and after a minute's walking they were challenged.

"Who's in command here?" demanded the colonel, after he had been identified.

"Major Scott, sir."

"Let me see him!"

There was splashing of mud, more splashing, and then the breathing of a man who has come in haste. "Is the colonel there?" asked someone. "This is Major Scott."

"Yes, I'm here," said the colonel. "What are your plans, major?"

"I planned to wait until daylight and then withdraw," said the major. "I can't do anything while it's so dark; we'd simply lose ourselves. The Boches have filtered through during the night and we've had some casualties from fire from our left rear already. Now if we withdraw and consolidate at daybreak, we can get in touch with the artillery, and then later in the day, or tomorrow perhaps ——"

"Withdraw, hell!" barked the colonel. "When it gets light enough to see, we're going to rush that farm and clean those Boches out if we have to do it with trench knives! We haven't much time. Make your dispositions, major. Captain, go back and get your men ready on the road. They'll help us considerable. Cram, step this way with me a minute."

Ethan followed the colonel to one side, a short distance off the road, and when a stone wall prevented him from going any farther, the colonel halted.

"Cram," said he, "have you got anything left in that bottle? I need just one more shot. I don't want to catch cold, you see, with my head bare and my feet wet and all."

The bottle was produced, the cork removed and the colonel drank.

"It's lucky we found the battalion," said the colonel, making a slight smacking noise. "That stuff's all gone. Hah! Now I could take that farm single-handed!"

The farm was a hard nut to crack. It occupied a slight rise at the end of the lane; a great cement block of a building, surrounded by a high wall. It was whispered about in the armies that all these farms had been designed by German spies in the guise of architects. Be that as it may, it is certain that nine out of ten of them have the living quarters that is to say, the weakest portion—facing Germany, while a bleak, windowless wall faces France. There were machine guns on the roof and in the trees about the farm. These were the guns that had swept the road during the night. There

"A Hundred Years To A Day"
If you could build your new home like the wonderful "One-Hoss Shay" you would have very little to worry about.
The average family needs a home for thirty years, but modern homes usually begin to go to pieces within ten years.
The windows stick in the frames. The pulleys squeak. The wood begins to rot. And the dream house becomes a nightmare.
In choosing window frames be sure they are made of white pine, as houses made of white pine two hundred years ago are still standing.
We recently made a test of the noiseless pulleys used in Andersen Frames. The test corresponded to a hundred years of practical use. At the end of that time the pulleys were running as smoothly and as silently as on the first day. They appeared to be good for another hundred years if necessary.
Andersen Genuine White Pine Frames are made by specialists in a factory devoted to the manufacture of nothing else. They are made to endure.
Before you build or buy a home send for the booklet, "How to Test Window Frames."
Andersen Lumber Company
Bayport, Minnesota
Andersen
FRAMES

Spare Gone *and another* Blow-out"

BUT with a can of Las-Stik and a Las-Stik Casing Plaster in your tool box, you need never walk or ride on the rim because of tire trouble.

Wherever you are, you can easily repair any puncture, or blow-out, without heat, special tools, or appliances. And it won't be just a temporary repair, but a *permanent* one.

Put an outfit of each in your tool box. The Las-Stik Patch is for tubes; the Las-Stik Casing Plaster for casings. Have them on hand, not necessarily because you expect to need them, but to be sure you'll be ready if you do. At your dealer's or by mail.

Las-Stik Tube Patches

Las-Stik is the proven patching material for tubes. Made of pure rubber, it has long life. Of three thicknesses of material cross-grained from each other, it has unusual strength. It gives with the tube and cannot creep or pull loose. Fused and welded by the heat of the road, it becomes an integral part of the tube. The 50 cent can is ample for many emergencies.

Las-Stik Casing Plaster

Las-Stik Casing Plaster is made of three layers of casing material and a thick heavy cap of uncured white gum. The pressure on the tire forces this gum into the casing break, and the heat of the road seals it into place. It locks out forever the water and sand that ruin tires. Simply clean around break, soften plaster with gasoline, and put it in place. For one-half inch, inch, and larger holes, 25, 50, and 75 cents.

LAS-STIK PATCH MFG. CO., Hamilton, Ohio
Jos. St. Mars, Ltd., Toronto and Winnipeg, Can.

Las-Stik
PATCHES TIRE REPAIRS PLASTERS

DEALERS USE THIS COUPON

Las-Stik Patch Co., Hamilton, O. Send through jobber named below a sample of Las-Stik Patch ☐ Las-Stik Plaster ☐

Jobber's Name

and Address

My Name

My Address

CAR OWNERS USE THIS COUPON

Las-Stik Patch Mfg. Co., Hamilton, O.
Gentlemen—Enclosed find $ Send me

can of Tube Patch 25c

Casing Plaster. Check the size 50c

75c

Name

Address

were guns downhill, too, toward the town, that shot up the Americans from the rear. The Boches had dug a shallow trench, running northeast from the farm, and a hot fire caught the Americans in flank as they advanced in straggling formation down the lane and through the fields. They had spent a sleepless night in the cold rain; and now, in the dusk of early day, they had little heart for the frontal assault of a fortress.

The enemy machine guns hammered gleefully. Men fell, others took shelter behind trees or in the lee of the stone wall. Moreover, they stayed there. More and more the infantry crouched, crawled, huddled under the stone wall, like sheep before a blizzard. The advance stopped. Here and there, a man in the lane, one or two in the fields, began to crawl back to the highroad and the deep ditch they knew was there. Whoever was in command in the farm judged the moment ripe for a counter blow. A mass attack diverged from the shallow trench, a swiftly moving column of gray, almost invisible in the half light. A half-hearted sputtering of rifle fire greeted it. The Americans began to go away; but a man appeared suddenly in the very center of them, and this man bellowed with rage.

"Here! Where the hell are you going? Stand up, you, and fight like a man! Get up from behind that wall! D'yuh think you're a snake?"

Those who heard him looked at this man in astonishment. He was covered with mud, bareheaded, his white hair matted and dripping from the rain. He had been wounded in the chin, which, red and swollen to three times its normal size, gave him the appearance of having a rusty-colored beard. Blood from this wound had run all down the front of his trench coat; it covered his gas mask carrier, and his right sleeve was daubed with it to the elbow from continual wiping. The men recognized their colonel. He was a figure to inspire fear. Whatever might happen to them from the men in gray, they would get worse from this blood-streaked man in olive drab. They turned and began to fire at the advancing Germans.

"Up on your feet!" roared the colonel. "Go get 'em! Do you think those bayonets are to pick your teeth with?" He jerked a man to his feet and hurled him bodily in the direction of the enemy. A group behind a tree he urged with kicks and curses. Others fled before him. The German column arrived at the stone wall, flowed over it and filled the lane. The advancing Germans and Americans mingled suddenly, as when two football teams meet after the kick-off.

There are two basic weaknesses of the German counter-attack system. The attackers frequently mask their own machine guns, thus destroying one of their principal means of offense, and if the attack meets with serious resistance, a mêlée begins, the formation is broken, and the effect of shock and mass is entirely lost. The attack no longer has the effect of a striking fist, but that of a groping hand.

The Americans were urged to frenzy by the colonel. They heard his voice roaring above the noise of the fight, they saw his white head in the midst of the enemy, gleaming like a knight's plume. They saw him tear a rifle from a German and break the rifle over its owner's head. The Germans fell back, hoping to uncover the machine guns in the shallow trench; but the platoon or two on the highroad had come in across the fields and taken that trench in flank. The fight swept around the corner of the farm.

There was a gate there that opened either to allow the Germans to retreat through it or reënforcements to come out. Those within could not close it again, and Germans and Americans swept through it, the colonel in the lead. He had picked up somewhere a German wire post, a thing like an iron bar, with a corkscrew at one end to sink it into the earth by, and three rings on the other to hold barbed wire. He used this thing as a mace. The colonel was sixty years of age, he had lost a lot of blood and had spent a sleepless night in the fields, drenched to the skin; but he had in his veins a liquor that, taken in sufficient quantity, makes young the most aged; a liquor that fills a man with rage, with a desire to break glass, smash down doors, to feel flesh under his battering fists, a thirst for blood and a desire to seek fight from one and all, singly or in any number whatsoever. The colonel had no use for pistols or grenades; he wanted to meet his enemy in groups so that each swing of his bar would kill or maim a greater number. His men followed, yelling. They broke into the stable, they tore down the shutters that blocked the windows, they fired through the ceiling into the hayloft. The colonel beat in the door of the house with two blows and killed the crew of a machine gun he found there. A few shots, a few more yells, and the farm had been retaken.

"There!" said the colonel a little thickly. "I'll show 'em who's in command here!" He leaned a bit wearily on his bar. They dragged out a table and a chair from the reeking kitchen, and the colonel slumped into it. "Get me a doctor, will you?" said he. "My chin hurts."

The men scattered to put the farm in shape to defend against a counter attack. Captured machine guns were brought in, the great gate closed and barricaded, ammunition shared, loopholes selected and cigarettes made.

"Ye-e-eay!" crowed someone suddenly from the roof. "Here come the soldiers!"

There was a knocking at the gate, and those who ran to look could see a large number of men moving calmly across the fields, two fresh battalions sent in by the brigade commander to restore the situation. These battalions moved on, feeling the woods for the enemy; but their artillery liaison detachment, some signal corps men with a wire and a medical detachment stayed in the farm. The colonel still sat at his table in the courtyard, and when the wire had been connected up he reported in person to the brigade that the farm had been retaken.

"Man," said one of the newly arrived pill rollers to a man he was bandaging, "if I seen your old man in front of a caffay, I'd say he had a real old G. I. bun on. His old bean is rollin' round like a pea on a knife."

"Well, he's got a right to look kinda stove up," replied the wounded man. "You shoulda seen him wadin' into the Boches with his bare hands! I seen him knock one guy's head clear into the centerfield bleachers with one wallop o' that young crowbar he was swingin'."

There was a sudden clamor from the direction of the house, a sound of blows and angry voices. The sound grew to the proportions of a young riot, and officers were seen to run into the building. Finally quiet was restored. A man came out of the kitchen some time after and directed his way to the dressing station to have a slight nick in his arm dressed.

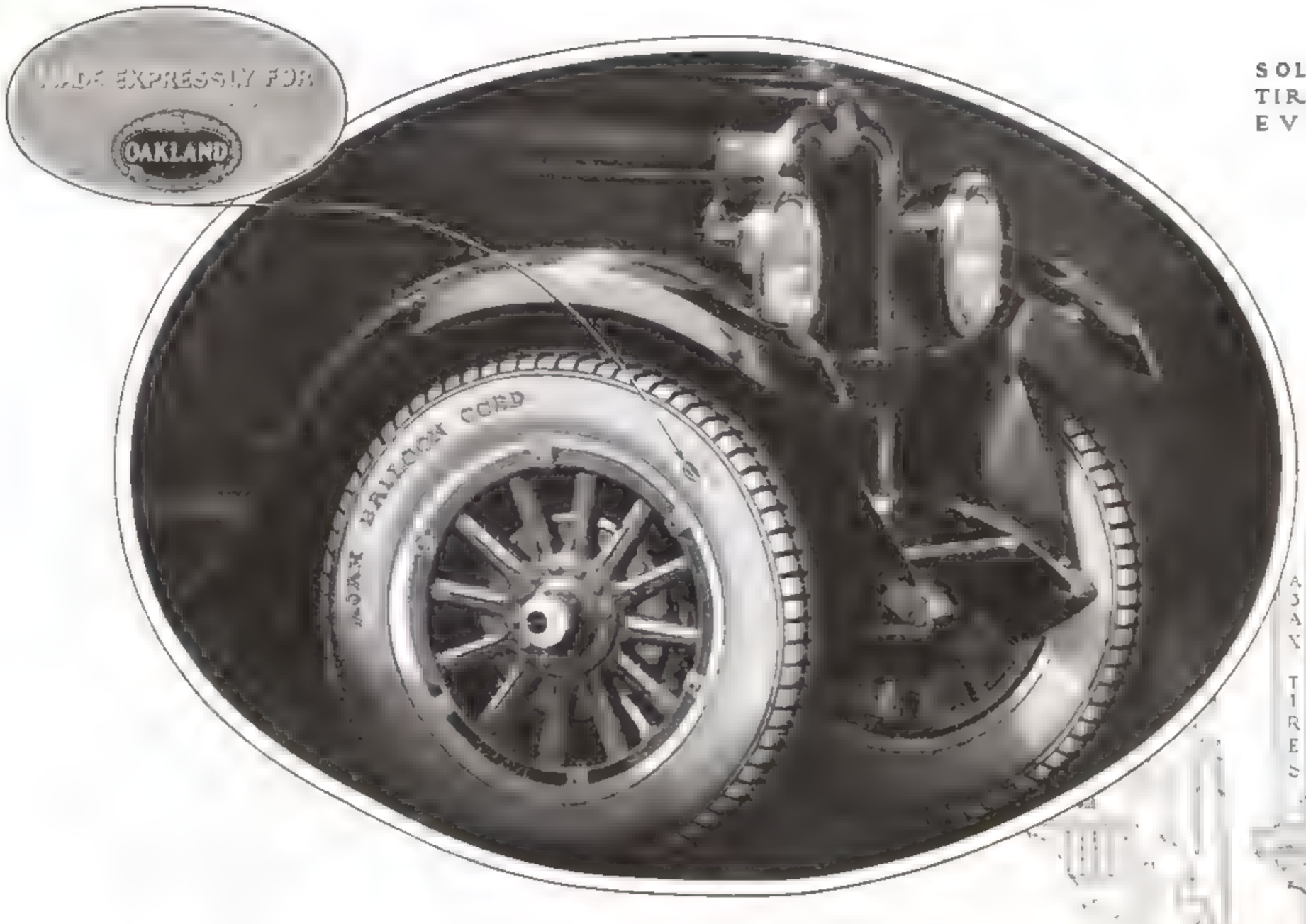
"What was all the row in the house?" asked the wounded infantryman. "They catch a Boche under the table, or what?"

"Naw," laughed the newcomer. "You know B Company's mail orderly—the guy they call Appleknocker? Well, some of his gang chipped in their last francs to buy a bottle o' coneyac off the Frogs with. Appleknocker was to bring it up with him when he come up with the mail. Well, they were just wonderin' when they'd see Appleknocker and thinkin' how good a little shot o' it would go, when here he comes." The speaker paused to laugh.

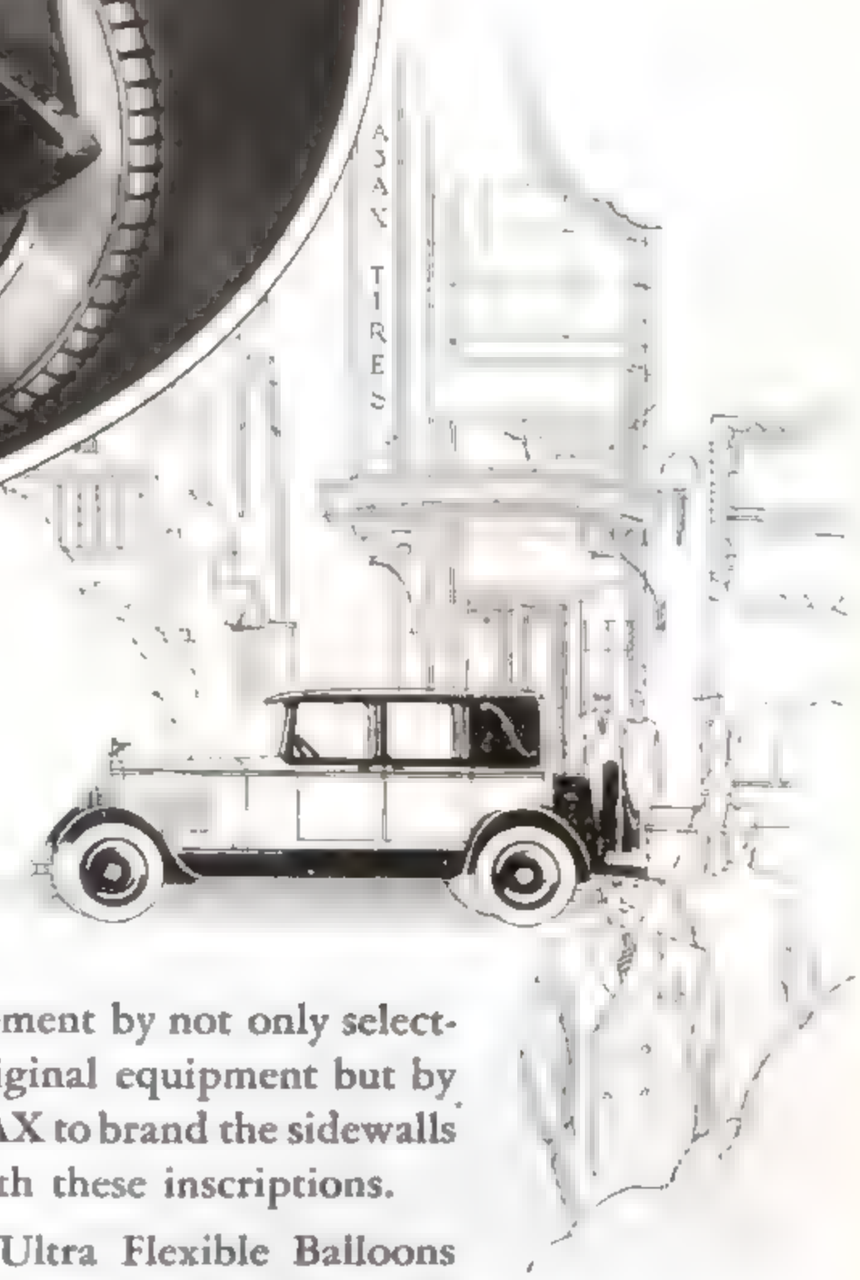
"Go on," said the listeners. "Then what?"

"Well, it was a cold and rainy night an' a long way up here from town, an' Appleknocker was scared o' the Boches, an' so I suppose he got to sippin' at the bottle o' coneyac. Anyway, when he got here he didn't have nothin' left but the bottle an' some smell. He even lost the cork. So the guys that chipped in, they took the price of the bottle outta Appleknocker's hide."

"Served him damn well right!" said the wounded man.



SOLD BY LEADING
TIRE MERCHANTS
EVERYWHERE



The Handwriting on the Wall

Notice the tires on thousands of new cars this summer and you will see striking evidence of a pronounced trend toward AJAX on the part of car owners and manufacturers.

It can literally be called The Handwriting on the Wall. For on the sidewalls of the AJAX Balloon Tires, with which vast numbers of these cars are equipped, you will see inscriptions such as *Made Expressly for* Oakland or *Made Expressly for* other leading cars.

To a multitude of owners this means that the manufacturers of their cars have given AJAX Balloon Tires a most emphatic endorsement by not only selecting them as original equipment but by permitting AJAX to brand the sidewalls of the tires with these inscriptions.

AJAX Tires—Ultra Flexible Balloons and Regular Cords—are made for *all* cars and into every AJAX Tire are built the same superior materials and workmanship which have won this commendation from the world's leading motor car makers.

You will find the AJAX dealer in your community a man who will satisfy you as thoroughly by his dealings as AJAX Tires will by their mileage.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Executive Offices: New York City *Branches in all Principal Cities*

Copyright 1926, Ajax Rubber Company, Inc., New York

AJAX BALLOONS

Juice of Fresh Grapes appears in the coolest of summer drinks

PURE fruit juice from fresh ripe grapes. Each glass of Welch's brings the delicious flavor and glowing color of perfect Concord grapes. And great food experts tell us each glass of Welch's brings also all the health-building values of fresh fruit.

In the finest homes and the best clubs Welch's is the chosen mealtime drink and between-meals refreshment. For it is served in such a variety of interesting ways—blended with ginger ale, perhaps, or charged with sparkling water; perhaps combined with other pure fruit juices or frosty with crushed ice.

At soda fountains all over the country Welch's is the choice of the discriminating who must have a pure fruit drink.

Order Welch's today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints, or four ounces. Ask for it at the soda fountain.

Free Offer: Learn how to make the new fruit juice drinks everyone is asking for this season. Send for our recipe book, "*The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet.*" It's free. One never tires of Welch's, though one drinks it every day. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-28, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves, and other Quality Products. Canadian Plant, St. Catharines, Ont.

Fruit punch is delicious when made with other pure fruit juices. Welch's is ideal at the punch bowl. For Welch Punch, add 1 pint of Welch's (the juice of 2 lemons and 1 orange), 1 cup sugar and 2 pints water, a dozen 1 pint may be sparkling water, added just before serving. Serve very cold.

Welch's with sparkling water brings a welcome prickle to parched throats. Serve as in the picture above—ice-cold.

America's Finest Hotels serve Welch's Grape Juice every day for the breakfast fruit juice. Among them:

Hotel Adelphia	Philadelphia
The Ambassador	Los Angeles
The Blackstone	Chicago
The Coronado	St. Louis
The Mayflower	Washington, D. C.
The Biltmore	Phoenix
The Benjamin Franklin	Philadelphia
Hotel Statler	Cleveland
Flamingo Hotel	Miami Beach, Fla.
The Olympic	Seattle
Hotel Cadillac	Detroit
The Brown Palace	Denver

Soda Fountains Everywhere **serve Welch's straight in a fruit juice glass or as a long drink with sparkling water.**

PURE FRUIT JUICE *from* FRESH RIPE GRAPES

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 7)

and Lee Shubert, the two biggest theater Owners in America, were on the boat. They both said they wished you would go to the Theatres more; that they thought it would have a good effect on the rest of the country. I told them a pass including Self and Party might have some effect on it. So if you get anything in the way of an Annie Oakley in the next few weeks you will know that I am working in your interest every minute.

They publish a Newspaper on board that gives the amount murdered in Chicago every day. That and the ship's mileage run about equal.

Well, we got about in the middle of the ocean and the very thing happened that you and I had figured would happen, and that we talked about me fixing up in case it did happen. Well, it did. The General Strike in England. We would get Radiograms from there every morning in the Papers and there was about 500 on there going to London, and they all switched and made arrangements to get off at Cherbourg, where we landed first. In fact the Captain got orders to have everyone get off there that possibly could. Everybody said, "Where are you going?" I told them I am going to London. Nothing is going to change me. I am on a mission and I want to show that I am a Soldier in the service of my country just as much as if I had on a uniform. Ain't that the thing they used to say? I think between you and I that it give a lot of men a chance to go to Paris whose wives had originally had 'em booked for England.

Everybody is getting off at six o'clock in the morning. But I am going on to London regardless of danger, because when one devotes themselvs to a cause, why, what is danger? I will follow lines in regard to strike that you suggest were so successful in Boston, and think that it will be only a few days till I have something to write you worth while.

Good night. Hope they haven't forced you too strong on that Farmer relief thing. That seems to be about the only thing they have been able to corner you in. Watch it both ways, because both sides vote.

We are just off France. I hear a noise. I think it's the Franc dropping.

Your devoted accomplice,
COL. WILLIAM ROGERS.

London, British Empire, including Ireland.
May 6, 1926.

My Dear President: Owing to what they call lack of communication during the strike, I have been unable to reach you sooner with what I was doing. Now they say it was the strike that has slowed everything up over here, but personally I don't think it was the strike at all. In fact I think things are running faster. If I am not able to settle it, I am going to propose for the good of the country that they keep it going, for I feel sure that all Americans appreciate the change, and furthermore it gives an excuse. You know, England never had an excuse before for not getting anything done, but now they can lay it onto the strike. It's given them a topic. They never had a topic before. You know, they don't have Prohibition over here.

But I must get back to where I left off over in Cherbourg. I got up early that morning and bid 'em all good-by. Made Captain Andrews promise me personally that he would do nothing at the Naval Dissarmament about scrapping the Mayflower. So don't worry about this summer. We will keep it till just before the Democrats get in the next time and scrap it then. Be a good joke on them, because they kinder take to the water anyway.

Another awful nice fellow on the boat was Garet Garrett. I think he does some Financial writing for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I dident know before that THE POST ever sent men anywhere. I thought their stuff was just sent in by local Corespondents. I don't see how they could hardly afford to pay much, for it can't make much. They only get a nickel for it and it looks like there was that much paper in it. 'Course it picks up a little outside advertising, to get your mind off the reading, but that can't bring 'em in much. But he was traveling first class.

Then the day I left New York I met this fellow Issac Moccasin, or Marcosin, or something like that. He works for that POST outfit too. He gave me a lot of letters to prominent men who he had not interviewed, and said they were still good friends of his. He spoke about you. I don't know how the name come up, in some roundabout way. He said he had interviewed about everybody, so maby that is how your name come up. He seemed very enthusiastic about getting me to go to Russia. He said he could get me in there; said they had been trying to get him back in there. He said he wasent doing anything now; said there was no one big enough to interview. I suggested that he just sit around and wait till the football season opened and write again about College Professors' salaries.

Well, Captain Hartley and I brought the Leviathan over to Southampton almost alone. Outside of some tugs that helped us dock and some men that helped unload and some busses and a train and some automobiles to take you to London, why, everybody in England was on strike.

I dident go ashore till the next morning, and the American Express Co. had heard that I was doing some work for you and that my mission was official, so they had a big closed car there for me and my son, who is traveling as my Interpreter in England.

It's about 80 miles through the most beautiful Country you ever saw up to London; every field planted and plowed and raising something. And by the way there is no Farm relief problem over here. This is only a suggestion and I doubt if it could be carried out, but I think some work on those Farms over home wouldent be a bad solution to their problem. These fellows looked like they had solved their Farm problems by working on them. I won't be certain, but I think that's it.

You see, they have figured out the Jimson weeds and Cockleburs and Sunflowers and all kinds of weeds take up as much room and as much nourishment out of the ground as wheat or oats do, so they just don't raise them. They will pull 'em out with their hands if they have too. The trouble with our farmers is that they raise too much things they can't sell. These only raise what they plant there to raise. But they ought to raise more over here; they have more time. They don't drive too town till they drive in to sell something. Gloria Swanson proving that virtue will triumph in the end is taken as a matter of fact. They don't have to go every night to see it proved. Leaving the field and going to a Lions' Luncheon is another thing they have never figured as an actual farmers' accomplishment toward less weeds and more Porridge.

Just imagine! I was in a Farmer's house here and he and his family had a Book instead of a Radio. These are just little suggestions that might not be amiss to you every morning when the Farm relief Associations wakes you up. Of course one thing that makes for economy over here that you have to reckon with over there is the Garage question. Their car and their wagon here is generally under the same shed, even if it's only big enough to hold one.

All along the road there was Soldiers and Armored Trucks. I thought at first on account of me being on unofficial business that I was being convoyed. But they had been put there to keep order. So the strikers and the Soldiers were all sitting

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

For Summer

A fine looking, light weight shoe with hugtite ankle and non-slipping heel. Airy and longer wearing because Skeleton Lined. Made on a combination last that gives a snug fit

The HUDSON—*Style M-207*

Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · CHICAGO

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

SHALER

5 MINUTE VULCANIZER

Why It Makes Puncture Repairs Permanent

The Shaler Patch-&-Heat Unit is the secret. It's a little tin pan

full of prepared solid fuel (shown at left) that gives just enough heat to VULCANIZE the raw rubber patch, (shown at right on bottom of pan) firmly to the tube. It is all in one piece, like a cartridge for a gun. The patch is cut to fit—no cement is used because it vulcanizes to the tube.

To make a repair, you clamp one of these little tin pans over the

puncture with the Shaler Clamp, furnished with each outfit, and light the fuel. In five minutes take off the pan and throw it away. That's all. The repair is part of the tube because it is heat-welded *(vulcanized)*.

Buy the Complete Outfit

In this little box for only $1.50 wherever auto supplies are sold. Slightly higher in Canada and far West.

Nearly five million motorists will tell you that they carry the Shaler outfit to use when the spare is flat and the last tube is punctured—not because they like to fix punctures, but because it is the easy, quick way of making permanent repairs in an emergency.

C. A. SHALER CO. · · WAUPUN, WIS., U. S. A.
Branch Factories: Beeston, England, and Montreal

Watch for Monograms

Look for MONOGRAM Radiator Caps on the well dressed cars that pass. They are the preference of discriminating motorists who value the individual touch that MONOGRAM Caps give the car. MONOGRAM Radiator Caps protect both themselves and temperature meter from theft and injury, and insure much easier radiator filling.

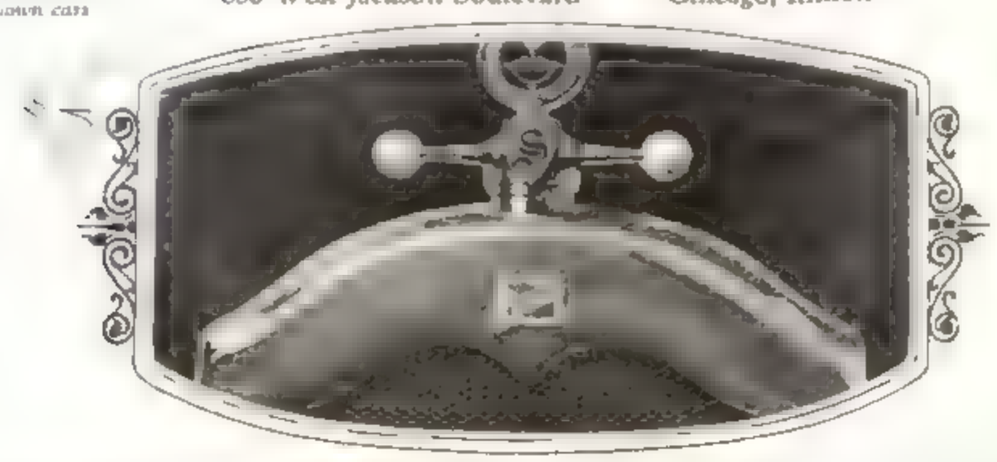
YOUR INITIAL ACROSS ITS FACE
(Gives the individual touch)

Prices range from $4.00 for the Standard Junior model to $10.00 for the Royal Onyx Senior model.

Write for literature describing MONOGRAM Radiator Caps and MONOGRAM Onyx Gear Shift Balls

THE KINGSLEY-MILLER COMPANY
600 West Jackson Boulevard Chicago, Illinois

This is ad No. 4 of a series showing MONOGRAM Caps on well-known cars



Take a Tip from Him—

He Found it Easy to Earn Extra Dollars

THE other day Mr. William Goodman of Canada said, "I never knew there were so many extra dollars to be picked up so easily until I started handling Curtis publications. They are easy to sell.

"Anyone who has not yet tried this money-making plan and who wants some extra cash, should wait no longer to get busy."

$25.00 for Spare Time

Mr. Goodman, who is building up a savings fund, believes in practising what he preaches, for during his spare half hours, noons and evenings, he earns $25.00 or more *extra* every month in the year.

You, too, Can Earn!

Like Mr. Goodman, you, too, can use the small scraps of time you probably throw away to earn extra money. We'll furnish all the equipment and supplies you'll need, together with coöperation and instruction. Write today for our big money offer.

The Curtis Publishing Company
412 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'm interested in your extra-money offer.

Name *Age*

Street

City

State

Clip and Mail This Coupon—

around chatting and having Lunch together. Mind you, there was five million men out on strike out of a total Population of fifty million. We drove clear into London and never saw one bit of excitement. Everything that is running is only about at one 5th of its regular strength. Not a Newspaper. Just a little double sheet that looked like it had been printed on a Typewriter. Looked about like the Congressional Record on a day when they retire early.

London, May 12, 1926.

When I'd been in London a while I said to myself, I got to do or see something or I will bust. I says I will go into the House of Commons—or Parliament, rather. I have seen it now and I prefer calling it the House of Commons. Well, as I say, I had a terrible lot of letters from everybody but you, and you know one of the beautiful parts of our friendship and understanding with each other is that we seem to know without all the ordinary connection that others would have. But it's just perfect coördination between us.

I started to see about getting into this House of Commons, and after getting into association with even the head of the Associated Press, he said, "Why, Lord, I can't get in there myself!" So I was advised to go to the foreign Press office to a Sir Somebody-or-other. Well, I sent in my name and the fellow come back and said, "He will see you presently." I then waited about an hour.

When Sir finally come out, I said "Strike is on here, ain't it?" Well, that one was lost on the Sir, and I had thought it was pretty good. It was the best one I could think of in a hour's time. Well, he took me over to another man and I showed him my Press credentials, where I was writing for the Claremore Progress, of Claremore, Oklahoma. The minute they saw that they not only gave me the pass but asked all about Claremore; said they had always been interested in the marvelous development of the town, and that it had often been suggested that they send men from London to study our method of running the town.

You see, I knew I would have wait and delay with this first man when I found out he was a Sir. Now afterwards I mixed with Lords and even the Prince, but these Sirs are the toughest birds there are to get to. You see, Sir is about the lowest form of Title there is. It's the Ford of Titles, it's just like it is over home—if you want anybody, find the owner. Be leery of Secretaries and Vice Presidents of Business concerns. They are like the Sirs. It's their first importance. I can go talk to Henry Ford, but I would hate to have to do it through his Secretary.

Well, after I got my pass I started in to try and get in the Gallery. Say, I wish you could see the amount of Policemen and people that had to Vesay that document. I just thought shades of Jim Preston in our Press Gallery in the Senate. Why, he has to go out and draft fellows to go in and listen to our gang. A pass? Why, over home we will give you a meal if you will go in and listen. And as for Policemen, there is only one on duty in that whole end of Washington. If you are going to have a lot of Policemen around, how are the Bootleggers going to get in -without splitting?

I just said to myself, this Commons better be good after I have wasted this day on it and ain't it yet. If there was five million men on strike, there was five million others working, trying to keep you out of the house of Commons. The last guy had a dress suit on at 2:30 in the afternoon, and I had always been led to believe that Englishmen knew how to dress. I thought my goodness if he has a dress suit on now, I guess if they hold a night session he will have on Pajamas. He planted me in what was known as the Foreign Press department. It was a good seat to see anything, if there had been anything to see.

Well, they met, and a man who was just engaged for that business prayed. He seemed to be pretty well posted just on about what the needs and wants of the British Empire were. He incidentally mentioned the King more than he did the subjects. That struck me as kinder odd, because from what I had seen of the King and the house he was living in, and what I had seen of the subjects, I thought the King was doing pretty well, and dident particularily need any help. At least, to be fair, I thought the Subjects should have had an even break.

But I am not one to go around criticizing anything connected with religion. If you knew enough to keep out of the Klan fight, I certainly ought to know enough to not mix up in any of England's religious prayers. I am not the fellow to go to a Country and then start criticizing it from our angle at home. You have to look at a thing through their eyes to be fair.

Now over in the House of Lords it is different. They have an outsider come in there every day and pray for them. One man couldent do enough praying for them. But it can't just be the ordinary Preacher. He must be an Archbishop. You have to have had a lot of praying experience to know just what their wants and needs are. The day I was in their Joint, why Archibishop of Canteburry prayed for them. It was at a particularily momentous time and they needed some mighty pretty praying, so they called in the best there is in all of England. And the funny part about it to any of you nonbelievers is that in three more days the strike was settled. So I am going to suggest him for the Democrats just before the next election. They could bring him over on some other mission so it wouldent just look too obvious. They could make this Democratic want prayer kinder look like a side line. The only thing is if he enumerated all the Democrats' needs he would be kept out of London too long.

But it's not of the House of Lords that I am talking to you now; it is of the House of Commons. Well, this Commons dident lose any time about getting down to the strike. If it had been over home and a strike had been on all over the Country, they would have met and argued Prohibition. Finally Lloyd George got up. He belongs to what is called the Liberal Party, whose standing is now about what the Populist Party is in America. I sho was glad to be there and hear him. He was criticizing the Paper.

You see, when the strike started, the Government put out this one little paper. This Archbishop of Canteburry had offered a means of settling the strike, but the paper dident use it. The Government dident want to make any surrender of any kind. Well, the Union Party on the other side—they are what the Republicans are, if they all stuck together over home—they got to hooting and riding Lloyd George. Well, that dident seem hardly right to me. Here was a man that had brought them through the most critical times in their History as Prime Minister, and now they rode him just because he happened to degenerate into a common Member of Parliament—M. P.—that's about like you, Mr. Coolidge, being in Congress after you had been all these years in the White House.

Now, as I say, I dident like that. That was the only thing I saw in the English that I dident like. The man felt bad enough by having to belong to the house of Commons, much less them trying to rub it in on him. Just picture yourself sitting up there between Blanton and Upshaw and you will realize about how I felt about Lloyd George that afternoon. And, say, wait a minute! He dident like it either. He was talking and somebody hollered out, "What Party are you doing this talk for?" You see, there is also a Labor Party in there, too, who were in favor of the strike, because they wasent doing anything themselves, so five million more men joining them dident mean anything.

Lloyd George said, "I am doing it for no party. I am doing it as a British Citizen, and I think I have done enough for this Country to command some respect."

(Continued on Page 161)

Welcomed —for a reason

Even before the new Keystone Standard Watch was announced four months ago, thousands had found it out. They were immediately attracted by its distinction. They knew that the name Keystone is always a reliable assurance of excellent timekeeping qualities.

And then they found all this to be available at a far lower range of prices than their impression of the new Keystone Standard had led them to expect.

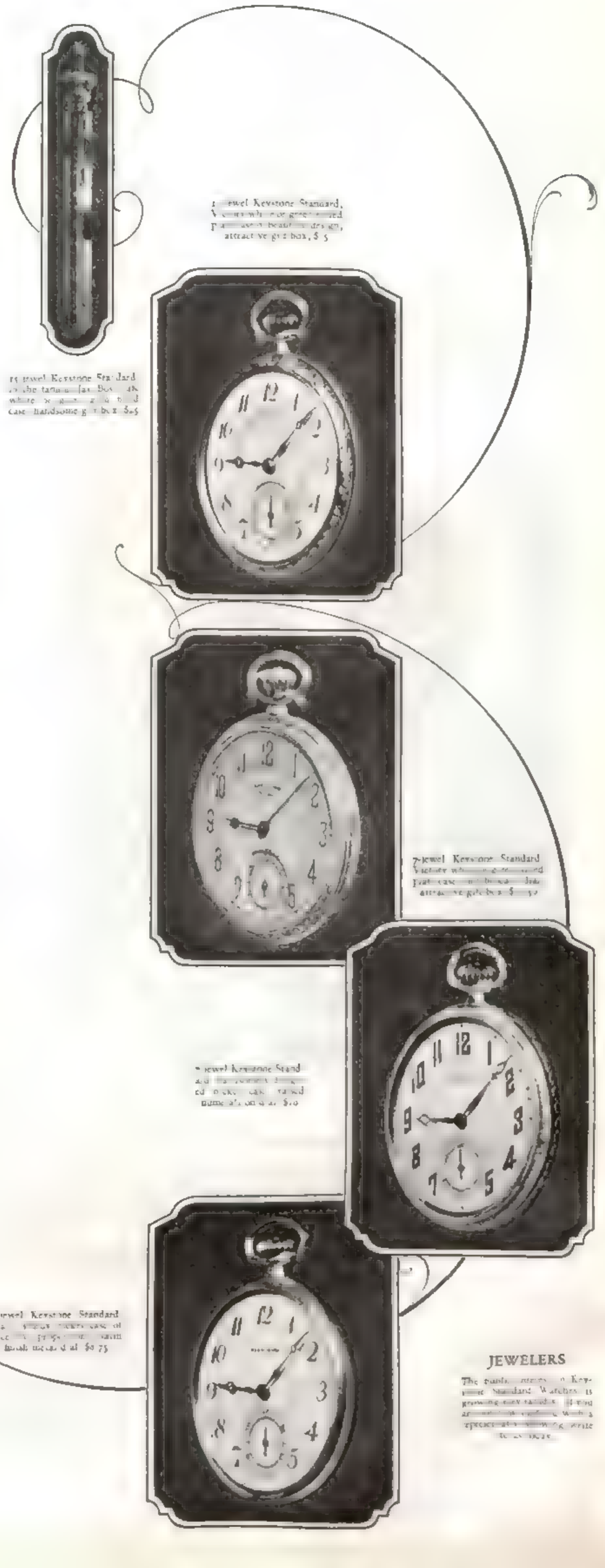
A distinctly new value in watches is established; a gladly welcomed value because of its consideration of the many other demands on today's hard-worked check book; a value that is creating a large buying response.

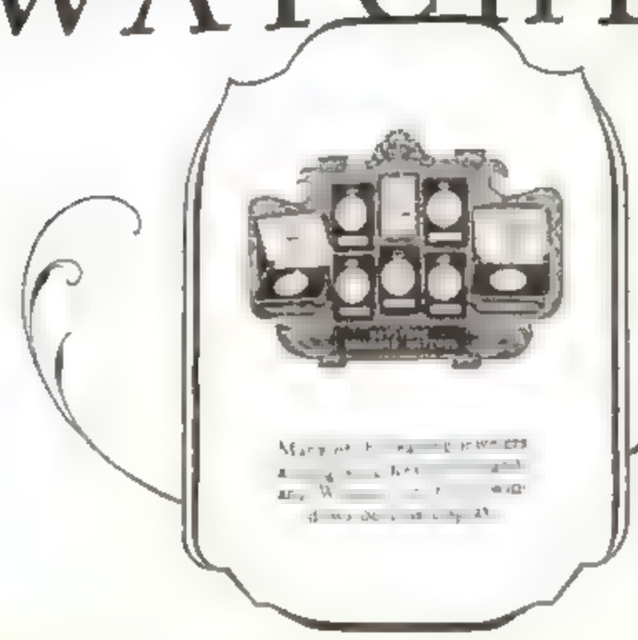
See the full range of Keystone Standard Watches at your jeweler's: $8.25 to $13.50 in the 7-jewel movement; $13.50 to $25 in the 15-jewel movement; cased to excite your admiration, and to justify your pride of possession.

See this new value, for yourself, today.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO.
Established 1853
Riverside, New Jersey

KEYSTONE
Standard
WATCHES





JEWELERS

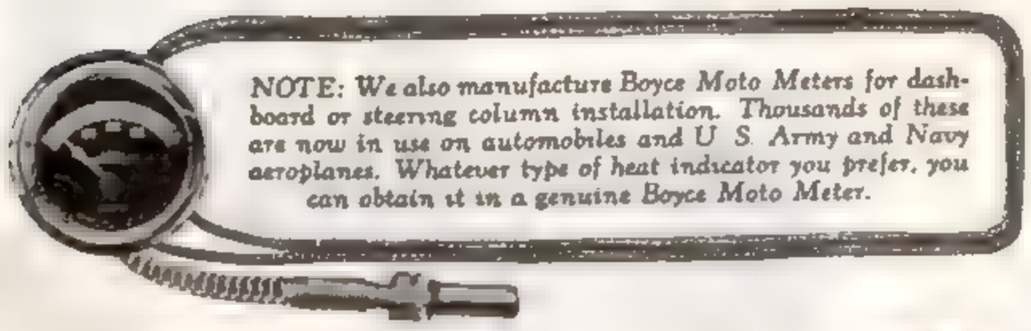
ALWAYS DEPENDABLE

8,000,000 drivers prove it

Universal Model—$7.50

THE BOYCE MOTO METER is dependable under every driving condition. Its utility on this score is not a matter of weeks or months. It lasts forever. Its warning signal is unmistakable.

It gives you a sense of security that no other instrument can. 8,000,000 drivers depend upon it to warn them in time to prevent expensive damage from overheated motors. It registers directly in the driver's line of vision—on the radiator cap. If your eyes are on the road ahead—where they should be—you cannot avoid watching your Boyce Moto Meter. It can never be confused with the other instruments on the crowded dashboard.



NOTE: We also manufacture Boyce Moto Meters for dashboard or steering column installation. Thousands of these are now in use on automobiles and U. S. Army and Navy aeroplanes. Whatever type of heat indicator you prefer, you can obtain it in a genuine Boyce Moto Meter.

Manufacturers protecting their cars use Boyce Moto Meters as regular equipment. To meet a world-wide demand, the Boyce Moto Meter is made in America and in five foreign countries.

Everywhere dealers have Boyce Moto Meters for every type of car—in various designs—$3.50 to $15.00.

BOYCE MOTO METER

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. THE MOTO METER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Hamilton, Ontario

The name "Moto Meter" is the registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of this Company

(Continued from Page 158)

Say, Boss, he knocked 'em for a voting booth with that. They listened to him till he got through. You see, it was just like it is over home. It was such a novelty to hear a man be for his Country instead of his party that it was a novelty. Lloyd George showed some of the old-time fire that they say used to make 'em all bring sticks out of the water for him. He just let 'em know that he knew it was almost a disgrace to be in there with them in Parliament, but that he deserved something better anyway.

Well, about this time up in the Gallery a couple of young Guys come climbing over everybody, stepping over seats, and planted themselves right down in the middle of the front row. I thought, "My Lord, is Yale turned out?" Finally everybody was craning their neck to see, and these two turned to speak to each other, and who do you think one of them was? Not a soul that amounted to anything but the Prince of Wales. I thought, shades of Long Island and no sleep all summer, if that ain't the Kid himself! He was about three or four rows in front of me.

But to make sure that it wasent my eyesight and not the lack of Prohibition, I said to someone sitting in close proximity—that means not far away, in English—"Who's the two youths that have just crashed the gate?"

He answered me out loud, but pitied me internally: "That's the Prince of Wales." I then asked, for when ignorance gets started it has no bounds, "Who's the Boy friend with him?"

"That's the Duke of York."

I said, "Is that all it is? I thought they were particular over here in England who the Prince run around with."

Well, all I got for that gag was a hard look. I felt like hurdling right over these few rows and asking the Prince if he ever remembered a Country called Americano Del Norte. Then I happened to think of all those Policemen, and, having just seen the Tower of London and where they beheaded people that just tipped their hat at a wrong angle to a King, I said to myself, "Willie, be calm or the Follies will lose one of their annual annoyances." I wasent afraid of him. I knew he would be all right. But I have seen Guys get practically exterminated before someone is able to explain.

When I finally got my eyes off the Prince why, Winston Churchill was answering Lloyd George. It seems that he is what they call the Home Secretary and was responsible for this little E-flat Pamphlet that the Government had been putting out under the humorous name of a Newspaper. He explained to Lloyd George that it was very hard, as some connected with the paper had never been in a Newspaper office before, and some Laborite hollered out, "Including the Editor." That was what I would call a real Nifty, and, say, it went over with a bang. Any time you think these English haven't any humor you are cuckoo. You see, Winston was the Editor, and that kinder halted him a few seconds. The Prince laughed. Even you would have had to laugh at that, Mr. President.

Finally somebody with no reputation got to making a speech and it was just like over home—everybody walked out. The Prince left so fast I thought there was a dance announced somewhere. Well, down among these 600 men was one lone woman, the first one ever to sit in this great body of Lawmakers. And here she was American Born and Raised. There she sit in the most modest little black dress with just a little white about the collar. I saw her write a note and in a few minutes I saw her at the side of our Gallery and was handing the Note along the front row and it was for the Prince.

Well, when I saw that happen I thought I wonder what could be between those two. She is much older and a married woman with a large family. Then that reminded me of something. I had among all my gripful of letters one from Mrs. Astor's Sister and Brother-in-law in New York, Mrs. Chas. Dana Gibson. You know, they were the famous Langhorne Sisters of Virginia, all beautiful and accomplished. Well, they all did wonderful in marrige. Even the one that married Charles Dana Gibson dident do so bad at that. He has more humor and more money than any Artist that ever drew a Picture. And Mrs. Gibson, I remember the last time I saw her I tried to assist her at a big Luncheon to try and get people to adopt more babies. The Luncheon was a failure as far as I was concerned. I offered three little heathen if anyone would take them, and dident get rid of a one of them. You can always get rid of children easier if the people don't know who the Parents are better than if they do.

I went down below and sent this letter in to Mrs. Astor. That took one hour and a half and 1 pound, 3 shillings and 6 pence. But the letter was so informal and it was written as though you really wanted the people that you were introducing to meet. Say, she come a-bursting down one of those old stately halls of Jurisprudence and made me feel like my seasickness had not been in vain.

She heard me talk, and the first word was, "Boy, where did you get that Nigger dialect? It sho sounds like home to me."

Well, she was no more Lady Astor—or what her title really is is Vicountess—that's better than a Lady—she was just Mrs. Astor to me, and she would be to any American that ever met her. My goodness, what a relief to meet somebody that was natural and just themselves again! She had a position, but she dident feel called upon to uphold it every minute. She seemed to think that it would get along without her defending it every second. Some Lady was there dragging her off to talk to a big bunch of Sailors. She said, "Come on with me. You ain't doing anything." Well, she certainly had it right—I wasent doing anything, especially if she wanted anything done. On the way down, she said, "I don't know what to do for these boys. Say, can't you say something to them? Can you talk to people?"

So you see, I had no reputation that had preceded me. She was nice to me just because I was an American. She might even have took me for a Senator. She is just that nice that she would be liable to treat one of them civilly.

I said, "Anything to please you. I will try and speak a few words in public, although I may faint."

Well, say, I am not kidding you. I had a tough time following her on that program. She kidded the boys and told 'em jokes and she was a riot with them. She dident have to go to England to get in Politics. She could have stayed right in Virginia and Carter Glass would have been running his Newspaper in Lynchburg, for she would have been the Senioress Senator from the Commonwealth of Virginia. What a team her and Alice Longworth are when it comes really to savying politics.

Well, I unlimbered a lot of old Sailor jokes. All I had to do was to change them from the American to the English Navy, which dident take any great amount of intelligence. Well, the boys were great, and if I had gone that good in some of my Lecture Towns this last year I might have got a return date. Well, then nothing would do but I must tell Members of Parliament and a lot of her friends all these Political wheezes. So later on I want to tell you what all happened in the next few days.

The Prince phoned me—that is, his Equery, Gen Trotter, did—and asked me over to his place, York House, and I want to tell you about all he asked about over home. He wanted to know how you were, Mr. President, and I want to tell you also how these English people acted through all this trouble. Honest you wouldent think a people could be so cool. From the time it started to the time I ended it, as per your instructions, there was not a shot fired. Think of that!

Say, I would have liked to brought 10 Chicago Taxi Drivers over here and showed them a strike! London would have thought the late war was on again. They are a great

Joining the wires in a great trunk nerve between New York and Chicago

The Nerves of a Nation

THE magnitude of our present system of telephone communication was beyond the thoughts of men fifty years ago. While at that time Bell, the inventor, had a prophetic vision of places and houses and factories connected by telephone, even he could not have foreseen the American city of skyscrapers with more telephones in one building than are to be found in many a foreign country.

The massed multitudes of the modern city can no longer be served by wires strung in the air. We now have telephone cables no bigger than a man's wrist each containing 2400 thread-like wires, carrying beneath the city streets their millions of spoken messages. Long distance cables overhead and underground connect cities with one another by storm-proof conductors, now being extended into a country-wide network.

At the present time nine-tenths of the 45,000,000 miles of telephone wire in the Bell System are in cable. The service of each telephone user has become more and more reliable with the extension of this cable construction.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

The real way *to serve a* steak-

Spread Gulden's on a juicy steak. Then you'll know what delicious flavor Gulden's gives to hot meats.

GULDEN'S MUSTARD

PLAYGROUNDS

Send for FREE copy of MEDART CATALOGUE

...illustrates a large variety of swings, see-saws, slides, giant strides, merry-go-rounds, etc., for school and community playgrounds.

Let the Children Play

Medart Playground Apparatus is safe, durable and attractive—used and endorsed by civic and municipal authorities. Start with a few pieces now—add more as needed.

In Your Back Yard

a swing, see-saw and horizontal bar will give your own children a private playground at small cost.

Fred Medart Mfg. Co., 3535 De Kalb St., St. Louis, Mo.
Pioneers in the Playground Movement. Est. 1873
Also Manufacturers of Steel Lockers. Send for Catalog

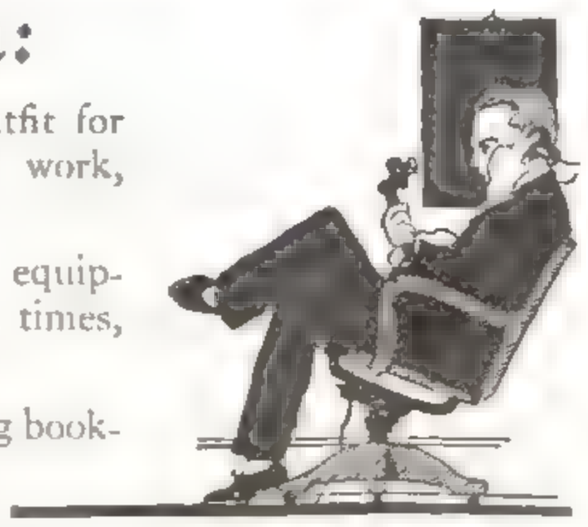
Want More Spending Money?

Then tear me out and mail me at once for all the details to Box 1624, % The Saturday Evening Post, 426 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

What Money Making Plan Could be Better for You?

We furnish:

1. A complete initial outfit for immediate profitable work, *without charge.*
2. All the supplies and equipment you need, at all times, *without cost to you.*
3. A series of illuminating booklets on just how to succeed and, each month, a sales magazine devoted to tested money-bringing plans, *without charge.*
4. Personal coöperation in correspondence of trained sales directors.



You furnish:

Only a few hours of your spare time when convenient.

No Investment
No Experience Needed

Earn cash profits from the first day in a permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you may make as much as

$25.00 a Week EXTRA

Clip Here for Details

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
425 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How might I start a local business of my own?

Name _____ *Age* _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

people in a crisis, these English. It would have been worth for an ad all the strike cost them if the rest of the world could have been there and seen it. There was no such thing as a strike breaker as we know them. Everybody just pitched in and carried on the work. Every private car going along was at your disposal if you were going some place, at no cost at all.

Colleges like Oxford and Cambridge turned out and they did police duty or run engines on the railroads or drove busses. I think even the Lords took up some useful occupation And here to me, Mr. President, was the greatest thing of all: Not a striker ever did a thing to interfere with any of them even if they were trying to do the strikers' old jobs.

The House of Commons and the Americans there were the only unruly ones. They are rude in the Commons. They holler at each other and interrupt and yell. That's the only ungentlemanly conduct I saw in all England during the strike. Oh, yes, and the house of Lords. I will have to tell you about that later. They dident even know the strike was on at all, it was so far removed from them. When it was over, there was no jubilation or hollering. It was just as quiet and calm as it had been during it. I was in the House of Parliament when the Premier announced that it had been settled.

You know, along with this business of settling everything over here, I have to have some recreation, so I am going out and see something. There is a lot of wonderful new Shows here—Is Zat So? which by the way is a riot; No, No, Nanette, Mercenary Mary, Kid Boots, Student Prince, Lady Be Good. I just wish we had Abie's Irish Rose here to make me feel perfectly at home. They say there is one of those Companies of it coming over here next year just as soon as their run is over at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Paul Whiteman is over, and so is Fritz Kreisler. Funny to have two fiddle players here at once, ain't it? But that is just the way they do things. Even run their traffic the wrong way. No wonder they are always having trouble. Look at us! We can't run ours and we make 'em turn out for each other the right way.

There is only one way they could ever have made this strike a success from a transportation standpoint and that is if they had just Punctured the Bicycles. That would have stopped traffic dead.

Havent heard from you after cabling you Collect about stopping strike. Where will I go for the next bit of work? Poland has got a home-talent war on. Will I go stop that or just let 'em wear themselva out? I heard Paderwriski played the Piano while Warsaw burned.

Well, I will stop. If this seems long and tiresome and nonsensical to you, why, never mind reading it. Just introduce it into Congress as a Bill and they will pass it.

Your devoted servant,
COL. WILLIAM ROGERS.

P.S. If you help the Farmer, remember what I tell you. Be careful at who's expense you help him at.

London, May 13th.

My Dear President: Say, I told them about you over here. During all this calm and no excitement, everybody asked me, "How would you Americans take this if it were happening over there?"

So I just told them: "We would have all been cookoo and crazy and shooting and rioting, and everybody up in the air—all but one man. He would have been just like your House of Lords. He might every few days ask, 'Is the strike over yet?' But he would have been the sole individual that would have not turned a hair."

Then they all would ask, "Who is this remarkable man that you speak of?"

I remarked, "Calvin Coolidge."

I wish you had been there. It was just your kind of stuff. Oh, yes, I met Houghten, our Ambassador, at a Dinner Party at Mrs. Astor's. Sat next to him. I will write you later and in more confidential terms just how he is making out over here. Don't think there is any need for a change of men here now. If Kellogg should decide to get out, I think this fellow would be the man to put in there. You know, we have always used this court of St. James's as a kind of a springboard to dive from into the Secretary of Stateship, and from there to oblivion. I am watching him, and believe I can get Borah to O.K. him when the time comes.

Well, as I said before, I must have some pleasure along with all my business and confinement. I will go and see if London Bridge is falling down. I have heard somewhere that it was.

P.S. Watch the farmers. They are tricky.

Yours as ever,
W. R.

SANFORD'S
The Original
FOUNTAIN PEN
INK

ALWAYS GOOD
ALWAYS THE SAME

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily
Part time represen... ...come $30 weekly...
$250.00 Monthly $500.00
...Earned $96 in a Day
Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and ...ness Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks Business, Society and Professional people For full details and exclusive territory
ADDRESS DEPT. A
The Process Engraving Co., Inc.
Troy at 21st St., ... Chicago

PATENT-SENSE, Free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write
LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED. Make ... $4 to $6 on each ... All-wool made to measure ...
HOMELAND TAILORING CO. Inc. (Dept 35)
218 to 220 E. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES
JAN. 29 MEDITERRANEAN, $600 UP; JAN. 19 ROUND THE WORLD, $1250 UP. SPECIALLY CHARTERED STEAMERS, REASONABLE RATES INCLUDE HOTELS, GUIDES, DRIVES, FEES
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Gem
NAIL CLIPPERS
A Real Time-Saver
when dressing in the morning ... the instant manicure. The ... and cleans nails easily and ... ding and cutlery stores ... everywhere, or sent postpaid by
THE H. COOK CO., Ansonia, Conn.

Lake Quinault, Grays Harbor County, Washington

4¢ more here *means* longer life here

EVERY business man will recognize this fact: that the character of a finished product depends largely on the character of the raw materials used.

The manufacture of Graton & Knight leather belting is based on that principle.

Eleven grades of hides are offered to belting manufacturers. Only two of these are equal to the exacting specifications laid down by Graton & Knight. Their cost per pound averages from 33⅓% to 45% higher. But they are the most uniform, the most skillfully removed, the strongest fibered hides that can be bought.

They make the best belting leather; belting leather that has the capacity for long life. And that's what you, the user of power belting, are most vitally interested in when you belt the drives in your plant.

Graton & Knight leather belting is the product of a controlled process, every step of which, from the purchase of the hide to the selection of the right belt for the right drive, is governed by chemical and engineering exactness.

That's why Graton & Knight belts last longer.

GRATON & KNIGHT COMPANY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
Branch Offices throughout the World

GRATON & KNIGHT
Standardized
LEATHER BELTING LASTS LONGER

The "STANDARDIZED BELTING MANUAL" contains 170 pages of useful information about belting, how to use it, take care of it, and make it deliver the most for your money. Send for a copy.

GRATON & KNIGHT
LONG LIFE LEATHERS

SEND FOR SPECIAL INFORMATION ON

Flat Belt. Round Belt. Fan Belt. Lace Leather. "V" Belt Drives. Combination Gill Box Aprons. Leather Cups & Cramps. Leather Straps. Curried Leather. Rub Aprons. Spartan Sole Leather. Oak Sole Leather Soles. Counters. Welting.

GRATON & KNIGHT COMPANY, WORCESTER, MASS.
Send me a copy of "STANDARDIZED BELTING MANUAL"

Name

Company

Place

Prices, quality for quality, 5 to 10% lower than the field

The Country Gentleman carries *more advertising* lineage than the next THREE national farm papers together!

HERE IS THE RECORD FOR MAY*

The Country Gentleman 64,158

2nd Farm Paper	25,555	
3rd Farm Paper	21,117	
4th Farm Paper	15,794	62,466
5th Farm Paper	15,577	
6th Farm Paper	6,361	

A page by page examination of the editorial content and the physical make-up of *The Country Gentleman* will make it very clear just why *The Country Gentleman* is the choice of so great a number of the leading advertisers of the country.

*This statement was prepared before figures of Advertising Record Company were available. Some slight differences therefore may appear from this statement.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

More than 1,200,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

Index of Advertisers

July 17, 1926

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company	152
Ajax Rubber Co., Inc	155
American Express Company	72
American Stainless Steel Company	168
American Telephone & Telegraph Co	101
American Writing Paper Company	153
Andersen Lumber Company	153
Anheuser-Busch	112, 113
Auburn Automobile Company	144
Autocall Co., The	100
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co	131
Baker & Co., Inc., A. T.	98
Bankers Trust Company	58
Barrett Company, The	1
Barton Mfg. Co.	136
Bauer & Black	97
Blabon Co., The Geo. W.	114
Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co.	94
Bryant Heater & Mfg. Company, The	87
Budd Manufacturing Co., Edward G.	39
Buick Motor Company	47
California Packing Corporation	II Cover
Campbell Soup Company	29
Certain-teed Products Corporation	133
Chrysler Sales Corporation	59
Clark, Frank C.	162
Colgate & Co.	IV Cover
Collins & Aikman Company	143
Columbia Pictures Corporation	139
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	36
Cook Co., The H. C.	162
Cooper, Wells & Co.	132
Copeland Products, Inc.	122, 123
Curtis Companies Incorporated	76, 77
Cyclone Fence Company	56
Dayton Pump & Mfg. Co., The	145
Delco-Light Company	83
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	71
Durant Motors, Inc	111
Eagle-Picher Lead Company, The	101
Elgin National Watch Company	140
Eskimo Pie Corporation	69
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.	78
Lansteel Products Company, Inc.	148
Federal Tires	119
Fennel System, Inc	90
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	64, 65
Fisher Body Corp.	49
Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company	88
Fleischmann Company, The	81
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	157
French Battery Company	138
Fruit Dispatch Company	68
Fuller Brush Co., The	42
Gabriel Snubber Mfg. Co., The	55
Graham Brothers	117
Graton & Knight Co.	163
Guarantee Liquid Measure Co.	91
Gulden, Inc., Charles	161
Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Inc.	93
Homeland Tailoring Co. Inc.	162
Horton Manufacturing Co., The	89
Hotel La Salle	90
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	45
Independent Oil Men of America	129
Insurance Company of North America	92
Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works	136
Jantzen Knitting Mills	67
Keystone Watch Case Co., The	150
King Seeley Corporation	54
Kingsley-Miller Company, The	158
Knox Hat Company	118
Lacey & Lacey	162
Lambert Pharmacal Company	115
Lamson Patent Mfg. Co.	154
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	52
Lyon & Sons, Inc., I. W.	165
Mason Tire & Rubber Co.	151
Medart Mfg. Co., Fred	161
Mennen Company, The	60
Milwaukee Motor Products, Inc	99
Moto Meter Company, Inc., The	160
Mueller Co.	106
Mumil Publishing Co.	121
Nash Motors Co.	75
National Steel Fabric Company	142
New Haven Clock Company, The	128
New Jersey Zinc Company, The	130
New York Central Lines	126
North American Dye Corporation	118
North Bros. Mfg. Co.	70
Oakland Motor Car Co.	51
Ontario Gov't Publicity Bureau	121
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company	53
Palmolive Company, The	84, 85
Pet Milk Company	III Cover
Phillips-Jones	44
Pilcher Mfg. Co. Inc.	136
Pioneer Suspender Company	125
Plate Glass Manufacturers of America	50
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.	34
Process Engraving Co., Inc., The	162
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Real Silk Hosiery Mills	41
Reo Motor Car Company	120
Robbins & Myers Company, The	141
Sanford Mfg. Co.	162
Schrader's Son, Inc., A.	57
Sealright Co., Inc.	80
Seaver-Williams Co.	132
Security Electric Mfg. Co.	121
Sefferling Rubber Company, The	116
Shaler Co., C. A.	157
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A.	61
Sikes Company	79
Snider Preserve Co., The T. A.	86
Splitdorf Electrical Company	147
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	73
Stanley Works, The	48
Studebaker Corp. of America, The	63
Stutz Motor Car Co. of America, Inc.	104, 105
Swift & Company	31
Three-in-One Oil Company	103
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	137
Todd Company, The	127
Tork Company	121
United States Gauge Co.	109
United States Gypsum Company	66
United States Rubber Company	124, 167
Universal Pictures	46
Vacuum Oil Company	33
Wahl Company, The	108
Watson Company, John Warren	95
Welch Grape Juice Co., The	156
West Coast Lumber Bureau	150
Weston Electrical Instrument Corp	146
Williams Company, The J. B.	166
Wyoming Shovel Works, The	107
"X" Laboratories	149

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Is Pyorrhea Being Over-Emphasized?

THE RESULT of the Life Extension Institute's recent examination of nearly 17,000 of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's policy holders seems to indicate that a great many people are needlessly alarmed about the fate of their teeth.

Only *1* in every *20* had pyorrhea—only 5.7% between the ages of 35 and 44; only 7.1% between 45 and 54; only 7.4% past 54.

Such statistics are all against *pyorrhea-panic*.

And the recent announcement of eminent authorities at Johns Hopkins University shows that the actual cause of tooth decay is not positively known. That is another reason for keeping the mind free from the confusion of conflicting and misleading claims regarding the care and preservation of the teeth.

Instead of worrying—instead of guessing—do these two sensible things:—Go to your dentist regularly twice a year. And regularly twice a day clean your teeth with a dentifrice that you can trust—and that your dentist can recommend —DR. LYON'S.

Your dentist knows that its ingredients are safely pure, safely fine, safely non-medicated, and scientifically blended to insure the best results.

DR. LYON'S is a constant benefit—never a menace to any member of the household.

A background of 60 years of never-failing dental safety is DR. LYON'S challenge to your common sense. It is the best dentifrice for all purposes for which a dentifrice is legitimately intended.

Since nature endows the human mouth with only one set of permanent teeth, no dentifrice but the best is good enough for them.

Sixty Years of Dr. Lyon's
1866—1926

Dr. Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores.

FOR SIXTY YEARS the makers of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder have believed that the purpose of a dentifrice is to encourage the regular daily brushing of the teeth. This removes fermenting food particles. It stimulates the gums. The dentifrice should provide only the necessary cleaning qualities to remove the sticky coating from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

For sixty years the pleasing wintergreen flavor in Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder has made new friends and held old ones to the habit of daily brushing.

For sixty years the fine ingredients in Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder have cleaned the teeth without injury to the enamel or any part of the mouth.

For sixty years there has been a steady procession of other new dentifrices with extravagant claims or doubtful ingredients, which have enjoyed a brief popularity and then gone.

For sixty years Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder has been manufactured and sold by the succeeding generations of one family.

Established in 1866 by
I. W. Lyon, D. D. S.

Manufactured in 1926 by
I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.

If you are confused about the care of your teeth, your dentist will corroborate the verdict of sixty years.

Dr. Lyon's
TOOTH POWDER *and* DENTAL CREAM

RAZORS *seem sharper*

—because WILLIAMS lather soaks the beard SOFT

NEXT time you shave, try this: Squeeze a bit of Williams Shaving Cream on your brush. Then whisk up the quick, rich lather on your face. Use lots of water. Williams lather will hold an astonishing amount of it.

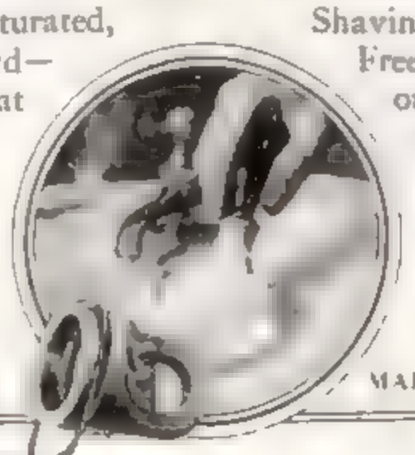
Notice the difference—the blade just seems to *glide* along! Why is this?

Simply because Williams is made to do its job right. First, the bulky lather of this pure, uncolored shaving cream gently lifts the oil film from the bristles. Then the abundant moisture with which Williams is saturated, drenches the beard—soaks it so soft that the *razor cuts clean*—just glides through the whiskers—that's why there's no "pull."

While you are shaving, Williams lubricates the skin. Afterwards it leaves the face glove-smooth; makes it feel as if an expert barber had massaged it. Can you wonder that every day new thousands of men are turning to Williams for better shaves?

When you buy Williams, get the double-size tube. It costs 50c and holds twice as much as the regular large-size tube at 35c.

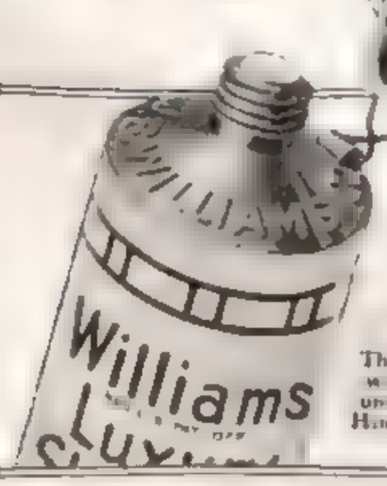
We want you to try Williams Shaving Cream for a week Free. Send the coupon, or a postcard, *today* for free trial tube.



Williams lather builds big and holds its bulk. You will notice that it soaks up a lot of water and keeps its moisture

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!



The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 47-B, G[illegible]
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., M[illegible]

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream (Trial size has no Hinge-Cap).

The tube with the unusable Hinge Cap

S. E. P. 7-17-26

AQUA VELVA IS OUR NEWEST TRIUMPH—A SCIENTIFIC AFTER-SHAVING PREPARATION. WE WILL SEND A GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE FREE. WRITE DEPT. 47-B.

The Poets' Corner

The Exodus

NOW in the long and sunny afternoons,
There comes no more my neighbor's pleasant voice
Urging his team on level lowlands, set
With young tobacco spreading palely green;
Or from the sea of waving corn there rings
No more a boy's wild yodel or halloo;
And mellow on the hot sweet air of June,
No more the farm bell clangs a welcome call
Tuned to the bird songs and the beat of wings.
These all are gone. Though I should listen long,
I shall not hear them up and down the land.
My neighbor's house is dark and all forlorn,
His fields are idle and his cattle sold.

I never dreamed the summer nights could be
So silent and so lonely. Katydids
Have not begun to chirrup, and the owls
Are quiet in the great moon-haunted wood.
For early, always as the stars came out,
My neighbors' lights came flashing on the dusk;
And laughter drifted through the open doors,
And sounds of voices calling warm good-bys,
And children singing in the moonlit yards;
The low of cattle lying in the lots
Answered by a horse's far-off neigh,
Then clip-clop of the hoofs in pasture fields
And barking of a collie miles away.

For we have taken the largess of the land
With no regard for Nature's reckoning;
And we have reaped and gathered where we would,
Till now they say the land has grown so thin
Wheat will not grow, nor clover bloom, nor corn
Yield more than one small nubbin to the stalk.
True, by long years of patient planting, we
Could let black locust spring and fertilize;
Let wild grass bind the red and barren slopes,
And sassafras spread its light thin fallen leaves.
And crimson sumac tempt the acid out
To blazon forth in bronze and duskier fruit.

This alchemy of Nature is so slow,
And we have not the peasant's patient pride.
And so the Northern factories sound the note
That calls my neighbors to the cities' need.
All day the roar of wheel and dynamo
Surrounds them where they toil at press or drill,
The blaze of hard white light upon the steel
They bore or grind or shape to perfect form.
They have no leisure for long thoughts, regrets,
For they must move as move the bright machines;
For skill means money, and for wages they
Have sold their birthright for the immediate need.
And they must lose concern for immanence,
For land that yields no longer daily bread.

Some day their children's children may return;
Then lights again will flash from farm to farm;
The summer night will ring with echoes blent,
Voices will call belated cattle home.
And all the happy sounds of farm life wake
The thresher's hum upon the yellow air,
The clank of mills where orchard grasses wave,
The scent of pomace and the buzz of bees.
But we who stayed and would not leave the land,
Who long had loved and long remembered all
The years held of that past and golden time,
We shall not know—who have so long been dust!

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

July 17, 1926

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Coneyac and the Colonel—*Leonard H. Nason*	10
Youth is Served—*Sophie Kerr*	14
The Tryst—*Perceval Gibbon*	16
The Pay of Naples—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	18
People Against Castano—*Thomas McMorrow*	22
No Statement From Mr. Gunn—*Sewell Ford*	24
The Star of Burma—*William J. Neidig*	37

ARTICLES

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President—*Will Rogers*	6
Graceful Spans—*By Howard C. Baird, in collaboration with Fitzhugh Green*	8
A Collector of Friendships—*Arthur D. Howden Smith*	12
Why Men Go Up in Balloons—*Corley McDarment*	20
Britain Explodes the Red Bogy—*F. Britten Austin*	27

SERIALS

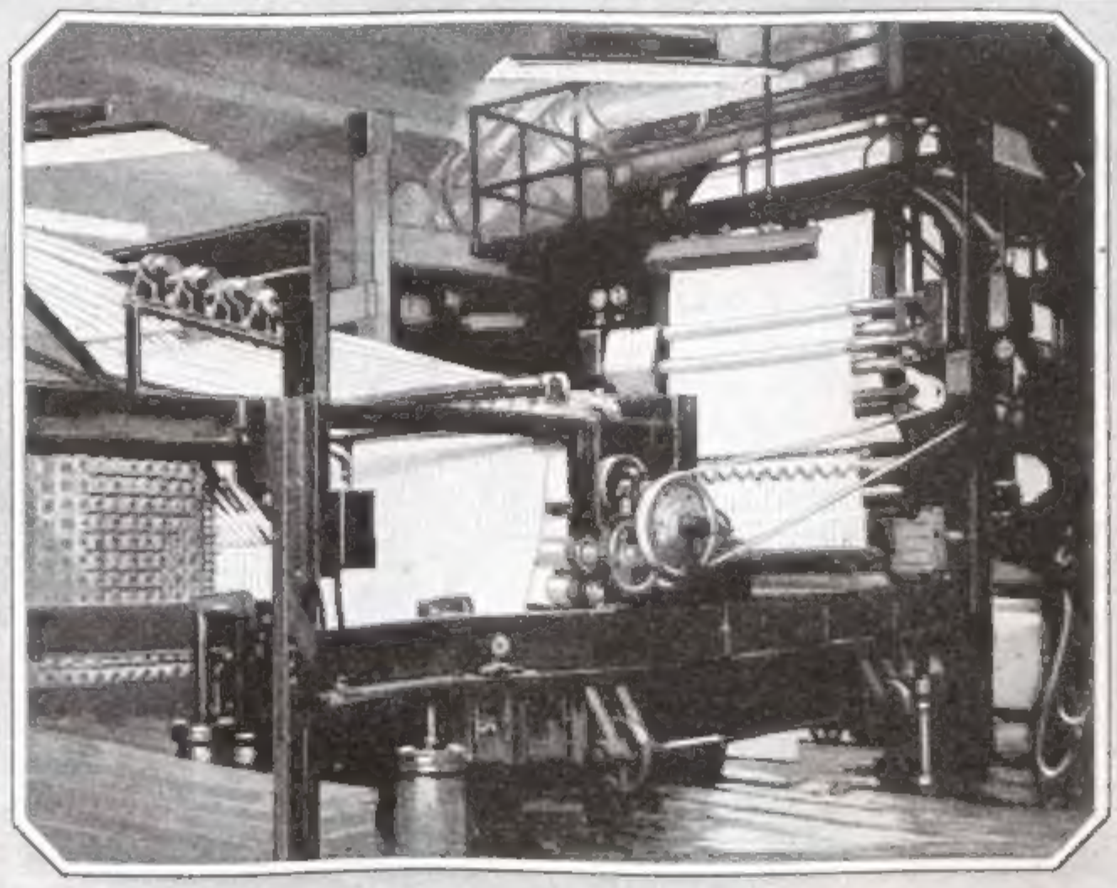
Immortal Longings (In four parts)—*Ben Ames Williams*	3
The Chinese Parrot (Fourth part)—*Earl Derr Biggers*	30

MISCELLANY

Editorials	26
Short Turns and Encores	28
The Poets' Corner	166

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



In order to build a better tire, the United States Rubber Company ships Latex—pure, non-coagulated rubber—from its plantations in the Far East to its tire factories in this country. In the United States Tire Factories, these specially designed and patented machines soak the cotton cords in a Latex bath, and lay them side by side, producing Latex-treated Web Cord—a cord structure of maximum strength and flexibility—free from crosstie threads. The consumer pays no premium for this and other patented and exclusive advantages in construction. United States Tires are competitively priced.

Answering Some Further Questions about Latex-treated Web Cord

NOTE—*So great an interest has been shown in this new construction because of the service given by United States Royal Cord Tires on passenger cars and busses that a further explanation of this patented process has been suggested.*

Q—Is treating cords with Latex entirely new in tire building?

A—Yes. Until this process was developed by the United States Rubber Company, the use of Latex before it had been coagulated into crude rubber had never been used in tire building.

Q—Is the process patented?

A—Yes. The process is patented and owned by the United States Rubber Company.

Q—What are its advantages?

A—The tire engineer's ideal is a tire thin and flexible as a soap bubble and strong as steel. The more you can add to a tire's strength without increasing its weight the better.

Latex-treated Web Cord provides the strength and flexibility without adding unnecessary weight.

A bulky tire is not necessarily a strong tire. No car owner wants to carry around a lot of useless weight.

Q—Is it possible to make the cord structure of a tire too heavy?

A—Yes. Just as a cable made of many strands of fine and highly tempered wire can be stronger than a heavier iron bar, so the cord structure of a tire can be made strong, yet light and flexible through this process.

Q—How does treating cords in Latex give additional strength?

A—Latex is virgin rubber just as it comes from the tree. It has a natural affinity for cotton.

There are no chemicals in Latex to destroy the natural oils in the cotton or to weaken the cord fibre.

Each individual cord in a United States Tire is run through a tank of Latex by means of the machine shown in the center illustration.

The cords are then laid side by side and drawn up over heated rollers which evaporate the water in the Latex, producing a rubberized fabric which is made of cotton cords and pure rubber.

Each cord is impregnated and surrounded by rubber, and attached to its neighboring cord with an elastic rubber web.

Q—Are there any other advantages?

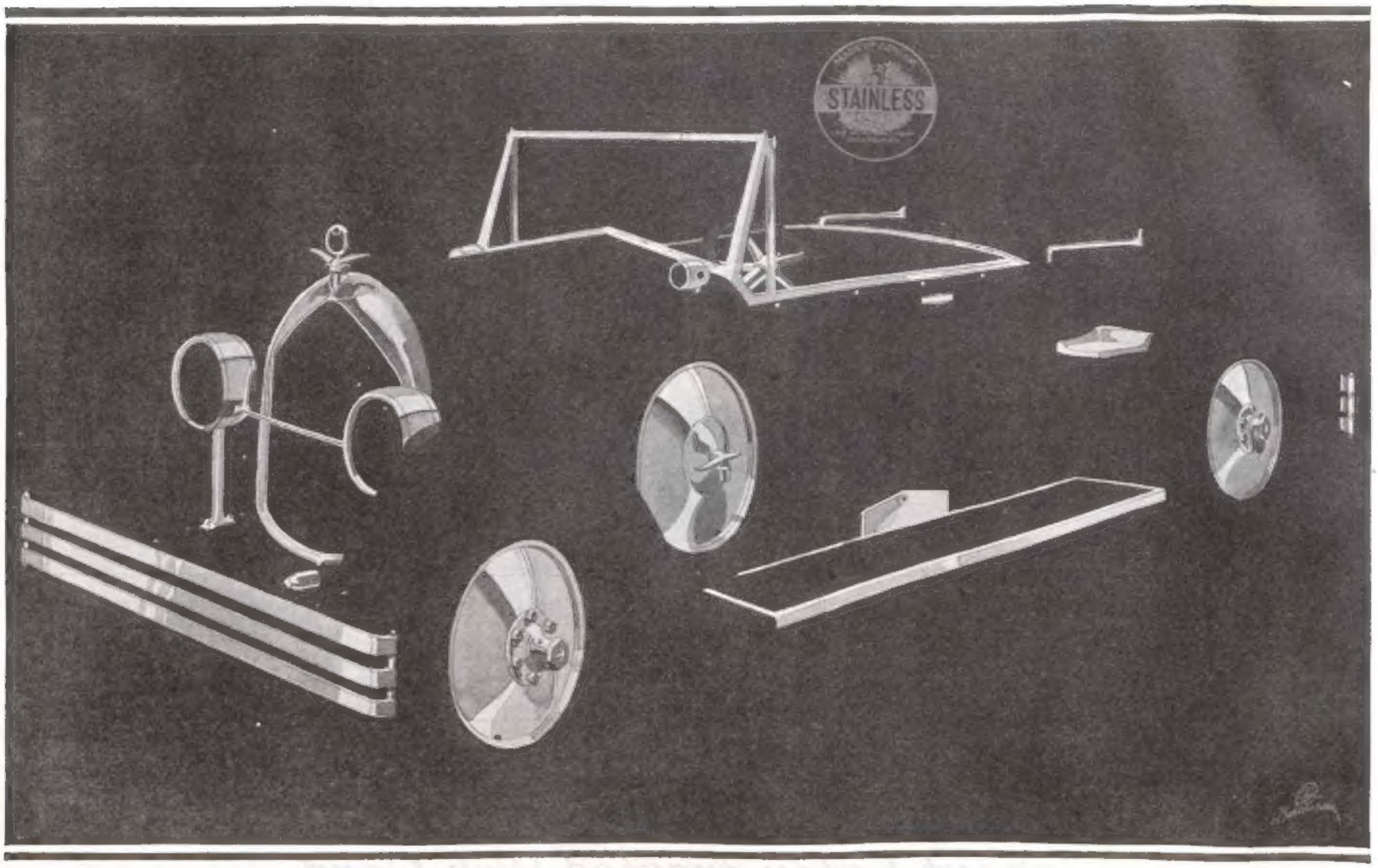
A—Yes. In the old cord fabric, the main strands in the cord structure were tied to each other with fine threads.

Latex-treated Web Cord has none of these crosstie threads and this source of internal friction is therefore eliminated.

By looking inside of a Royal Cord Tire and comparing it with tires made of the old cord fabric you will see that the Royal Cord has a much smoother and evener appearance.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON



—if these parts were made of STAINLESS STEEL, you'd never have to worry about the enduring beauty of your car

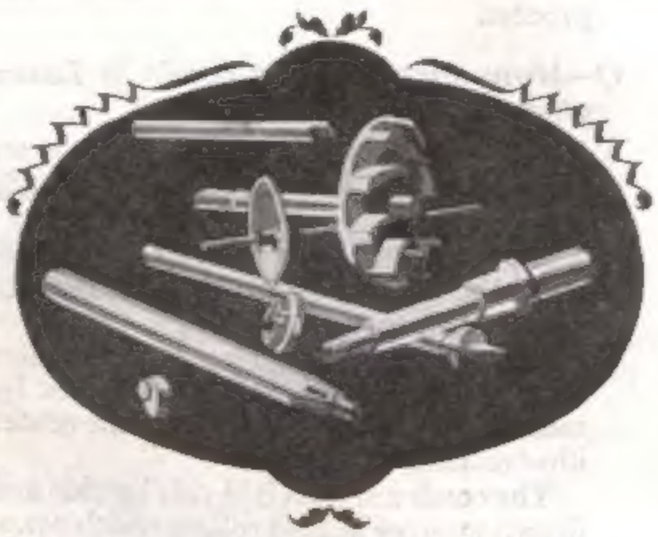
BRIGHT and shiny when new—and just as bright and just as shiny when the car is old. No ceaseless polishing—no replating ever necessary. The brilliance of Stainless Steel *does not wear off*.

After a day's trip—a week's trip—or a month's trip—through dust or rain or mud—just wipe off with a cloth and the brilliant beauty of Stainless Steel shines like a mirror again.

This is the greatest improvement in equipment that any motor car maker can offer you. Just think of it—headlamps, sidelamps, door handles, radiator shells, that will never lose their beauty—that will never rust—never become "brassy." Bumpers, rims, bolts, windshield frames that cannot rust.

These new uses for Stainless Steel are now being accepted by motor car makers. Some cars may be so equipped this year—many next year. And accessory manufacturers will see that you can purchase their products made from genuine Stainless Steel.

No matter what car you contemplate purchasing make sure first that you get the permanent beauty that only Stainless Steel can give—take this advertisement to the motor car dealer and ask if the new models will be so equipped.



Many motor car manufacturers for a long time have been using Stainless Steel for water pump parts, in carburetors, and for other parts where absolute immunity from rust and corrosion is an important factor.

GENUINE STAINLESS STEEL IS MANUFACTURED ONLY UNDER THE LICENSE OF THE

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY

COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

STAINLESS STEEL

(Always Easy to Clean)

Automotive Equipment

Anytime — Anywhere

NO matter what the weather—wherever you may be—you can have pure, rich, clean milk.

For Baby's Bottle—Pet Milk is more easily digested than ordinary milk. The whole day's feedings can be prepared at once. They will keep fresh and sweet even without the use of ice.

For Children—Pet Milk blends with orange juice to make a drink they like. The combination is more wholesome than milk alone. It will help you get them to drink the milk they ought to have.

For Table Use and Cooking—Pet Milk serves in place of cream—at less than half the cost. It can be diluted to suit every milk need. Because the cream is always in the milk, it gives to cooked dishes the "cream and butter flavor"—and saves butter.

Pet Milk is pure, fresh milk, concentrated—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. It is sterilized in sealed containers—always germ-free.

Send for our free book "You can save on your milk bill," that tells how Pet Milk serves every cream and milk need.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

See What Happens

when you soften the beard at the base

Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. The large dark spots are air—the white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Modern Science has discovered

—a new method of beard-softening . . . a way to quicker, smoother shaving that provides comfort you have never known before.

Colgate Lather

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

How thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard and soften it scientifically, right where the razor work is done.

WHEN you shave, does the razor pull and leave your face smarting and uncomfortable? Do you have to go over certain spots again and again to remove the beard completely?

Nine times out of ten these troubles are due to improper softening of the beard. They can be directly traced to lack of moisture-saturation *at the bottom of each tiny hair.*

Recently, famous scientific authorities have discovered the basic underlying cause of these troubles.

They have found a scientific means of overcoming this condition—a way to quicker, smoother shaving that leaves your face feeling smooth and comfortable throughout the day.

It is a complete new shaving method—different in formula, action and result from anything you have ever known before.

Unlike any other lather you've ever used

Colgate chemists developed it—worked for years to achieve the unique results it offers.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. Colgate's is really shaving cream in concentrated form—making a super-water-absorbent lather of the finest texture.

In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows. This provides two distinct advantages: (1) Small bubbles hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact. (2) They permit greater penetration into the base of the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened at the base, where the razor does its work.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin delightfully cool and comfortable throughout the day.

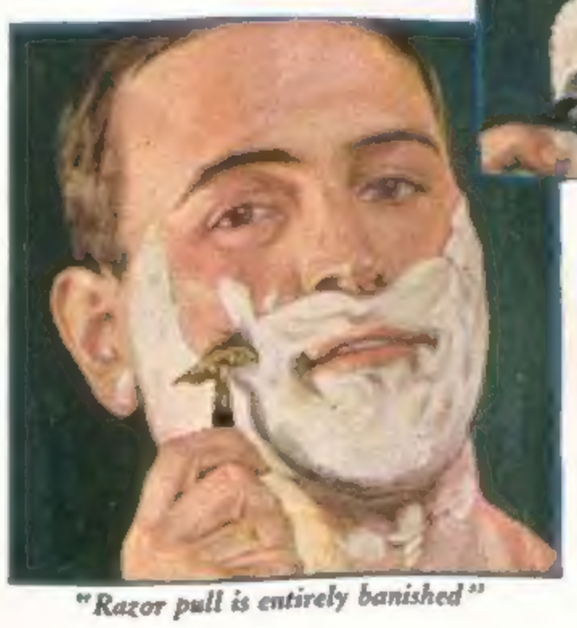
If you think all shaving lathers are alike, just look at the two photographs in the circles above, taken through the lens of a powerful microscope. Notice the fine, closely knit texture of Colgate lather. Notice how compact it is—how close these tiny bubbles nestle to the hair.

And then compare it with the coarse texture of the other lather. Those large-size bubbles you see are filled with air. They merely hold air instead of water against the surface of the hair.

And remember—water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

Because Colgate's softens the beard at the base with moisture, every hair receives a sharp, clean cut. "Razor-pull" is entirely banished.

"Tiny moisture-laden bubbles soften your beard at the base"



"Razor pull is entirely banished"

Try it for 10 Days

If you have never used this remarkable shaving cream, we urge you to make a test. Switch to this new method that softens the beard scientifically at the base—right where the cutting is done.

A fair trial will convince you of Colgate advantages beyond all question.

Simply mark and mail the coupon below—send for the generous trial tube.

Once you have used Colgate's, no other shaving method will satisfy. It is a complete new departure in the science of beard-softening.

Softens the beard at the base

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

© 1928, C. & Co.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 140-G1, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name_____

Address_____

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK